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J. G. Zimmermann.

Publish'd by Vernor & Hood 25th June 1795.

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SOLITUDE.

OR

The effect of occasional Retirement

On

The Mind
The Heart
General Society

In Exile
In Old Age
On the Bed of Death

In which the Question is considered whether it is easier

To live virtuously in Society or in Solitude.

Written Originally

By M. Zimmerman.

There is a Time
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things:
To tread low thoughted Vice beneath their feet,
To woo the Throbbing Passions into Peace,
And woo Lone Quiet in her silent walks:
Thomson's Autumn.

LONDON.

Printed for Vernor and Hood, Poultry. 1800.

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SOLITUDE:

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY BY

J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR;
NOTES HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY;
A COPIOUS INDEX;

AND

SEVEN BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS
BY RIDLEY.

London,
Printed by Thomas Maiden, Sherbourn-Lane,
FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, J. CUTHELL, J. WALKER,
LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO. J. NUNN,
OGILVY & SON, DARTON & HARVEY,
W. OTRIDGE AND SON, E. LEA,
AND J. SCATCHERD.

1804.

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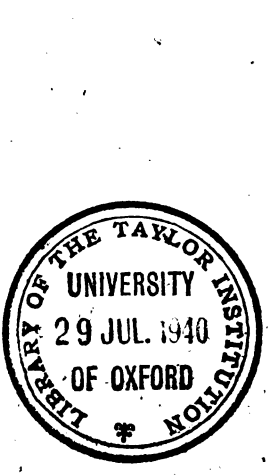

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WRITTEN IN

ZIMMERMAN's SOLITUDE,

BY A YOUNG LADY.

HAIL! melancholy ſage, whoſe thoughtful eye
Shrunk from the mere ſpectator's careleſs gaze,
And in retirement ſought the ſocial ſmile,
The heart-endearing aſpect, and the voice
Of ſoothing tenderneſs, which Friendſhip breathes,
And which ſounds far more grateful to the ear
Than the ſoft notes of diſtant flute, at eve,
Stealing acroſs the waters. ZIMMERMAN!
Thou draw'ſt not SOLITUDE as others do,
With folded arms, with penſive, Nun-like air,
And tearful eye, averted from mankind.
No! warm, benign, and cheerful, ſhe appears
The Friend of Health, of Piety, of Peace;
The kind Samaritan that heals our woes!
The Nurſe of Science, and of future Fame
The gentle harbinger: her meek abode
Is that dear home which ſtill the virtuous heart,
E'en in the 'witching maze of Pleaſure's dance,
In wild Ambition's dream, regards with love;
And hopes, with fond Sincerity, to paſs
The evening of a long protracted day
Serenely joyful there!

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PREFACE.

WEAK and delicate minds may, perhaps, be alarmed by the title of this Work. The word "SOLITUDE" may poſſibly engender melancholy ideas. But they have only to read a few pages to be undeceived. The Author is not one of thoſe extravagant miſanthropiſts who expect that men, formed by nature for the enjoyments of ſociety, and impelled continually towards it by a multitude of powerful and invincible propenſities, ſhould ſeek refuge in foreſts, and inhabit the dreary cave or lonely cell: he is a friend to the ſpecies, a rational philoſopher, and a virtuous citizen, who, encouraged by the eſteem of his Sovereign, endeavours to enlighten the minds of his fellow-creatures upon a ſubject of infinite importance to them,—the attainment of true felicity.

No writer appears more completely convinced than M. ZIMMERMAN that man is born for ſociety, or feels its duties with more refined ſenſibility.

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It is the nature of human ſociety, and its correſpondent duties, which he here undertakes to examine: The important characters of Father, Huſband, Son, and Citizen, impoſe on *Man* a variety of obligations, which are always dear to virtuous minds, and eſtabliſh between him, his country, his family, and his friends, relations too neceſſary and attractive to be diſregarded.

" What wonder, therefore, ſince th' endearing ties
" Of paſſion link the univerſal kind
" Of man ſo cloſe, what wonder if to ſearch
" This common nature through the various change
" Of ſex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
" Of each peculiar, draw the buſy mind
" With unreſiſted charms? The ſpacious Weſt,
" And all the teeming regions of the South,
" Hold not a quarry to the curious flight
" Of knowledge half ſo tempting or ſo fair
" As Man to Man."

But it is not amidſt tumultuous joys and noiſy pleaſures, in the chimeras of ambition, or the illuſions of ſelf-love, in the indulgence of feeling, or the gratification of deſire, that men muſt expect to feel the charms of thoſe mutual ties which

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which link them ſo firmly to ſociety. It is not in ſuch enjoyments that men can feel the dignity of thoſe duties, the performance of which *Nature* has rendered productive of ſo many pleaſures, or hope to taſte that true felicity which reſults from an independent mind and a contented heart: a felicity ſeldom ſought after, only becauſe it is ſo little known, but which every individual may find within his own boſom. Who, alas! does not conſtantly experience the neceſſity of entering into that ſacred aſylum to ſearch for conſolation under the real or imaginary misfortunes of life, or to alleviate indeed more frequently the fatigue of its painful pleaſures? Yes, all men, from the mercenary trader, who ſinks under the anxiety of his daily taſk, to the proud ſtateſman, intoxicated by the incenſe of popular applauſe, experience the deſire of terminating their arduous career. Every boſom feels an anxiety for repoſe, and fondly wiſhes to ſteal from the vortex of a buſy and perturbed life to enjoy the tranquillity of Solitude.

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" Hackney'd in buſineſs, wearied at that oar
" Which thouſands, once chain'd faſt to, quit no more,
" But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
" All wiſh, or ſeem to wiſh, they could forego,
" The ſtateſman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
" Pants for the refuge of a peaceful ſhade;
" Where, all his long anxieties forgot
" Amidſt the charms of a ſequeſter'd ſpot,
" Or recollected only to gild o'er,
" And add a ſmile to, what was ſweet before,
" He may poſſeſs the joys he thinks he ſees,
" Lay his old age upon the lap of eaſe,
" Improve the remnant of his waſted ſpan,
" And, having liv'd a *trifler*, die A MAN."

IT is under the peaceful ſhades of Solitude that the mind regenerates and acquires freſh force; it is there alone that the happy can enjoy the fulneſs of felicity, or the miſerable forget their woe; it is there that the boſom of ſenſibility experiences its moſt delicious emotions; it is there that creative genius frees itſelf from the thraldom of ſociety, and ſurrenders itſelf to the impetuous rays of an ardent imagination. To this deſired goal all our ideas and deſires perpetually tend. " There is," ſays Dr. JOHNSON, " ſcarcely " any writer who has not celebrated the " happineſs

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"happineſs of rural privacy, and de-
"lighted himſelf and his readers with the
"melody of birds, the whiſper of groves,
"and the murmurs of rivulets; nor any
"man eminent for extent of capacity, or
"greatneſs of exploits, that has not left
"behind him ſome memorials of lonely
"wiſdom and ſilent dignity."

The original Work from which the following pages are ſelected, conſiſts of four large volumes, which have acquired the univerſal approbation of the German Empire, and obtained the ſuffrages of an Empreſs celebrated for the ſuperior brilliancy of her mind, and who has ſignified her approbation in the moſt flattering manner.

On the 26th of January, 1785, a courier, diſpatched by the Ruſſian Envoy at Hamburgh, preſented M. Zimmerman with a ſmall caſket, in the name of her Majeſty the *Empreſs of Ruſſia*. The caſket contained a ring ſet round with diamonds of an extraordinary ſize and luſtre; and a gold medal, bearing on one ſide the portrait of the Empreſs,

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and on the other the date of the happy reformation of the Ruſſian Empire. This preſent the Empreſs accompanied with a letter, written with her own hand, containing theſe remarkable words:—"To "M. ZIMMERMAN, Counſellor of State, "and Phyſician to his Britannic Majeſty, "to thank him for the excellent Precepts "he has given to Mankind in his Treatiſe "upon SOLITUDE."

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THE LIFE

OF

ZIMMERMAN.

JOHN GEORGE ZIMMERMAN, the Author of the following Treatiſe on *Solitude*, which we now preſent to the public in a more correct and ſplendid form, was born, on the eighth day of December, 1728, at Brugg, a ſmall town ſituated on the borders of the river Aar, near the caſtles of Windich and Altemberg, in the canton of Berne, about ſeventeen miles to the north-weſt of the city of Zurich, in Swiſſerland.

His father, *John Zimmerman*, whoſe anceſtors had, for a ſeries of years, deſervedly obtained the applauſe and admiration of their fellow citizens, by their perſonal merits, and patriotic exertions for the intereſts of the Republic, was eminently diſtinguiſhed as an able and

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eloquent member of the provincial council. His mother, who was equally reſpected and beloved for her good ſenſe, eaſy manners, and modeſt virtues, was the daughter of the celebrated *Pache*, who reſided at a beautiful villa near Morges, in the ſame canton, and whoſe extraordinary learning and great abilities had contributed to advance him to a ſeat in the parliament of Paris.

The father of Zimmerman, anxious for the future eminence of his ſon as a ſcholar, undertook the arduous taſk of ſuperintending his education, and, by the aſſiſtance of the ableſt preceptors that could be procured, inſtructed him in the rudiments of all the uſeful and ornamental ſciences until he had attained the age of fourteen years, when he ſent him to the Univerſity of Berne, where, under *Kirchberger*, the hiſtorian and profeſſor of rhetoric, and *Altman*, the celebrated Greek profeſſor, he ſtudied, for three years, Philology and the Belles Lettres, with unremitting aſſiduity and attention. Scarcely, however, had he entered

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entered on his courſe of ſtudy, when his induſtry was for a while interrupted by the ſudden death of his affectionate father; a misfortune which bereaved him of his ableſt inſtructor, and tore his heart with the ſevereſt affliction; but as time ſoftened his filial ſorrows, he renewed his ſtudies with unceaſing diligence and ardour.

The various and frequently complicated ſyſtems of philoſophy which have been from time to time introduced into the world, excited his curioſity, and ſtimulated his induſtry; and, to render himſelf a perfect maſter of this extenſive branch of learning, he placed himſelf under the tuition of *Brunner*, one of the moſt zealous diſciples of the *Baron de Wolf*; but the profeſſor, unfortunately, was only ſkilled in the metaphyſical doctrines of his great maſter; and, inſtead of leading the mind of his pupil into the broad and flowery paths of real ethics, he bewildered him in the dark and thorny mazes of vain and uſeleſs learning, until *M. Tribolet* and *J. Stapfer*, two miniſters of the goſpel,

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goſpel, equally renowned for exalted piety, ardent genius, and extenſive knowledge, happily extricated him from this dangerous labyrinth, and taught him, as he frequently afterwards acknowledged with the warmeſt gratitude, the ſound doctrines of true philoſophy.

Having paſſed nearly five years at the univerſity, he began to think of applying the ſtores of information he had acquired to the purpoſes of active life; and, with a view of conſulting his mother reſpecting the profeſſion he ſhould chooſe, he viſited, towards the end of the year 1746, his maternal relations at Morges, where ſhe then reſided. But, alas! the kind aſſiſtance which he fondly hoped to derive upon this important ſubject from her judgment and opinion, death had rendered it impoſſible for him to obtain. Diſtreſſing, however, as this unexpected event was at ſuch a juncture, it afforded him the advantage of following more freely his own unbiaſſed inclination; a circumſtance which is generally conceived to contribute to ſucceſs; and, after mentioning

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mentioning the ſubject curſorily to a few relations, he immediately reſolved to follow the practice of phyſic. The extraordinary fame of *Haller*, who had recently been promoted by King George the Second to a profeſſorſhip in the univerſity of Gottingen, reſounded at this time throughout Europe; and *Zimmerman* determined to proſecute his ſtudies in phyſic under the auſpices of this great and celebrated maſter. He was admitted into the univerſity on the 12th of September, 1747, and obtained his degree on the 14th of Auguſt, 1751. The promiſing genius of the young pupil induced the profeſſor to receive him with every token of eſteem. He ordered an apartment to be provided for him under his own roof; aſſiſted him by his advice; ſuperintended his ſtudies; and behaved to him throughout his future life as a parent, a preceptor, a patron, and a friend. *Zinn*, *Caldani*, and ſeveral other eminent men, were at this time ſtudying under *Haller*. The example of the teacher inſpired his pupils with the ſpirit of induſtrious exertion;

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ertion; and, by their indefatigable induſtry, and mutual endeavours to proſecute and perfect his diſcoveries, they not only forwarded the progreſs of medical ſcience, but placed the philoſophy of the human body on a more ſure and an almoſt entirely new baſis. The genius of *Zimmerman*, however, was too powerful and expanſive to be confined excluſively to the ſtudy of medicine: the frame and temper of the human mind, natural philoſophy, and particularly mathematics, engaged a conſiderable portion of his attention, and, by the aſſiſtance of *M. Segner*, rewarded his toils with a large fund of valuable information. Politics, alſo, both as they relate to the municipal government of nations, and as they embrace that more important ſubject which has of late years been ſo well known to Europe under the denomination of *ſtatiſtics*, did not eſcape his inveſtigation. To relax his mind from theſe ſeverer ſtudies, he cultivated a complete knowledge of the Engliſh language, and became ſo great a proficient in the polite and elegant literature of this country,

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that the Britiſh Poets, particularly *Shakeſpear*, *Pope*, and *Thomſon*, were as familiar to him as his favourite authors *Homer* and *Virgil*. Every moment, in ſhort, of the four years he paſſed at Gottingen, was employed in the uſeful and ornamental improvement of his capacious mind, which appears to have been ſtimulated by a ſecret preſage of his future greatneſs: for, in a letter written during this period, to his friend Dr. *Tiſſot*, of Berne, he ſays, "I paſs every hour of my life "here like a man who is determined not "to be forgot by poſterity;" and even ſo early as the year 1751, he produced a work in which he diſcovered the dawnings of that extraordinary genius which afterwards ſpread abroad with ſo much effulgence.* But the ardour of his mind impoſed upon his corporeal frame a taſk too laborious to be continually ſuſtained; and at length his unceaſing aſſiduities, and cloſe application, affected his health,

* *Diſſertatio Phyſiologica de irritabilitate quam publicè defendet.* JOH. GEORGIUS ZIMMERMAN, *Goett.* *4to.* 1751.

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health, and produced many alarming ſymptoms of that grievous malady the *hypochondria.*

" For knowledge is as food, and needs no leſs
" Her temperance over appetite to know,
" In meaſure what the mind may well contain ;
" Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfeit, and ſoon turns
" Wiſdom to folly, as nouriſhment to wind."

To divert his mind, and diſſipate the baneful effects of this diſorder, he quitted the univerſity, and travelled for a few months through Holland, where he formed an acquaintance with the celebrated *Gaubius ;* and afterwards viſited Paris, where his great abilities, as a ſcholar and a phyſician, ſoon rendered him a conſpicuous character. The amuſements of Paris, however, and perhaps the envy which his ſuperior merits raiſed againſt him in the minds of certain profeſſional competitors, made his reſidence in this vitiated and tumultuous metropolis irkſome and diſagreeable to him ; and towards the year 1752 he returned to Berne, where he enjoyed the double ſatisfaction of acquiring a conſiderable degree of practice, and of being received by all his former friends with

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with open arms and unfeigned cordiality. During the early part of his reſidence at Berne, he publiſhed many excellent eſſays on various ſubjects in the *Helvetic Journal;* particularly a work on the talents and erudition of *Haller.* This grateful tribute to the juſt merits of his friend and benefactor, he afterwards enlarged into a complete hiſtory of his life and writings, as a ſcholar, a philoſopher, a phyſician, and a man. It was publiſhed in 1755, at Zurich, in one large volume octavo, and received, as in the opinion of *Tiſſot* it highly deſerved, with uncommon teſtimonies of applauſe.

The health of *Haller*, which had ſuffered greatly by the ſeverity of ſtudy, ſeemed to decline in proportion as his fame increaſed; and, obtaining permiſſion to leave Gottingen, he repaired to Berne, to viſit his friends, and to try, by the advice and aſſiſtance of *Zimmerman*, to reſtore, if poſſible, his decayed conſtitution. The benefits he experienced in a ſhort time were ſo great, that he determined to relinquiſh his profeſſorſhip, and

to

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to paſs the remainder of his days amidſt the careſſes of his friends, and the comforts of his family, in this city. He accordingly requeſted *Zimmerman* to ſettle his affairs at the univerſity, and to accompany *Madame Haller* and her houſehold to the new abode which had been previouſly provided at Berne for their reception. This embaſſy he performed with a pleaſure flowing not only from the happineſs he anticipated from the company and converſation of this agreeable and friendly family, but from a cauſe which was perhaps ſtill more intereſting to his heart. In the family of *Haller* lived a young lady, nearly related to him, whoſe maiden name was *Meley*, and whoſe huſband, *M. Stek*, had been ſome time dead. This lady, beſides a ſound and highly cultivated underſtanding, a refined taſte, a quick and lively fancy, and a very brilliant imagination, poſſeſſed, what is perhaps ſuperior even to theſe endowments, thoſe polite and elegant manners, that amiable mildneſs and ſerenity of temper, and that winning ſoftneſs

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neſs of voice, which render the ſex ſo irreſiſtibly charming, and inſure the happineſs of a huſband. *Zimmerman*, whoſe devotion to ſtudy had not extinguiſhed the tender ſenſibilities of his heart, became deeply enamoured of her charms. He offered her his hand in marriage; and, after paſſing ſome time in the gentle aſſiduities of love, they were united at the altar in the bands of mutual affection. During the ſhort time Heaven permitted her to bleſs his arms, he experienced in her fondneſs, a ſoft refuge from worldly cares, and a ſecure aſylum for his afflictions.

Soon after his union with this amiable woman, the ſituation of Phyſician to the town of Brugg became vacant, which he was invited by the inhabitants to fill. The regular ſalary annexed to this appointment was extremely ſmall, conſidering the extent and population of the town; but there is ſomething particularly faſcinating to a ſentimental mind in the place of early infancy; and when *Zimmerman* conſidered the number of relations

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relations and friends by whom he would be ſurrounded, he relinquiſhed all the pleaſures and advantages he enjoyed at Berne, and returned to the place of his nativity, with a view to ſettle himſelf there for life. The practice which he immediately acquired throughout the town and ſurrounding country, was, like that of his friend *Dr. Hotze*, of Richterſwyl, of whoſe amiable character and delightful ſituation he has drawn ſo pleaſing a picture in the following Eſſay, more extenſive than profitable. His time, however, was not ſo entirely engroſſed by the duties of his profeſſion as to prevent him from indulging his mind, always eager to acquire new information, in the purſuits of literature; and he read almoſt every work of reputed merit, whether of Phyſic, Morals, Philoſophy, Belles Lettres, Hiſtory, Voyages, or even Novels and Romances, which the various preſſes of Europe from time to time produced. The novels and romances of England, in particular, afforded him great delight. The thoughts and opini-

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ons which occurred to him during this courſe of reading, he frequently committed to writing in the form of eſſays, and inſerted many of them in a periodical paper called The Monitor, which was then publiſhed by the Philological Society at Zurich.

In the courſe of time *Zimmerman* added to the character of *huſband* the pleaſing relation of *father*, and enjoyed, in the birth of a ſon, and afterwards of a daughter, all that could fill the boſom of the fondeſt parent with joy; health, competency, and domeſtic comfort. The company of this wife's mother alſo, a woman of extraordinary underſtanding, and ſingular endowments, and who formed a part of his houſehold, contributed not a little to increaſe his felicity.

But perfect felicity is not the lot of man; and *Zimmerman*, though ſurrounded by every enjoyment which is uſually conceived to beſtow happineſs, ſuffered a ſecret uneaſineſs to prey upon his mind. The amuſements which Brugg afforded were extremely confined; and he frequently

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quently ſighed for the enjoyment of that general ſociety in which he had found ſo much ſatisfaction and delight at Berne, at Gottingen, and at Paris. It is true that he had many amiable friends at Brugg, but they had all their own concerns to attend to, and had little time to devote to the company of any individual. A man of letters requires a public library and periodical publications to reſort to, new acquaintances to converſe with, profeſſional aſſociates to whom he can communicate his various diſcoveries; all of which *Zimmerman* was in a great meaſure deprived of at Brugg; and the want of theſe reſources made ſuch a deep impreſſion on his mind, that he fell into a ſtate of nervous languor, or rather into a peeviſh dejection of ſpirits, and neglecting all public ſociety, devoted himſelf almoſt entirely to a retired and ſedentary life. His family was almoſt the only company he converſed with; ſtudy and compoſition the ſole amuſement of his leiſure hours; and a correſpondence with a few diſtant friends, particularly

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particularly Dr. *Tiſſot*, Profeſſor *Bonnett*, Dr. *Macard*, Dr. *Lettſom*, and the celebrated Mr. *Deluc*, her Majeſty's librarian at Windſor, his only relief againſt the melancholy and vexation that oppreſſed his mind. There is an art in being happy, which every man, who enjoys health, leiſure, and competency, may in all places attain, *omne ſolum eſt patria fortis;* but every perſon is not poſſeſſed of it; and there are, indeed, men of very extraordinary talents, and great abilities, who are ſometimes ſo weak, or rather ſo fooliſh, as to deſpiſe it. It is eaſy to imagine the happineſs of particular conditions until we can be content with no other; but there is no condition whatever under which a certain degree of happineſs may not be attained by thoſe who are inclined to be happy.

The great *Haller* conceived it to be of as much importance to happineſs to gain the *eſteem* as the *admiration* of mankind; and *Zimmerman* might upon this ſubject have followed, with infinite advantage, the example of his illuſtrious

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friend, who, by condeſcending to indulge the innocent humours and frailties of thoſe around him, rendered himſelf beloved by all who knew him; and by this means, while he promoted the happineſs of others, inſured his own. "But a man of letters," as Dr. *Johnſon* obſerves, "for the moſt "part, ſpends in the privacies of ſtudy, "that ſeaſon of life in which the manners "are to be ſoftened into eaſe, and poliſh-"ed into elegance; and when he has "gained knowledge enough to be reſpec-"ted, has neglected the minuter acts by "which he might have pleaſed." *Zimmerman*, indeed, frequently blamed himſelf for indulging this ſaturnine diſpoſition, and was far from conſidering retirement as a duty; but he ſeldom had courage enough to renounce the pleaſures it beſtowed on him; and it was by reflecting deeply on its effects, that he was enabled ſo juſtly to appreciate its advantages.

The love of Solitude, which this diſpoſition ſo ſtrongly engendered in his mind, was not, however, ſuffered to interrupt in any degree the regular diſcharge

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charge of his profeſſional duties; all appearance of depreſſion vaniſhed the moment he approached the bed of ſickneſs: and he ſeldom viſited a patient whom he did not afterwards find a friend.

Under theſe circumſtances, this excellent and able man paſſed fourteen years of an uneaſy life; but neither his increaſing practice, the ſucceſs of his literary purſuits,* the exhortations of his friends, nor the endeavours of his family, were able to remove the melancholy and diſcontent that preyed continually on his mind. The theatre on which he acted ſeemed too confined for the exerciſe of his great and extraordinary talents; and his friends conceiving that his mind might be reſtored to its former tone, by changing the ſcene, and enlarging his ſphere of action, endeavoured to procure him promotion. After

 ſome

* The following is a correct liſt of his writings in the order in which they appear to have been publiſhed.

1. Diſſertatio Inauguralis de Irritabilitate, 4to. Gottingen, 1751.
2. The Life of Profeſſor *Haller*, 8vo. Zurich, 1755.

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ſome fruitleſs efforts to pleaſe him, he was, in the beginning of April, 1768, appointed, by the intereſt of Dr. *Tiſſot*, and *Baron Hockſtetten*, to the poſt of principal Phyſician to the King of Great Britain, at Hanover; and he departed from Brugg to take poſſeſſion of his new office, on the 4th of July, in the ſame year. But the hopes with which his friends had fondly flattered themſelves upon this ſubject, were, alas! in a

3. Thoughts on the Earthquake which was felt on the 9th of December, 1755, in Swiſſerland, 4to. 1756.
4. The Subverſion of Liſbon, a Poem, 4to. 1756.
5. Meditations on Solitude, 8vo. 1756.
6. Eſſay on National Pride, 8vo. Zurich, 1764.
7. Treatiſe on Experience in Phyſic, 8vo. Zurich. 1764.
8. Treatiſe on the Dyſentery, 8vo. Zurich, 1767.
9. Eſſay on Solitude, 4to. 1773.
10. Eſſay on Lavater's Phyſiognomy, Hanover, 1778.
11. Eſſays, conſiſting of agreeable and inſtructive Tales, 8vo. 1779.
12. Converſations with the King of Pruſſia.
13. Treatiſe on Frederick the Great, 1788.
14. Select Views of the Life, Reign and Character of Frederick the Great.
15. A Variety of Works publiſhed in the Helvetic Journal, and in the Journals of the Phyſiological Society at Zurich.
16. A Work on Zoology.

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ſhort time, ſorrowfully diſappointed. The carriage in which he and his family were conveyed to their new reſidence, was overturned juſt as it was entering the gates of Hanover, and his wife's mother received a compound fracture in her leg. In three days after his arrival, death deprived him of a valuable friend, one of the Lords of the Regency, who had long entertained for him a ſincere affection, and moſt cordial eſteem. His colleague, jealous of his ſuperior merit and increaſing fame, contrived to vex and thwart him in the diſcharge of his official duties. A local diſorder, under which he had laboured for many years, and which was frequently attended with excruciating pain, grew worſe; and, to add ſtill more to his misfortunes, the health of *Madame Zimmerman*, which always very conſiderably influenced his own, viſibly declined. Happily, amidſt this variety of vexations, his extraordinary merit forced him into very great and extenſive practice, which, together with the company and correſpondence he regularly maintained with

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his friends, engroſſed his time, and prevented the recollection of his cares from preying on his mind. Scarcely, however, had he recovered his health and ſpirits, when he was again plunged into the deepeſt affliction by the loſs of his amiable wife, who, after many years of lingering ſufferance, and pious reſignation, expired in his arms, on the 23d of June, 1770; an event which he has deſcribed in the following Work * with elegant tenderneſs and ſenſibility. The deep and poignant ſorrow he felt on this misfortune, increaſed the local complaint under which he laboured to ſo dreadful a degree, that he was obliged, on the 11th of June, 1771, to repair to Berlin, and place himſelf under the care of *M. Mickel*, a celebrated ſurgeon, for the purpoſe of undergoing an operation. It was performed with great ſkill; and he received ſuch perfect relief, as to be able to enjoy ſociety always with vivacity, and frequently with eaſe. This period, indeed, ſeems to have been the happieſt of his life: he had the inexpreſſible

* Page 246.

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ble gratification of finding himſelf relieved from a long and cruel complaint, of enjoying the charms of a moſt agreeable private ſociety, of being univerſally received with the greateſt attention, and of becoming acquainted with many literary characters in Germany. His reception on his return to Hanover was equally pleaſing, and he flattered himſelf that he ſhould at laſt enjoy a permanent ſtate of health. But he ſeemed, alas! deſtined to experience a conſtant viciſſitude of pleaſure and of pain; for, in a ſhort time after his return, he experienced another ſource of inquietude in the death of his wife's mother, who, except his ſon and daughter, whoſe education ſhe had undertaken to ſuperintend, was the only companion of his domeſtic hours. His children too, thoſe common comforts to a parent under affliction, were to him additional cauſes of the keeneſt anguiſh, and the deepeſt diſtreſs. His daughter had, from her earlieſt infancy, diſcovered ſymptoms of conſumption, ſo ſtrong and inveterate as to defy all the powers

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of medicine. During their reſidence in Swiſſerland, a young man, "as hand-"ſome in his perſon as he was amiable "in the qualities of his mind," had, after a long intimacy, conceived a violent attachment for her: he was "the object "of her firſt, of her only affection;" and it was mutually agreed by their parents to unite them, in proper time, in the bands of matrimony; but, ſoon after her removal to Hanover, it ſeems that, for ſome cauſe, which does not clearly appear, he put a period to his exiſtence. This dreadful event gave a violent ſhock to her feeble conſtitution, and threw her into a languiſhing complaint, which at length ended in a hæmorrhage of the lungs, and in the ſummer of 1781 deſtroyed her life. The character of this amiable girl, and the feelings of her afflicted father on this melancholy event, his own pen has very affectingly deſcribed in the following Work.*

But the ſtate and condition of his ſon was ſtill more diſtreſſing to his feelings than

* Page 257.

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than even the death of his beloved daughter. This unhappy youth, who, while he was at the univerſity, diſcovered the fineſt fancy and the ſoundeſt underſtanding, either from a malignant and inveterate ſpecies of ſcrophula, with which he had been periodically tortured from his earlieſt infancy, or from too cloſe an application to ſtudy, fell very early in life into a ſtate of bodily infirmity and mental languor, which terminated, in the month of December, 1777, in a total derangement of his faculties; and he has now continued, in ſpite of every endeavour to reſtore him, a perfect idiot for more than twenty years.

The domeſtic comforts of *Zimmerman* were now almoſt entirely deſtroyed: he had no one, except *Madame de Dering*, the ſiſter of *M. Strube*, Secretary of State, with whom he could "hold com-"munion ſweet and large;" and ſhe, to complete his miſery, was obliged ſoon afterwards to leave Hanover, and attend her huſband to a diſtant part of Germany, where he had lately been appointed to a

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new employment. The unhappy and comfortleſs ſituation of *Zimmerman*, with whom ſhe had lived on terms of the pureſt friendſhip during his reſidence at Hanover, made a deep impreſſion on her mind, and called forth all the tendereſt feelings of her heart. Wiſely conceiving that the only chance of preventing him from falling a victim to his affections, was by uniting him once more in matrimony with ſome object worthy of his choice, ſhe carefully examined the character and diſpoſition of her female friends, and at length fixed upon the daughter of *M. Berger*, the King's Phyſician at *Lunenbourg*, and niece to *Baron de Berger*, as a perſon in every reſpect qualified to make him happy. *Madame de Dering* managed the introduction with great delicacy and addreſs; and had the pleaſure to obſerve, ſoon afterwards, that the ſentiments of the parties correſponded perfectly with her own. A friendſhip, founded on a reciprocity of taſte and diſpoſition, ripened very quickly into the tendereſt affection; and they were united to each other in marriage about

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about the beginning of October, 1782. *Zimmerman* was nearly thirty years older than his bride: but genius and good ſenſe are always young; and the ſimilarity of their characters obliterated all recollection of diſparity of age. She was well acquainted with the Engliſh language; ſpoke Italian with great elegance and correctneſs; reviſed his compoſitions with critical taſte, and ſound judgment; and continued to the laſt moment of her life his tutelar deity; a pleaſing companion of his proſperity, and his ſupport and conſolation in adverſity. He went with her into company, had frequent parties at his own houſe, and enjoyed an agreeable ſociety, which reſtored him occaſionally to his former gaiety and good humour.

It was at this period that he compoſed his great and favourite work on *Solitude*, thirty years after the publication of his firſt eſſay on the ſubject. It conſiſts of four volumes in quarto; the two firſt of which were publiſhed in 1784; and the remaining volumes in 1786. "A work," ſays *Tiſſot*, "which will always be read

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" with as much profit as pleaſure, as it " contains the moſt ſublime conceptions, " the greateſt ſagacity of obſervation, an " extreme propriety of application, much " ability in the choice of examples, and " (what I cannot commend too highly, " becauſe I can ſay nothing that does him " ſo much honour, nor give him any " praiſe that would be more gratifying to " his own heart) a conſtant anxiety for the " intereſts of *religion*, with the ſacred and " ſolemn truths of which his mind was " moſt devoutly impreſſed."

During his reſidence at Berlin, in 1771, he had been invited to Potzdam by the King of Pruſſia, and had frequent conferences with his Majeſty reſpecting the ſtate of his health. The particulars of theſe conferences he communicated by letter to a friend, who, anxious to promulgate the honour *Zimmerman* had received, ſhewed it very injudiciouſly to ſeveral perſons, from whoſe communications it was, without the author's conſent, at length publiſhed; but in ſo falſe and mutilated a ſtate, that he was induced to print a genuine copy of

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of it in his own name. The King, while he was reviewing his troops in Silesia in the autumn of the year 1785, caught a severe cold, which settled on his lungs, and in the course of nine months brought on symptoms of an approaching dropsy. *Zimmerman*, by two very flattering letters of the 6th and 16th of June, 1786, was solicited by his Majesty to attend him, and he arrived at Potzdam on the 23d of the same month; but he immediately discovered that his royal patient had little hopes of recovery; and, after trying the effect of such medicines as he thought most likely to afford relief, he returned to Hanover on the 11th of July following,* where he published a very particular and interesting account of his journey, and of the various conversations he had had with the King. He had, indeed, from his youth, attended to the History of the King of Prussia with that interest with which the man of genius follows the career of a great character, and entertained a high

* The King only survived the departure of his Physician five weeks: he died on the 11th of August, 1786.

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a high admiration of the talents, and a firm attachment to the perſon, of this hero. But it was not *Frederick* alone who diſcovered his abilities. When, in the year 1788, the melancholy ſtate of the King of England's health alarmed the affection of his ſubjects, and produced an anxiety throughout Europe for his recovery, the government of Hanover diſpatched *Zimmerman* to Holland, that he might be nearer London in caſe his preſence there became neceſſary; and he continued at the Hague until all danger was over. The invitation of the diſcerning *Frederick*, and the ſelection of the Hanoverian Miniſter, who had for twenty years witneſſed his abilities, gave new and flattering teſtimonies of his medical ſkill, and afforded him that highly pleaſing gratification which accompanies a conſciouſneſs of the public eſteem. Beloved by his particular friends, enjoying the confidence of three moſt potent ſovereigns, poſſeſſing the voluntary approbation of the public, an ample fortune, and all the comforts of domeſtic life, his ſituation ſeemed to afford him once

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once more the proſpect of returning happineſs. But we muſt not eſtimate the proſpects of felicity by the complexion of exterior circumſtances. Diſeaſe frequently racked his body with excruciating anguiſh; and his mind, enervated, perhaps, by the blandiſhments of proſperity, occaſionally recoiled upon itſelf, and plunged him into languor and deſpondency. A new ſeries of vexations alſo, proceeding from two different cauſes, ſprung up at this period, and continued to poiſon all the ſources of his happineſs during the remainder of his life.

Zimmerman ſeems to have either forgot or deſpiſed the danger which always accompanies the taſk of writing the hiſtory of monarchs during the lives of their contemporaries; but he admired the character of the *King of Pruſſia* with enthuſiaſtic ardour; and even ſo far from viewing it in the light in which it was placed by a work written by *Mirabeau*, and publiſhed in 1788, intitled, "*The Pruſſian* "*Monarchy*," that he boldly entered the liſts in favour of his royal friend, and publiſhed

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publiſhed firſt a pamphlet, intitled, "*A Defence of Frederick the Great againſt the Count de Mirabeau:*" and afterwards, in the year 1790, a work in three volumes octavo, intitled, "*Select Views of the Life, Character and Reign of Frederick the Great, King of Pruſſia.*" Theſe works, beſides many ſtrong political obſervations and anecdotes of particular characters, contained many ſevere animadverſions on the irreligion which prevailed at Berlin, and drew down on the head of their author, all the rancour of private animoſity and party ſpirit. Truth, however, was in general on his ſide; and he ought to have treated the malevolent cenſures and illiberal attacks of his opponents, with the cold and ſilent contempt they deſerved; but men of irritable nerves are apt to be deeply affected by trifles, and the virulence with which he was purſued on this occaſion gave him much vexation.

The ſecond cauſe of his chagrin, at this period, aroſe from his ſtrong attachment to the cauſe of religion, the intereſts of human nature, and the danger

to

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to which he ſaw all ſocial order was imminently expoſed. It was the anxiety and mortification he experienced upon this occaſion that gave the fatal blow to his declining health, and at length deprived him prematurely of his exiſtence; for every thing that related to the happineſs not merely of individuals, but of mankind in general, was extremely dear to him; and he might well exclaim,

Homo ſum, nihil humani à me alienum puto.

Morality and politics, or thoſe principles on which the happineſs of private life and the ſecurity of public order ſo eſſentially depend, had ever been ſubjects of his attention. The political productions of *Monteſquieu* and *Rouſſeau*, eſpecially thoſe two celebrated works, *The Spirit of Laws*, and *The Social Contract*, he had deeply ſtudied; and his writings in general, but more particularly his works on *National Pride and Solitude*, demonſtrate his conſtant anxiety for the public welfare. The celebrity of *Rouſſeau*, and the prevailing propenſity to follow his political tenets, cauſed him to regret the many erroneous

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erroneous positions contained in *The Social Contract*, and induced him to refute those parts of it in which the author endeavours to sap the foundation of all religious principles. In composing his *Essay on Solitude*, he was led to inquire into the rise, the progress, and the principles, of different religious sects, and to estimate their probable influence and effects upon governments; and he became firmly persuaded, to use the expression of *Tissot*, that they are "the cuckow's eggs, which can never "be permitted to be hatched without en-"dangering the public tranquillity." A new and extraordinary society had sprung up under his own observation, which engaged his whole attention, and which well merited that of the civilized world, since it is now clear that the great object of it was no less than to abolish all religion, to subvert social order, and to destroy thereby the happiness of mankind. This confederacy, which was denominated "*The Secret Society of the Illuminated*," had become extremely formidable in Germany; and *Zimmerman*, well acquaint-

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ed with the pernicious tendency of its principles, earneſtly endeavoured to oppoſe them, by intereſting thoſe whom it moſt concerned to prevent their effects. The pretence of its members was the *happineſs of the people;* and, ſuppoſing this happineſs to be incompatible with every ſpecies of religion and civil eſtabliſhment at preſent exiſting, they cried with one voice, "*Let us deſtroy them all, and raze their very foundations.*" It included, in ſhort, among its dark deſigns, the whole of the doctrine which the Jacobins of Paris have ſince ſo fatally put in practice; and it has been proved, by the moſt irrefragable documents,* that they not only maintained an intimate correſpondence together long before the revolution, but that the deſtruction of the Chriſtian religion, and the ſubverſion of every throne, and of all governments, was, ever ſince the year 1776, the ſecret aim and ſole object of theſe orders. They adopted, in ſhort,

* See Memoirs for the Plenipotentiaries aſſembled at Soiſſons, in which is demonſtrated how prejudicial the Society of Jeſuits is to Church and State.

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ſhort, that execrable obſervation known and celebrated in France, and generally attributed to *Diderot*: "*Mankind will* "*never be perfectly happy and free, until* "*the laſt of kings ſhall be ſtrangled with* "*the bowels of the laſt of prieſts.*" The ſociety of the *Illuminated* was compoſed of five diſtinct claſſes of members, who were founded, prepared, and raiſed ſtep by ſtep, as they diſcovered themſelves worthy to be truſted with its miſchievous myſteries. This mode of introduction, ſo conſonant to the nature of the aſſembly, was firſt ſuggeſted, in the year 1782, by *Baron de Knigge*; and, by the inſinuating manners and captivating language which the principal managers well knew how to uſe, the number of affiliated members increaſed from day to day. Many honeſt men had grieved in ſilence, on perceiving the evils which were likely to reſult from the baleful doctrines propagated, with equal art and induſtry, by this dangerous combination: but *Zimmerman* was the firſt who had the courage to unveil the dangerous principles of theſe new philoſophers,

philoſophers, and to exhibit to the eyes of the German Princes, the riſk they ran in neglecting to oppoſe the progreſs of ſo formidable a league. He convinced many of them, and particularly the Emperor *Leopold the Second*, that the views of theſe *illuminated* conſpirators were the deſtruction of Chriſtianity, and the ſubverſion of all regular governments; and that many courtiers, miniſters, judges, officers in the army, prelates of the Roman church, an immenſe number of inferior eccleſiaſtics, and even ſome of the ſovereign princes of Germany, were not only tainted by the new doctrines, but active members of the ſociety. Theſe exertions, while they contributed to leſſen the danger which threatened his adopted country, greatly impaired his health. Deeply impreſſed, however, with the importance of his cauſe, he proſecuted his labours with unremitting attention, and devoted the hours of repoſe, both early in the morning, and late in the evening, to this arduous taſk. He ſeems, indeed, to have been urged by ſomething like perſonal conſideration; for,

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for, in a letter which he wrote to his friend Dr. *Tissot*, on the 4th of October, 1794, he says, "I may yet, before the "year expires, become a poor distressed "emigrant, forced to leave his house with "the dear partner of his cares, without "knowing where to hide his head, or find "a bed on which to die;" and certainly the invasion of the electorate, the sacking of Hanover, and the necessity of abandoning it, were at that time much to be feared; for negociation alone saved a country which its arms were incapable of defending. These sentiments announce the deep impression of his mind, and evince the loss of that firm tone, and vigorous exertion, which was necessary to support his last endeavours to repel the impending calamity. His spirits, indeed, had received a shock from which they were unable to recover, even when the danger was removed. In the month of November, 1794, he was obliged to have recourse to strong opiates to procure even a short repose: his appetite decreased; his strength failed him; and he became so weak and

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emaciated, that, in January, 1795, when he was induced to visit a few particular patients in his carriage, it was painful to him to write a prescription, and he frequently fainted while ascending to the room. These symptoms were followed by a dizziness in his head, which obliged him to relinquish all business. At length the axis of his brain gave way, and reduced him to such a state of mental imbecility, that he was haunted continually by an idea that the enemy was plundering his house, and that he and his family were reduced to a state of misery and want. His medical friends, particularly Dr. *Wichman*, by whom he was constantly attended, contributed their advice and assistance to restore him to health; and conceiving that a journey, and change of air, were the best remedies that could be applied, they sent him to Eutin, in the Duchy of Holstein, where he continued three months, and, about the month of June, 1795, returned to Hanover greatly recovered. But the fatal dart had infixed itself too deeply to be entirely removed; he

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he ſoon afterwards relapſed into his former imbecility, and barely exiſted in lingering ſufferance for many months, refuſing to take any medicines, and ſcarcely any food. He frequently ſaid to his phyſicians, "*My death I perceive will be ſlow and painful;*" and, about fourteen hours before he died, he exclaimed, "*Leave me to myſelf; I am dying.*" At length his emaciated body and exhauſted mind ſunk beneath the burden of mortality, and he expired, without a groan, on the 7th of October, 1795.

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SOLITUDE;

OR,

The Influence of occaſional Retirement

UPON THE

Mind and the Heart.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTION.

SOLITUDE is that intellectual ſtate in which the mind voluntarily ſurrenders itſelf to its own reflections. The philoſopher, therefore, who withdraws his attention from every external object to the contemplation of his own ideas, is not leſs ſolitary than he who abandons ſociety, and reſigns himſelf entirely to the calm enjoyments of lonely life.

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THE word "Solitude" does not neceſſarily import a total retreat from the world and its concerns. A perſon may be frequently ſolitary without being alone.* The haughty baron, proud of his illuſtrious deſcent, is ſolitary unleſs he is ſurrounded by his equals; a profound reaſoner is ſolitary at the tables of the witty and the gay. The mind may be as abſtracted amidſt a numerous aſſembly, as much withdrawn from every ſurrounding object, as retired and concentrated in itſelf, as ſolitary, in ſhort, as a monk in his cloiſter, or a hermit in his cave. It is a condition, indeed, that may be enjoyed amidſt the tumultuous intercourſe of an agitated city, as well as in the peaceful ſhades of rural retirement; at London and at Paris, as well as on the plains of Thebes, and the deſerts of Nitria.†

THE

* And alſo, according to the well know line, "*Nunquam* "*minus ſolus quàm ſolus*," Never leſs alone than when alone.

† "The Solitude," ſays *Montaigne*," which I am fond of myſelf, and recommend to others, is that which enables me to withdraw my affections and thoughts into myſelf, ſo as to reſtrain and check my deſires and cares without impeding my proceedings. To ſay the truth, LOCAL SOLITUDE rather expands and ſets me at large: I the more willingly embark in the affairs of ſtate, and in the buſineſs of the world, when I am alone. At the Louvre, and in the crowd of the court, I keep within my own ſphere; the throng makes me retire into myſelf; and I never entertain myſelf ſo wantonly, ſo licentiouſly, and ſo ſingularly, as in places of reſpect and ceremonious prudence. I am conſtitutionally

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THE mind, when withdrawn from external objects, adopts, freely and extenſively, the dictates of its own ideas, and implicitly follows the taſte, the temperament, the inclination, and the genius, of its poſſeſſor. Sauntering through the cloiſters of the Magdalen Convent at Hidelſheim, I could not obſerve without a ſmile, an aviary of Canary birds, which had been bred in the cell of a female devotee. A gentleman of Brabant lived five-and-twenty years without ever going out of his houſe, entertaining himſelf during that long period with forming a magnificent cabinet of pictures and paintings. Even unfortunate captives, who are doomed to perpetual impriſonment, may ſoften the rigours of their fate, by reſigning themſelves, as far as their ſituation will permit, to the ruling paſſion of their ſouls. *Michael Ducret*, the Swiſs philoſopher, while he was confined in the caſtle of Aarburg, in the canton of Berne, in Swiſſerland, meaſured the height of the Alps: and while the mind of *Baron Trenck*, during his

 impriſonment

tionally no enemy to the buſtle of a court. I have ſpent part of my life, and am capable of behaving cheerfully in great companies, provided it be now and then, and at my own time; but there is an effeminacy of manners, a puerility of judgment, prevailing there that attaches me by force to SOLITUDE."—Mont. Eſſ. B. 3. Ch. 3. And in another Eſſay he obſerves, "True Solitude is ſuch as may be enjoyed even in populous cities, and the courts of Kings, though more commodiouſly apart." B. 1. Ch. 38.

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impriſonment at *Magdebourg*, was, with inceſſant anxiety, fabricating projects to effect his eſcape, *General Walrave*, the companion of his captivity, contentedly paſſed his time in feeding chickens. *

THE human mind, in proportion as it is deprived of external reſources, ſedulouſly labours to find within itſelf the means of happineſs, learns to rely with confidence on its own exertions, and gains, with greater certainty, the power of being happy.

A WORK, therefore, on the ſubject of SOLITUDE, appeared to me likely to facilitate MAN in his ſearch after true felicity.

UNWORTHY, however, as the diſſipation and pleaſures of the world appear to me to be of the avidity with which they are purſued, I equally diſapprove of the extravagant ſyſtem which inculcates a total dereliction of ſociety, which will be found, when ſeriouſly examined, to be equally romantic and impracticable. To be able to live independently of all aſſiſtance, except from our own powers, is, I acknowledge, a noble effort of the human mind; but it is equally great and dignified to

* To theſe inſtances we may add that of the celebrated *Voltaire*, who, while confined in the Baſtille, without any hope of emancipation, compoſed his poem of THE HENRIADE.

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to learn the art of enjoying the comforts of ſociety with happineſs to ourſelves, and with utility to others.

WHILE, therefore, I exhort my readers to liſten to the advantages of *occaſional retirement*, I warn them againſt that dangerous exceſs into which ſome of the diſciples of this philoſophy have fallen; an exceſs equally repugnant to REASON and RELIGION.* May I happily ſteer through all the dangers with which my ſubject is ſurrounded; ſacrifice nothing to prejudice; offer no violation to truth; and gain the approbation of the judicious and reflecting! - If affliction ſhall feel one ray of comfort, or melancholy, releaſed from a portion of its horrors, raiſe its downcaſt head; if I ſhall convince the lover of rural life, that all the finer ſprings of pleaſure dry up and decay in the intenſe joys of crowded cities, and that the warmeſt emotions of the heart become there cold and torpid; if I ſhall evince the ſuperior pleaſures of the country; how many reſources rural life affords againſt the languors of indolence; what purity of ſentiment, what peaceful repoſe, what exalted happineſs, is

 inſpired

* "A total retreat from the world," ſays a learned Divine, "is ſo far from being, as the Roman Catholic Church holds, the perfection of RELIGION, that, ſome particular caſes excepted, it is no other than the abuſe of it." *Blair*, Sermon IX.

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inſpired by verdant meads, and the view of lively flocks quitting their rich paſtures, to ſeek, with the declining ſun, their evening folds; how highly the romantic ſcenery of a wild and ſtriking country, interſperſed with cottages, the habitations of a happy, free, contented race of men, elevates the ſoul; how far more intereſting to the heart are the joyful occupations of rural induſtry, than the dull and taſteleſs entertainments of a diſſipated city; how much more eaſily, in ſhort, the moſt excruciating ſorrows are pleaſingly ſubdued on the fragrant border of a peaceful ſtream, than in the midſt of thoſe treacherous delights which occupy the courts of kings; all my wiſhes will be accompliſhed, and my happineſs complete.

RETIREMENT from the world may prove peculiarly beneficial at two periods of life: In YOUTH, to acquire the rudiments of uſeful information, to lay the foundation of the character intended to be purſued, and to obtain that train of thought which is to guide us through life: In AGE, to caſt a retroſpective view on the courſe we have run; to reflect on the events we have obſerved, the viciſſitudes we have experienced; to enjoy the flowers we have gathered on the way, and to congratulate ourſelves upon the tempeſts we have ſurvived. *Lord Bolingbroke*, in his "*Idea of a Patriot King*," ſays, there is not a more profound nor a finer obſervation

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ſervation in all *Lord Bacon's* works than the following: "We muſt chooſe betimes ſuch *virtuous objects* as are proportioned to the means we have of purſuing them, and belong particularly to the ſtations we are in, and the duties of thoſe ſtations. We muſt *determine* and *fix* our minds in ſuch manner upon them, that the purſuit of them may become the *buſineſs*, and the attainment of them the *end*, of our whole lives. Thus we ſhall imitate the great operations of nature, and not the feeble, ſlow, and imperfect operations of art. We muſt not proceed in forming the moral character as a ſtatuary proceeds in forming a ſtatue, who works ſometimes on the face, ſometimes on one part, and ſometimes on another; but we muſt proceed, and it is in our power to proceed, as nature does in forming a flower, or any other of her productions; *rudimenta partium omnium ſimul parit et producit:* ſhe throws out altogether, and at once, the whole ſyſtem of every being, and the rudiments of all the parts."

It is, therefore, more eſpecially to thoſe youthful minds who ſtill remain ſuſceptible of virtuous impreſſions, that I here pretend to point out the path which leads to true felicity. Dear and virtuous youths, into whoſe hands this book may chance to fall, adopt with af-

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fectionate zeal the good it contains, and reject all that does not touch and penetrate the heart: and if you acknowledge that I have enlightened your minds, corrected your manners, and tranquillized your hearts, I shall congratulate myself on the success of my design, and think my labours richly rewarded.

BELIEVE me, all ye amiable youths from whose minds the artifices and gaieties of the world have not yet obliterated the precepts of a virtuous education; who are not yet infected with its inglorious vanities; who, still ignorant of the tricks and blandishments of seduction, have preserved the desire to perform some glorious action, and retained the power to accomplish it; who, in the midst of feasting, dancing, and assemblies, feel an inclination to escape from their unsatisfactory delights; SOLITUDE will afford you a safe asylum. Let the voice of experience recommend you to cultivate a fondness for domestic pleasures, to incite and fortify your souls to noble deeds, to acquire that cool judgment, and intrepid spirit, which enables you to form correct estimates of the characters of mankind, and of the pleasures of society. But to accomplish this high end, you must turn your eyes from those trifling and insignificant examples which a degenerated race of men affords, and study the illustrious characters of the ancient Greeks, the Romans,

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Romans, and the modern Engliſh. In what nation will you find more celebrated inſtances of human greatneſs? What people poſſeſs more valour, courage, firmneſs, and knowledge? Where do the arts and ſciences ſhine with greater ſplendor, or with more uſeful effect? But do not deceive yourſelves by a belief that you will acquire the character of an Engliſhman by wearing a cropped head of hair: No, you muſt pluck the roots of vice from your minds, deſtroy the ſeeds of weakneſs in your boſoms, and imitate the great examples of heroic virtue which that nation ſo frequently affords. It is an ardent love of liberty, undaunted courage, deep penetration, elevated ſentiment, and well cultivated underſtanding, that conſtitute the Britiſh character; and not their cropped heads, half boots, and round hats. It is *virtue* alone, and not *dreſs* or *titles*, that can ennoble or adorn the human character. Dreſs is an object too minute and trifling wholly to occupy a rational mind; and an illuſtrious deſcent is only advantageous as it renders the real merits of its immediate poſſeſſor more conſpicuous. In tracing your genealogies, rank, ye noble youths, thoſe only among your anceſtors who have performed great and glorious actions, whoſe fame ſhines in the pages of their country's hiſtory, and whoſe admired characters foreign nations envy and applaud. Never, however, loſe ſight of this important truth, that

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no one can be truly great until he has gained a knowledge of himself; a knowledge which can only be acquired by OCCASIONAL RETIREMENT.

May the perusal of the following pages increase your inclination for a wise and active Solitude, justify your aversion from worldly pleasures, and heighten your repugnance to employ VICIOUS MEANS in the attainment even of VIRTUOUS ENDS; for no worldly advantages purchased by dishonourable means can be either solid or lasting.

" RETIR'D, we tread a smooth and open way;
Thro' briars and brambles in THE WORLD we stray;
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Choak up our passage, our career controul,
And wound the finest feelings of the soul.
O, sacred SOLITUDE! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of THE GREAT!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair WISDOM, that celestial maid.
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
Strangers on earth! are INNOCENCE and PEACE.
There from the *ways of men* laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar:
There blest with HEALTH, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and insure the next;
There too THE MUSES sport *with myrtles crown'd,*
While joys untainted beam on all around."

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CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE INFLUENCE OF SOLITUDE UPON THE MIND.

THE true value of liberty can only be conceived by minds that are free: Slaves remain indolently contented in captivity. Men who have been long toſſed upon the troubled ocean of life, and have learned by ſevere experience to entertain juſt notions of the world and its concerns, to examine every object with unclouded and impartial eyes, to walk erect in the ſtrict and thorny paths of virtue, and to find their happineſs in the reflection of an honeſt mind, alone are—FREE.

THE path of virtue, indeed, is devious, dark, and dreary; but though it leads the traveller over hills of difficulty, it at length brings him into the delightful and extenſive plains of permanent happineſs and ſecure repoſe.

THE love of Solitude, when cultivated in the morn of life, elevates the mind to a noble independence: but, to acquire the advantages which Solitude is capable of affording, the mind muſt not

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be impelled to it by melancholy and discontent, but by a real distaste to the idle pleasures of the world, a rational contempt for the deceitful joys of life, and just apprehensions of being corrupted and seduced by its insinuating and destructive gaieties.

MANY men have acquired and exercised in Solitude that transcendent greatness of mind which defies events; and, like the majestic cedar, which braves the fury of the most violent tempest, have resisted, with heroic courage, the severest storms of fate. Some few, indeed, have retained in retirement the weaknesses of human nature; but the conduct of greater numbers has clearly evinced, that a man of good sense cannot degenerate even in the most dreary seclusion.

SOLITUDE, indeed, sometimes renders the mind in a slight degree arrogant and conceited*; but these effects are easily removed by a judicious intercourse with mankind. Misanthropy, contempt of folly, and pride of spirit, are, in noble minds, changed by the maturity of age into dignity of character: and that fear of the opinion of the world which awed the weakness and inexperience of youth,

* *Plato*, towards the conclusion of his fourth letter, warns *Dion* to guard against that austerity or haughtiness which is the companion of Solitude," " ἡ δὲ αὐθάδεια ἑρημίας ἕπεται."

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youth, is ſucceeded by firmneſs, and a high diſdain of thoſe falſe notions by which it was diſmayed: the obſervations once ſo dreaded loſe all their ſtings; the mind views objects not as they are, but as they ought to be; and, feeling a contempt for vice, riſes into a noble enthuſiaſm for virtue, gaining from the conflict a rational experience, and a compaſſionate feeling, which never decay.

THE ſcience of the heart, indeed, with which youth ſhould be familiarized as early as poſſible, is too frequently neglected. It removes the aſperities and poliſhes the rough ſurfaces of the mind. This ſcience is founded on that noble philoſophy which regulates the characters of men; and, operating more by love than by rigid precept, corrects the cold dictates of reaſon by the warm feelings of the heart; opens to view the dangers to which they are expoſed; animates the dormant faculties of the mind; and prompts them to the practice of all the virtues.

DION* was educated in all the turpitude and ſervility of courts, accuſtomed to a life of ſoftneſs and

* *Dion*, the ſon of *Hipparinus*, was related to, and employed in the ſervice of, *Dionyſius* the Elder, the tyrant of Syracuſe. He perſuaded *Dionyſius* to invite *Plato*, the celebrated Grecian philoſopher, to his court. *Dion*, liſtening to his divine precepts,

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and effeminacy, and, what is ſtill worſe, tainted by oſtentation, luxury, and every ſpecies of vicious pleaſure; but no ſooner did he liſten to the divine *Plato*, and acquired thereby a taſte for that ſublime philoſophy which inculcates the practice of VIRTUE, than his whole ſoul became deeply enamoured of its charms. The ſame love of virtue with which *Plato* inſpired the mind of *Dion*, may be ſilently, and almoſt imperceptibly, infuſed by every tender mother into the mind of her child. Philoſophy, from the lips of a wiſe and ſenſible woman, glides quietly, but with ſtrong effect, into the mind through the feelings of the heart. Who is not fond of walking even through the moſt rough

precepts, became immediately inſpired with the love of virtue; and, by his exemplary good conduct, rendered himſelf ſo extremely popular, that he became odious in the eyes of the tyrant, who baniſhed him to Greece, where he collected a numerous force, and reſolved to releaſe his country from ſlavery. In this enterprize he confirmed the obſervation of his philoſophic inſtructor, "that power and fortune muſt concur with prudence and "juſtice, to effect any thing great in a political capacity." He entered the port of Syracuſe only with two ſhips; and in three days reduced under his power an empire which had ſubſiſted for fifty years, and which was guarded by 500 ſhips of war, and above 100,000 troops. The tyrant (then *Dionyſius* the Younger) fled to Corinth; and *Dion* kept the reins of government in his own hands until he was betrayed and murdered by *Callicrates*, one of his moſt intimate and familiar friends. "When I ex-"plained," ſays *Plato*, in his ſeventh letter, "the principles "of philoſophy and humanity to *Dion*, I little thought I was "inſenſibly opening the way to the ſubverſion of tyranny, and "the liberties of mankind."

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Kirk del. E.W. Thomson sculp

Instruction

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rough and difficult paths, when conducted by the hand of Love? What ſpecies of inſtruction can be more ſucceſsful than ſoft leſſons from a female tongue, dictated by a mind profound in underſtanding, and elevated in ſentiment, where the heart feels all the affection that her precepts inſpire? Oh! may every mother, ſo endowed, be bleſſed with a child who delights to liſten in private to her edifying obſervations; who, with a book in his hand, loves to ſeek among the rocks ſome ſequeſtered ſpot favourable to ſtudy; who, when walking with his dogs and gun, frequently reclines under the friendly ſhade of ſome majeſtic tree, and contemplates the great and glorious characters which the pages of *Plutarch* preſent to his view, inſtead of toiling through the thickets of the ſurrounding woods to ſearch for game.

THE wiſhes of a mother are accompliſhed when the ſilence and ſolitude of the foreſts ſeize and animate the mind of her beloved child;* when he begins to feel that he has ſeen ſufficiently the pleaſures of the world; when he begins to perceive that there are greater and more valued characters

* "*Mirum eſt*," ſays the younger PLINY, "*ut animus egi-*
"*tatione motuque corporis excitetur. Jam undique ſilvæ et ſolitudo*
"*ipſorumque illud ſilentium, quod venationi datur, magna cogita-*
"*tionis incitamenta ſunt.*"

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racters than noblemen or ſquires, than miniſters or kings; characters who enjoy a more elevated ſenſe of pleaſure than gaming tables and aſſemblies are capable of affording; who ſeek at every interval of leiſure, the ſhades of Solitude with rapturous delight; whoſe minds have been inſpired with a love of literature and philoſophy from their earlieſt infancy; whoſe boſoms have glowed with a love of ſcience through every ſubſequent period of their lives; and who, amidſt the greateſt calamities, are capable of baniſhing, by a ſecret charm, the deepeſt melancholy, and moſt profound dejection.

THE advantages of Solitude to a mind that feels a real diſguſt at the tireſome intercourſes of ſociety are inconceivable. Freed from the world, the veil which obſcured the intellect ſuddenly falls, the clouds which dimmed the light of reaſon diſappear, the painful burthen which oppreſſed the ſoul is alleviated; we no longer wreſtle with ſurrounding perils; the apprehenſion of danger vaniſhes; the ſenſe of misfortune becomes ſoftened; the diſpenſations of Providence no longer excite the murmur of diſcontent; and we enjoy the delightful pleaſures of a calm, ſerene, and happy mind. Patience and reſignation follow and reſide with a contented heart; every corroding care flies away on the wings of gaiety; and on every ſide agreeable

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able and intereſting ſcenes preſent themſelves to our view: the brilliant ſun ſinking behind the lofty mountains, tinging their ſnow-crowned turrets with golden rays; the feathered choir haſtening to ſeek, within their moſſy cells, a ſoft, a ſilent, and ſecure repoſe; the ſhrill crowing of the amorous cock; the ſolemn and ſtately march of oxen returning from their daily toil; and the graceful paces of the generous ſteed. But, amidſt the vicious pleaſures of a great METROPOLIS, where ſenſe and truth are conſtantly deſpiſed, and integrity and conſcience thrown aſide as inconvenient and oppreſſive,* the faireſt forms of fancy are obſcured, and the pureſt virtues of the heart corrupted.

BUT

* In ſpeaking thus of the dangers of a Metropolis, the Author can only mean to point out the effects produced by the *bad company* that infeſt it; for in another part of his work he has given an inſtance in which THE TOWN is preferable to THE COUNTRY. "The poet *Martial*," ſays he, "on his return to Bibilis, the village of his nativity, in Spain, after having lived thirty-four years among the moſt learned and enlightened men of Rome, found it a dreary deſert, a frightful ſolitude! Forced to aſſociate with perſons who felt no pleaſure in the elegant occupations of literature and the ſciences, a painful languor ſeized his mind, and he ſighed inceſſantly to reviſit the beloved METROPOLIS where he had acquired ſuch univerſal fame; where his good ſenſe, his penetration, his ſagacity, were duly applauded; and immortality promiſed to his writings, by the encomiums they received from the younger *Pliny*, as poſſeſſing equal acumen, wit, and eaſe: but, on the contrary, in the ſtupid village of Bibilis, his fame and learning only acquired him envy and contempt."

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BUT the first and most incontestible advantage of SOLITUDE is, that it accustoms the mind to think: the imagination becomes more vivid, and the memory more faithful, while the senses remain undisturbed, and no external object agitates the soul. Removed far from the tiresome tumults of public society, where a multitude of heterogeneous objects dance before our eyes, and fill the mind with incoherent notions, we learn to fix our attention to a single subject, and to contemplate that alone. An author,* whose works I could read with pleasure every hour of my life, says, "It is "the power of attention which in a great measure "distinguishes the wise and the great from the "vulgar and trifling herd of men. The latter "are accustomed to think, or rather to dream, "without knowing the subject of their thoughts. "In their unconnected rovings they pursue no "end; they follow no track. Every thing floats "loose and disjointed on the surface of their minds; "like leaves scattered and blown about on the "face of the waters."

THE

* *Dr. Blair*, the author of the highly celebrated Sermons, and of an excellent work, intitled, "Lectures on Rhetoric and "Belles Lettres," printed at London, for the first time, in the year 1783, and indispensably necessary to be studied by every person who wishes to speak and write with elegance and propriety.

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THE habit of thinking with ſteadineſs and attention, can only be acquired by avoiding the diſtraction which a multiplicity of objects always create; by turning our obſervation from external things; and ſeeking a ſituation in which our daily occupations are not perpetually ſhifting their courſe, and changing their direction.

IDLENESS and inattention ſoon deſtroy all the advantages of retirement; for the moſt dangerous paſſions, when the mind is not properly employed, riſe into fermentation, and produce a variety of eccentric ideas and irregular deſires. It is neceſſary, alſo, to elevate our thoughts above the mean conſideration of ſenſual objects: the unincumbered mind then recalls all that it has read; all that has pleaſed the eye, or delighted the ear; and reflecting on every idea which either obſervation, experience, or diſcourſe, has produced, gains new information by every reflection, and conveys the pureſt pleaſures to the ſoul. The intellect contemplates all the former ſcenes of life; views by anticipation thoſe that are yet to come; and blends all ideas of paſt and future in the actual enjoyment of the preſent moment. To keep, however, the mental powers in proper tone, it is neceſſary to direct our attention invariably towards ſome noble and intereſting ſtudy.

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IT may, perhaps, excite a ſmile when I aſſert, that Solitude is the only ſchool in which the characters of men can be properly developed; but it muſt be recollected, that, although the materials of this ſtudy muſt be amaſſed in *Society*, it is in *Solitude* alone that we can apply them to their proper uſe. The world is the great ſcene of our obſervations; but to apply them with propriety to their reſpective objects is excluſively the work of Solitude. It is admitted, that a knowledge of the nature of man is neceſſary to our happineſs; and therefore I cannot conceive how it is poſſible to call thoſe characters malignant and miſanthropic, who, while they continue in the world, endeavour to diſcover even the faults, foibles, and imperfections, of humankind. The purſuit of this ſpecies of knowledge, which can only be gained by obſervation, is ſurely laudable, and not deſerving the obloquy that has been caſt on it. Do I, in my medical character, feel any malignancy or hatred to the ſpecies, when I ſtudy the nature, and explore the ſecret cauſes, of thoſe weakneſſes and diſorders which are incidental to the human frame? when I examine the ſubject with the cloſeſt inſpection, and point out, for the general benefit, I hope, of mankind, as well as for my own ſatisfaction, all the frail and imperfect parts in the anatomy of the human body?

BUT a difference is ſuppoſed to exiſt between the anatomy of the body and the philoſophy of the

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the mind. The phyſician, it is ſaid, ſtudies the maladies which are incidental to the human frame, to apply ſuch remedies as the particular occaſion may require: but it is contended, that the moraliſt has a different end in view. This diſtinction, however, is certainly without foundation. A ſenſible and feeling philoſopher views both the moral and phyſical defects of his fellow-creatures with an equal degree of regret. Why do moraliſts ſhun mankind, by retiring into Solitude, if it be not to avoid the contagion of thoſe vices which they perceive ſo prevalent in the world, and which are not obſerved by thoſe who are in the habit of ſeeing them daily indulged without cenſure or reſtraint? The mind, without doubt, feels a conſiderable degree of pleaſure in detecting the imperfections of human nature; and where that detection may prove beneficial to mankind, without doing an injury to any individual, to publiſh them to the world, to point out their qualities, to place them by a luminous deſcription before the eyes of men, is, in my idea, a pleaſure ſo far from being miſchievous, that I rather think, and I truſt I ſhall continue to think ſo even in the hour of death, it is the only real mode of diſcovering the machinations of THE DEVIL, and deſtroying the effects of his works. Solitude, therefore, as it tends to excite a diſpoſition to think with effect, to direct the attention

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to proper objects, to ſtrengthen obſervation, and to increaſe the natural ſagacity of the mind, is the ſchool in which a true knowledge of the human character is moſt likely to be acquired.

BONNET, in an affecting paſſage of the preface to his celebrated work on the Nature of the Soul, relates the manner in which Solitude rendered even his defect of ſight advantageous to him. "Solitude," ſays he, "neceſſarily leads the mind "to meditation. The circumſtances in which "I have hitherto lived, joined to the ſorrows "which have attended me for many years, and "from which I am not yet releaſed, induced "me to ſeek in reflection, thoſe comforts which "my unhappy condition rendered neceſſary; and "my mind is now become my conſtant retreat: "from the enjoyments it affords I derive plea-"ſures which, like potent charms, diſpel all my "afflictions." At this period the virtuous *Bonnet* was almoſt blind. Another excellent character, of a different kind, who devotes his time to the education of youth, *Pfeffel*, at Colmar, ſupports himſelf under the affliction of total blindneſs in a manner equally noble and affecting, by a life leſs ſolitary indeed, but by the opportunities of frequent leiſure which he employs in the ſtudy of philoſophy, the recreations of poetry, and the exerciſes of humanity. There was for-

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merly in Japan a college of blind perſons; who, in all probability, were endued with quicker diſcernment than many members of more enlightened colleges. Theſe ſightleſs academicians devoted their time to the ſtudy of hiſtory, poetry, and muſic. The moſt celebrated traits in the annals of their country became the ſubjects of their muſe; and the harmony of their verſes could only be excelled by the melody of their muſic. In reflecting upon the idleneſs and diſſipation in which a number of ſolitary perſons paſs their time, we contemplate the conduct of theſe blind Japaneſe with the higheſt pleaſure. The *mind's eye* opened and afforded them ample compenſation for the loſs of the corporeal organ. Light, life, and joy, flowed into their minds through ſurrounding darkneſs, and bleſſed them with the high enjoyment of tranquil thought and innocent occupation.*

SOLITUDE

* It is impoſſible to read this obſervation, without recollecting the following beautiful and affecting lines of our celebrated poet *Milton*, in his addreſs to Light:

" . . . . . thee I reviſit ſafe,
" And feel thy ſovran vital lamp; but thou
" Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
" To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn:
" So thick a drop ſerene hath quench'd their orbs,
" Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more

" Ceaſe

SOLITUDE teaches us to think, and thought becomes the principal ſpring of human actions; for the *actions* of men, it is truly ſaid, are nothing more than their *thoughts* embodied, and brought into ſubſtantial exiſtence. The mind, therefore, has only to examine with candour and impartiality, the ideas which it feels the greateſt inclination to purſue, in order to penetrate and expound the myſtery of the human character: and he who has not been accuſtomed to ſelf examination, will, upon ſuch a ſcrutiny, frequently diſcover truths of extreme importance to his happineſs, which the miſts of worldly deluſion had concealed totally from his view.

LIBERTY and LEISURE are all that an active mind requires in Solitude. The moment ſuch a character finds itſelf alone, all the energies of his ſoul put themſelves into motion, and riſe to a height incomparably greater than they could have reached under the impulſe of a mind clogged and oppreſſed by

> " Ceaſe I to wander where the muſes haunt
> " Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
> " Smit with the love of ſacred ſong . . . ".

" Invention," ſays *Dr. Johnſon*, " is almoſt the only literary labour which *blindneſs* cannot obſtruct, and therefore " *Milton* naturally ſolaced his ſolitude by the indulgence of " his fancy, and the melody of his numbers."

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by the incumbrances of ſociety. Even plodding authors, who only endeavour to improve the thoughts of others, and aim not at originality, for themſelves derive ſuch advantages from Solitude, as to render them contented with their humble labours: but to ſuperior minds, how exquiſite are the pleaſures they feel when Solitude inſpires the idea, and facilitates the execution, of works of virtue and public benefit! works which conſtantly irritate the paſſions of the fooliſh, and confound the guilty conſciences of the wicked. The exuberance of a fine and fertile imagination, is chaſtened by the ſurrounding tranquillity of Solitude; all its diverging rays are concentrated to one certain point; and the mind exalted to ſuch powerful energy, that, whenever it is inclined to ſtrike, the blow becomes tremendous and irreſiſtible. Conſcious of the extent and force of his powers, a character thus collected, cannot be diſmayed by legions of adverſaries; and he waits, with judicious circumſpection, to render, ſooner or later, complete juſtice to the enemies of virtue. The profligacy of the world, where vice uſurps the ſeat of greatneſs, hypocriſy aſſumes the face of candour, and prejudice overpowers the voice of truth, muſt, indeed, ſting his boſom with the keeneſt ſenſations of mortification and regret; but caſting his philoſophic eye over the diſordered ſcene, he will ſeparate what *ought to be indulged*

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from what *ought not to be endured;* and by a happy, well-timed ſtroke of ſatire from his pen, will deſtroy the bloom of vice, diſappoint the machinations of hypocriſy, and expoſe the fallacies on which prejudice is founded.

TRUTH unfolds her charms in Solitude with ſuperior ſplendour. A great and good man, *Dr. Blair*, of Edinburgh, ſays, "The great and the "worthy, the pious and the virtuous, have ever "been addicted to *ſerious retirement*. It is the "characteriſtic of little and frivolous minds, to "be wholly occupied with the vulgar objects of "life. Theſe fill up their deſires, and ſupply "all the entertainment which their coarſe ap-"prehenſions can reliſh. But a more refined "and enlarged mind leaves the world behind it, "feels a call for higher pleaſures, and ſeeks "them in retreat. The man of public ſpirit "has recourſe to it, in order to form plans for "general good; the man of genius, in order to "dwell on his favourite themes; the philoſopher, "to purſue his diſcoveries; and the ſaint, to im-"prove himſelf in grace."

NUMA, the legiſlator of Rome, while he was only a private individual, retired, on the death of *Tatia*, his beloved wife, into the deep foreſts of Aricia, and wandered in ſolitary muſings through

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the thickeſt groves and moſt ſequeſtered ſhades. Superſtition imputed his lonely propenſity, not to diſappointment, diſcontent, or hatred of mankind, but to a higher cauſe; a wiſh ſilently to communicate with ſome protecting deity. A rumour was circulated, that the goddeſs *Egeria*, captivated by his virtues, had united herſelf to him in the ſacred bands of love, and, by enlightening his mind, and ſtoring it with ſuperior wiſdom, had led him to divine felicity.* The *Druids* alſo, who

 dwelt

* *Numa Pompilius*, though deſcended from a noble Sabine family, was ſtill more diſtinguiſhed for his piety than his birth; and though he had married the daughter of *Tatius*, the regal fortunes of his father-in-law had not allured him to deſert his patrimonial farm. The diſpoſition of his conſort had proved ſimilar to his own; and after her deceaſe, at a diſtance from courts, he conſoled himſelf in rural retirement by the mild precepts of philoſophy: but his ſequeſtered virtues had not eluded the penetration of the Romans; and amidſt the privacy of his much-loved groves, he was, in leſs than a year after the death of *Romulus*, ſurprized by a deputation from the ſenate, who hailed him with the unwelcome title of King. "His mind (ſays *Plutarch*) "was naturally diſpoſed to virtue; and he ſtill farther ſubdued "it by diſcipline, patience, and philoſophy; not only purging it "of the groſſer and more infamous paſſions, but even of that am-"bition and rapaciouſneſs which was then reckoned honourable; "perſuaded that true fortitude conſiſts in the conqueſt of appetites "by reaſon: on this account he baniſhed all luxury and ſplen-"dour from his houſe; and both the citizens and ſtrangers found "in him a faithful counſellor and an upright judge." His inclination to Solitude, and his cuſtom of retiring into the ſecret places of the foreſt of Aricia, gave riſe to ſeveral popular opinions; and,

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dwelt among the rocks, in woods, and in the moſt ſolitary places, are ſuppoſed to have inſtructed the infant nobility of their reſpective nations in wiſdom and in eloquence, in the phenomena of nature, in aſtronomy, in the precepts of religion, and the myſteries of eternity. The profound wiſdom thus beſtowed on the characters of the Druids, although it was, like the ſtory of *Numa*, the mere effect of imagination, diſcovers with what enthuſiaſm every age and country have revered thoſe venerable characters, who, in the ſilence of groves, and in the tranquillity of Solitude, have devoted their time and talents to the improvement of the human mind, and the reformation of the ſpecies.

GENIUS frequently brings forth its fineſt fruits in Solitude merely by the exertions of its own intrinſic powers, unaided by the patronage of the great, the adulation of the multitude, or the hope of mercenary reward. Flanders, amidſt all the horrors of civil diſcord, produced painters as rich in fame as they were poor in circumſtances. The celebrated

and, among others, was that above related, which he, in order to procure a divine ſanction to his laws, declared to be true. It is on this ſubject juſtly obſerved by an elegant hiſtorian, that "although the integrity of the ſage may be impeached in countenancing fiction, yet the pious fraud of the monarch may be palliated, if not vindicated; and policy will pardon that deceit which is exerciſed to reform the manners, and to reſtrain the paſſions, of a lawleſs and barbarous people."

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celebrated *Corregio* had ſo ſeldom been rewarded during his life, that the paltry payment of ten piſtoles of German coin, and which he was obliged to travel as far as Parma to receive, created in his mind a joy ſo exceſſive, that it cauſed his death.* The ſelf-approbation of conſcious merit was the only recompence theſe great artiſts received; they painted with the hope of immortal fame; and poſterity has done them juſtice.

PROFOUND meditation in Solitude and ſilence, frequently exalts the mind above its natural tone, fires the imagination, and produces the moſt refined and ſublime conceptions. The ſoul then taſtes the pureſt and moſt refined delight; and almoſt loſes the idea of exiſtence in the intellectual pleaſure it receives. The mind on every emotion darts through ſpace into eternity; and raiſed, in this free enjoyment of its powers by its own enthuſiaſm, ſtrengthens itſelf in the habitude of contemplating the nobleſt ſubjects, and of adopting the moſt heroic purſuits. It was in a ſolitary

 retreat,

* The payment to him was made in *quadrini*, a ſpecies of copper coin. The joy which the mind of *Corregio* felt in being the bearer of ſo large a quantity of money to his wife, prevented him from thinking either of the length of his journey, or of the exceſſive heat of the day. He walked twelve miles with ſo much haſte and anxiety to reach home, that, immediately on his return, he was ſeized with a violent pleuriſy, of which he died.

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retreat, amidſt the ſhades of a lofty mountain near Pyrmont, that the foundation of one of the moſt extraordinary achievements of the preſent age was laid. The *King of Pruſſia*, while on a viſit to the Spa, withdrew himſelf from the company, and walked in ſilent ſolitude among the moſt ſequeſtered groves of this beautiful mountain, then adorned in all the rude luxuriance of nature, and to this day diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of "*The Royal Mountain.*"* On this uninhabited ſpot, ſince become the ſeat of diſſipation, the youthful Monarch, it is ſaid, firſt formed the plan of conquering Sileſia.

SOLITUDE teaches with the happieſt effect the important value of *time*, of which the indolent, having no conception, can form no eſtimate. A man who is ardently bent on employment, who is anxious to live not entirely in vain, never obſerves the rapid movement of a ſtop-watch, the true image of tranſitory life, and moſt ſtriking emblem of the flight of time, without alarm and apprehenſion. Social intercourſe, when it tends to keep the mind and the heart in a proper tone, when it contributes to enlarge the ſphere of knowledge, or to baniſh corroding care, cannot, indeed, be conſidered a ſacrifice of time. But where ſocial intercourſe, even when attended with theſe happy

* Kœnigſberg.

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happy effects, engages all our attention, turns the calmneſs of friendſhip into the violence of love, transforms hours into minutes, and drives away all ideas, except thoſe which the object of our affection inſpires, year after year will roll unimproved away. Time properly employed never appears tedious; on the contrary, to him who is engaged in uſefully diſcharging the duties of his ſtation according to the beſt of his ability, it is light, and pleaſantly tranſitory.

A CERTAIN young Prince, by the aſſiſtance of a number of domeſtics, ſeldom employs above five or ſix minutes in dreſſing. Of his carriage it would be incorrect to ſay that he *goes* in it; for it *flies*. His table is ſuperb and hoſpitable, but the pleaſures of it are ſhort and frugal. Princes, indeed, ſeem diſpoſed to do every thing with rapidity. This Royal Youth, who poſſeſſes extraordinary talents, and uncommon dignity of character, attends in his own perſon to every application; and affords ſatisfaction and delight in every interview. His domeſtic eſtabliſhment engages his moſt ſcrupulous attention; and he employs ſeven hours every day without exception, throughout the year, in reading the beſt Engliſh, Italian, French, and German authors. It may therefore be truly ſaid, that this Prince is well acquainted with the value of time.

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THE hours which in the world are conſumed in diſſipation, are employed in Solitude with profitable pleaſure; and no pleaſure can be more profitable, than that which reſults from the judicious uſe of time.

——— "Ille potens ſui
"Lætuſque deget, cui licet in diem
"Dixiſſe—VIXI!

HOR. CAR. XXIX. 41.

MEN have many duties to perform: he, therefore, who wiſhes to diſcharge them honourably, will vigilantly ſeize the earlieſt opportunity, if he do not wiſh that any part of the paſſing moments ſhould be torn like a uſeleſs page from the book of life. Uſeful employment ſtops the career of time, and prolongs the duration of our exiſtence. To think, and to work, is to live. Our ideas never flow with more rapidity and abundance, or with greater gaiety, than in thoſe hours which uſeful labour ſteals from idleneſs and diſſipation. To employ our time with economy, we ſhould frequently reflect how many hours eſcape from us againſt our inclination. A celebrated Engliſh author ſays, "When we have deducted "all that is abſorbed in ſleep, all that is inevitably "appropriated to the demands of nature, or irre-"ſiſtibly engroſſed by the tyranny of cuſtom; all "that is paſſed in regulating the ſuperficial decora-

"tions

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"tions of life, or is given up in the reciprocation "of civility to the diſpoſal of others; all that is "torn from us by the violence of diſeaſe, or ſtolen "imperceptibly away by laſſitude and languor; "we ſhall find that part of our duration very ſmall "of which we can truly call ourſelves maſters, or "which we can ſpend wholly at our own choice. "Many of our hours are loſt in a rotation of "petty cares, in a conſtant recurrence of the "ſame employments: many of our proviſions for "eaſe or happineſs, are always exhauſted by the "preſent day; and a great part of our exiſtence "ſerves no other purpoſe than that of enabling "us to enjoy the reſt."

TIME is never more miſpent than while we declaim againſt the want of it; all our actions are then tinctured with ſpleen. The yoke of life is certainly the leaſt oppreſſive when we carry it with good humour; and in the ſhades of rural retirement, when we have once acquired a reſolution to paſs our hours with economy, ſorrowful lamentations on the ſubject of time miſpent, and buſineſs neglected, never torture the mind.

The *ſpleen* is ſeldom felt where *Flora* reigns:
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And ſullen ſadneſs, that o'erſhade, diſtort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cauſe
For ſuch immeaſurable woe appears,
Theſe *Flora* baniſhes, and gives the fair

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Sweet ſmiles and bloom leſs tranſient than her own.
It is the conſtant revolution, ſtale
And taſteleſs, of the ſame repeated joys,
That palls and ſatiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.

SOLITUDE, indeed, may prove more dangerous than all the diſſipation of the world, if the mind be not properly employed. Every man, from the monarch on the throne to the peaſant in the cottage, ſhould have a daily taſk, which he ſhould feel it is duty to perform without delay. "*Carpe* "*diem*," ſays HORACE; and this recommendation will extend with equal propriety to every *hour* of our lives.

"Seek not, LEUCONOE, vainly to deſcry
"What term the gods to fleeting life have given;
"No impious ſpells, Chaldean magic try,
"But wait the unalterable doom of heaven.

"Whate'er betide, let patience arm thy mind;
"Whether great Jove have countleſs years in ſtore,
"Or this the laſt, whoſe bleak tempeſtuous wind
"Breaks its wild waves againſt the Tuſcan ſhore.

"Pour the rich wine, in gay enjoyment wiſe;
"Contract the hopes of life's contracted date.

"Ev'n

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" Ev'n whilſt we ſpeak, the winged moment flies;
" Snatch preſent bliſs, and leave the reſt to fate."*

THE voluptuous of every deſcription, the votaries of *Bacchus*, and the ſons of *Anacreon*, exhort us to drive away corroding care, to promote inceſſant gaiety, and to enjoy the fleeting hours as they paſs; and theſe precepts, when rightly underſtood, and properly applied, are founded in ſtrong ſenſe and ſound reaſon; but they muſt not be underſtood or applied in the way theſe ſenſualiſts adviſe; they muſt not be conſumed in drinking and debauchery; but employed in ſteadily advancing towards the accompliſhment of the taſk which our reſpective duties require us to perform.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call *to day* his own;
He who, ſecure within, can ſay,
To-morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to day;
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſs'd, in ſpite of fate, are mine.

" If," ſays PETRARCH, " you feel any incli-
" nation to ſerve God, in which conſiſts the
" higheſt felicities of our nature; if you are diſ-
" poſed to elevate the mind by the ſtudy of let-
" ters, which, next to religion, procures us the
" trueſt pleaſures; if, by your ſentiments and

* The Eleventh Ode of *Horace*, from the tranſlation by *William Boſcawen*, Eſq.

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" writings, you are anxious to leave behind you
" ſomething that will memoriſe your name with
" poſterity; ſtop the rapid progreſs of time,
" and prolong the courſe of this uncertain life.
" Fly, ah! fly, I beſeech you, from the en-
" enjoyments of the *world*, and paſs the few re-
" mainingdays you have to live in—SOLITUDE."

SOLITUDE refines the taſte, by affording the mind greater opportunities to cull and ſelect the beauties of thoſe objects which engage its attention. There it depends entirely on ourſelves, to make choice of thoſe employments which afford the higheſt pleaſure; to read thoſe writings, and to encourage thoſe reflections, which tend moſt to purify the mind, and ſtore it with the richeſt variety of images. The falſe notions which we ſo eaſily acquire in the world, by relying upon the ſentiments of others, inſtead of conſulting our own, are in Solitude eaſily avoided. To be obliged continually to ſay, " *I dare not think otherwiſe*," is inſupportable. Why, alas! will not men ſtrive to form opinions of their own, rather than ſubmit to be guided by the arbitrary dictates of others? If a work pleaſe me, of what importance is it to me, whether the *beau monde* approve of it or not? What information do I receive from you, ye cold and miſerable critics? Does your approbation make me feel whatever is truly

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noble, great, and good, with higher reliſh, or more refined delight? How can I ſubmit to the judgment of men who always examine haſtily, and generally determine wrong?

" Who ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the *town*;
Who reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent;
Who judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he
That in proud dulneſs joins with *quality*;
A conſtant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my Lord.
What woeful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonnetteer, or me!
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtyle refines!
Before his ſacred name flies every fau't,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!"

MEN of enlightened minds, who are capable of correctly diſtinguiſhing beauties from defects, whoſe boſoms feel the higheſt pleaſure from the works of GENIUS, and the ſevereſt pain from dulneſs and depravity, while they admire with enthuſiaſm, condemn with judgment and deliberation; and, retiring from the vulgar herd, either alone, or in the ſociety of ſelected friends, reſign themſelves to the delights of a tranquil intercourſe with

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with the illuſtrious ſages of antiquity, and with thoſe writers who have diſtinguiſhed and adorned ſucceeding times.

" Oh! knew he but his happineſs, of men
" The happieſt he! who, far retir'd from public rage,
" Deep in the vale, with *a choice few* retir'd,
" Drinks the pure pleaſures of *the rural life*.
" For here dwells ſimple truth; plain innocence;
" Unſullied beauty; ſound, unbroken youth,
" Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
" Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
" Calm contemplation, and poetic eaſe."

SOLITUDE, by enlarging the ſphere of its information, by awakening a more lively curioſity, by relieving fatigue, and by promoting application, renders the mind more active, and multiplies the number of its ideas. A man who was well acquainted with all theſe advantages, has ſaid, that " by ſilent ſolitary reflection, we exerciſe and " ſtrengthen all the powers of the mind. The " many obſtacles which render it difficult to purſue our path, diſperſe and retire, and we return " to a buſy ſocial life with more cheerfulneſs and " content. The ſphere of our underſtanding becomes enlarged by reflection; we have learned " to ſurvey more objects, and to bind them intellectually together; we carry a clearer ſight, a " juſter

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" juſter judgment, and firmer principles, with us " into the world in which we are to live and act; " and are then more able, even in the midſt of all " its diſtractions, to preſerve our attention, to " think with accuracy, to determine with judg- " ment, in a degree proportioned to the prepara- " tions we have made in the hour of retirement." Alas! in the ordinary commerce of the world, the curioſity of a rational mind ſoon decays, whilſt in Solitude it hourly augments. The re- ſearches of a finite being neceſſarily proceed by ſlow degrees. The mind links one propoſition to another, joins experience with obſervation, and from the diſcovery of one truth proceeds in ſearch of others. The aſtronomers who firſt obſerved the courſe of the planets, little imagined how important their diſcoveries would prove to the future intereſts and happineſs of mankind. At- tracted by the ſpangled ſplendour of the firmament, and obſerving that the ſtars nightly changed their courſe, curioſity induced them to explore the cauſe of this phenomenon, and led them to pur- ſue the road of ſcience. It is thus that the ſoul by ſilent activity augments its powers; and a contemplative mind advances in knowledge, in proportion as it inveſtigates the various cauſes, the immediate effects, and the remote conſequences, of an eſtabliſhed truth. Reaſon, indeed, by impeding the wings of the imagination, renders her flight

leſs

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leſs rapid, but it makes the object of attainment more ſure. Drawn aſide by the charms of fancy, the mind may conſtruct new worlds; but they immediately burſt, like airy bubbles formed of ſoap and water; while reaſon examines the materials of its projected fabric, and uſes thoſe only which are durable and good.

"THE great art to learn much," ſays *Locke*, "is to undertake a little at a time." *Dr. Johnſon*, the celebrated Engliſh writer, has very forcibly obſerved, that "all the performances of "human art, at which we look with praiſe or "wonder, are inſtances of the reſiſtleſs force of "perſeverance: it is by this that the quarry be-"comes a pyramid, and that diſtant countries are "united by canals. If a man was to compare the "effect of a ſingle ſtroke with the pickaxe, or of "one impreſſion of a ſpade, with the general de-"ſign, and laſt reſult, he would be overwhelmed "with the ſenſe of their diſproportion; yet thoſe "petty operations, inceſſantly continued, in time "ſurmount the greateſt difficulties; and mountains "are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the ſlender "force of human beings. It is therefore of the "utmoſt importance, that thoſe who have any in-"tention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, "and acquiring a reputation ſuperior to names "hourly ſwept away by time among the refuſe of "fame,

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" fame, ſhould add to their reaſon and their ſpirit,
" the power of perſiſting in their purpoſes; acquire
" the art of ſapping what they cannot batter; and
" the habit of vanquiſhing obſtinate reſiſtance
" by obſtinate attacks."

The mind feels a pleaſure in the exerciſe of its powers proportioned to the difficulties it meets with, and the obſtacles it has to ſurmount. When *Apelles* was reproached for having painted ſo few pictures, and for the inceſſant anxiety with which he retouched his works, he contented himſelf with this obſervation, " *I paint for poſterity.*"*

THE inactivity of monaſtic Solitude, the ſterile tranquillity of the cloiſter, are ill ſuited to thoſe who, after a ſerious preparation in retirement, and an aſſiduous examination of their own powers, feel a capacity and inclination to perform great and good actions for the benefit of mankind. Princes cannot live the lives of monks: ſtateſmen are no longer ſought for in monaſteries and convents; generals are no longer choſen from the members of the church. *Petrarch*, therefore, very pertinently

* *Raphael* alſo, in the ſame ſpirit, frequently declared, that in none of his performances had he ever expreſſed his notion of perfect beauty.

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nently obſerves, that " Solitude muſt not be in-
" active, nor leiſure uſeleſsly employed. A cha-
" racter indolent, ſlothful, languid, and detached
" from the affairs of life, muſt infallibly become
" melancholy and miſerable. From ſuch a being
" no good can be expected; he cannot purſue
" any uſeful ſcience, or poſſeſs the faculties of a
" great man."

THE rich and luxurious may claim an exclu-ſive right to thoſe pleaſures which are capable of being purchaſed by pelf, in which the mind has no enjoyment, and which only afford a tempo-rary relief to languor, by ſteeping the ſenſes in forgetfulneſs; but in the precious pleaſures of in-tellect, ſo open to the acceſs of all mankind, the great have no excluſive privilege; for ſuch enjoy-ments are only to be procured by our own induſ-try, by ſerious reflection, profound thought, and deep reſearch: exertions which open hidden qua-lities to the mind, and lead it to the knowledge of truth, and to the contemplation of our phyſi-cal and moral nature.

A SWISS Preacher has in a German pulpit ſaid, " The ſtreams of mental pleaſures, of which all
" men may equally partake, flow from one to the
" other; and that of which we have moſt fre-
" quently

" quently taſted, loſes neither its flavour nor its " virtue, but frequently acquires new charms, " and conveys additional pleaſures, the oftener it " is taſted. The ſubjects of theſe pleaſures are as " unbounded as the reign of truth, as extenſive " as the world, as unlimited as the Divine perfec- " tions. Incorporeal pleaſures, therefore, are " much more durable than all others: they neither " diſappear with the light of the day, change with " the external form of things, nor deſcend with " our bodies to the tomb; but continue with us " whilſt we exiſt; accompany us under all the " viciſſitudes not only of our natural life, but of " that which is to come; ſecure us in the dark- " neſs of the night, and compenſate for all the " miſeries we are doomed to ſuffer."

GREAT and exalted minds, therefore, have always, even in the buſtle of gaiety, or amidſt the more agitated career of high ambition, preſerved a taſte for intellectual pleaſures. Engaged in affairs of the moſt important conſequence, notwithſtanding the variety of objects by which their attention is diſtracted, they are ſtill faithful to *the Muſes*, and fondly devote their minds to works of genius. They diſregard the falſe notion, that reading and knowledge are uſeleſs to great men; and frequently condeſcend, without a bluſh, to become writers themſelves.

PHILIP

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PHILIP of Macedon, having invited *Dionyſius* the Younger to dine with him at Corinth, attempted to deride the father of his royal gueſt, becauſe he had blended the characters of *Prince* and *Poet*, and had employed his leiſure in writing odes and tragedies. "How could the king find "leiſure," ſaid *Philip*, "to write thoſe trifles?" "In thoſe hours," anſwered *Dionyſius*, "which "you and I ſpend in drunkenneſs and de-"bauchery."

ALEXANDER alſo was paſſionately fond of reading; and whilſt the world reſounded with his victories, whilſt blood and carnage marked his progreſs, whilſt he dragged captive monarchs at his chariot wheels, and marched with increaſing ardour over ſmoaking towns and deſolated provinces, in ſearch of new objects of victory, felt, during certain intervals, the languors of unemployed time; and lamenting that Aſia afforded no books to amuſe his leiſure, he wrote to *Harpalus* to ſend him the works of *Philiſtus*, the tragedies of *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Eſchylus*, and the dithyrambics of *Thaleſtes*.

BRUTUS, the avenger of the violated liberties of Rome, while ſerving in the army under *Pompey*, employed among books all the moments he could ſpare from the duties of his ſtation; and was even thus

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thus employed during the awful night which preceded the celebrated battle of Pharſalia, by which the fate of the empire was decided. Oppreſſed by the exceſſive heat of the day, and by the preparatory arrangement of the army, which was encamped in the middle of the ſummer on a marſhy plain, he ſought relief from the bath, and retired to his tent, where, whilſt others were locked in the arms of ſleep, or contemplating the event of the enſuing day, he employed himſelf until the morning dawned, in drawing a plan from the Hiſtory of *Polybius*.

CICERO, who was more ſenſible of mental pleaſures than any other character, ſays, in his oration for the poet *Archias*, "Why ſhould I be aſhamed "to acknowledge pleaſures like theſe, ſince for ſo "many years the enjoyment of them has never "prevented me from relieving the wants of others, "or deprived me of the courage to attack vice and "defend virtue? Who can juſtly blame, who can "cenſure me, if, while others are purſuing the "views of intereſt, gazing at feſtal ſhows and idle "ceremonies, exploring new pleaſures, engaged in "midnight revels, in the diſtraction of gaming, "the madneſs of intemperance, neither repoſing "the body, nor recreating the mind, I ſpend the "recollective hours in a pleaſing review of my "paſt life, in dedicating my time to learning and "the muſes?"

PLINY

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PLINY *the Elder*,* full of the ſame ſpirit, devoted every moment of his life to learning. A perſon read to him during his meals; and he never travelled without a book and a portable writing-deſk by his ſide. He made extracts from every work he read; and, ſcarcely conceiving himſelf alive while his faculties were abſorbed in ſleep, endeavoured, by his diligence, to double the duration of his exiſtence.

PLINY *the Younger*† read upon all occaſions, whether riding, walking, or ſitting, whenever a moment's leiſure afforded him the opportunity; but he made it an invariable rule to prefer the diſcharge of the duties of his ſtation to thoſe occupations which he followed only as amuſement. It was this diſpoſition which ſo ſtrongly inclined him to Solitude

* *Cæcilius Plinius Secundus*, one of the moſt learned men of ancient Rome; he was deſcended from an illuſtrious family; born at Verona; and employed in ſeveral important affairs by the Emperors *Veſpaſian* and *Titus*. The eruption of Mount Veſuvius, which happened in the year 79, proved fatal to him.

† This eloquent orator, amiable and able man, was the nephew of *Pliny* the Elder. He was born during the reign of *Nero*; had the famous *Virginius* for his tutor and guardian; frequented the academy of *Quintilian*; and, after bearing ſeveral offices in the ſtate, both civil and military, died either a little before, or ſoon after, that excellent prince his admired *Trajan*, about the year 116.

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Solitude and retirement. "Shall I never," exclaimed he in moments of vexation, "break the "fetters by which I am reſtrained? Are they in- "diſſoluble? Alas! I have no hope of being "gratified: every day brings new torments. No "ſooner is one duty performed than another ſuc- "ceeds. The chains of buſineſs become every "hour more weighty and extenſive."

THE mind of *Petrarch** was always gloomy and dejected, except when he was reading, writing, or reſigned to the agreeable illuſions of poetry, upon the banks of ſome inſpiring ſtream, among the romantic rocks and mountains, or the flower-enamelled vallies of the Alps. To avoid the loſs of time during his travels, he conſtantly wrote at every inn where he ſtopped for refreſhment. One of his friends, the *Biſhop of Cavaillon*, being alarmed leſt the intenſe application with which he ſtudied at Vaucluſe, might totally ruin a conſtitution already much impaired, requeſted of him one day the key of his library. *Petrarch* immediately gave it to him, without aſking the reaſon of his requeſt; when the good Biſhop inſtantly locking up his books and writing-deſk, ſaid, "*Pe-* "*trarch*,

* *Francis Petrarch*, a celebrated Italian poet, was born at Arezzo in 1304, and was the ſon of *Petrarco di Parenzo*. See an Account of his Life and Writings, 12th vol. Gibbon's Rom. Emp. 121 and 324.

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"*trarch*, I hereby interdict you from the uſe of "pen, ink, and paper, for the ſpace of ten days." The ſentence was ſevere; but the offender ſuppreſſed his feelings, and ſubmitted to his fate. The firſt day of his exile from his favourite purſuits was tedious, the ſecond accompanied with inceſſant head-ach, and the third brought on ſymptoms of an approaching fever. The Biſhop, obſerving his indiſpoſition, kindly returned him the key, and reſtored him to his health.*

THE late *Earl of Chatham*, on his entering into the world, was a cornet in a troop of horſe dragoons. The regiment was quartered in a ſmall village in England. The duties of his ſtation were the firſt objects of his attention; but the moment theſe were diſcharged, he retired into Solitude during the remainder of the day, and devoted his mind to the ſtudy of Hiſtory. Subject from his infancy to an hereditary gout, he endeavoured to eradicate it by regularity and abſtinence; and perhaps it was the feeble ſtate of his health which firſt led him into retirement; but, however that may be, it was certainly in retirement that he laid the

* *Cicero*, ſpeaking of the pleaſures of the mind, ſays, "They "employ us in youth, and amuſe us in old age; in proſperity "they grace and embelliſh; in adverſity they afford us ſhelter "and ſupport; delightful at home, and eaſy abroad, they "ſoften ſlumber, ſhorten fatigue, and enliven retirement."
Cic. pro Archias.

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the foundation of that glory which he afterwards acquired.

CHARACTERS of this deſcription, it may be ſaid, are no longer to be found; but in my opinion both the idea and aſſertion would be erroneous. Was the *Earl of Chatham* inferior in greatneſs to a Roman? And will his *Son*, who already, in the earlieſt ſtage of manhood, thunders forth his eloquence in the Senate like *Demoſthenes*, and captivates like *Pericles* the hearts of all who hear him, who is now, even in the five-and-twentieth year of his age, dreaded abroad, and beloved at home, as Prime Miniſter of the Britiſh Empire, ever think or act under any circumſtances with leſs greatneſs than his illuſtrious father? What men have been, *man* may always be. Europe now produces characters as great as ever adorned a throne, or commanded a field. Wiſdom and virtue may exiſt, by proper cultivation, as well in public as in private life; and become as perfect in a crowded palace as in a ſolitary cottage.

SOLITUDE will ultimately render the mind ſuperior to all the viciſſitudes and miſeries of life. The man whoſe boſom neither riches, nor luxury, nor grandeur, can render happy, may, with a book in his hand, forget all his torments under the friendly ſhade of every tree; and experience plea-

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sures as infinite as they are varied, as pure as they are lasting, as lively as they are unfading, and as compatible with every public duty as they are contributory to private happiness.* The highest public duty, indeed, is that of employing our faculties for the benefit of mankind, and can no where be so advantageously discharged as in Solitude. To acquire a true notion of men and things, and boldly to announce our opinions to the world, is the indispensible obligation of every individual. The *press* is the channel through which writers diffuse the light of truth among *the people*, and display its radiance to the eyes of *the great*. Good writers teach the mind to think for itself; and the free communication of sentiment contributes to the improvement and perfection of human reason. The disposition to exercise the faculties of the mind, leads men into Solitude, where they may throw off the chains by which they are fettered in

* In the Essays of that very elegant and philosophic writer Dr. Goldsmith, there is this fine observation: "There is nothing "magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the "whole world is looking on; men in such circumstances will "act bravely, even from motives of vanity: but he who in the "veil of obscurity can brave adversity, who, without friends "to encourage, acquaintance to pity, or even without hope to "alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and "indifference, is truly GREAT: whether peasant or courtier, "he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imi-"tation and respect." *Vol. I. Essay* 24.

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in the world. It is this diſpoſition to be free, that makes the man who thinks in Solitude, boldly ſpeak a language which, in the corrupted intercourſe of ſociety, he would not have dared openly to hazard. Courage is the companion of Solitude. The man who does not fear to ſeek his comforts in the peaceful ſhades of retirement, looks with firmneſs on the pride and inſolence of *the great*, and tears from the face of deſpotiſm the maſk by which it is concealed.

When *Demetrius* had captured the city of Megara, and the property of the inhabitants had been entirely pillaged by the ſoldiers, he recollected that *Stilpo*, a philoſopher of great reputation, who ſought only the retirement and tranquillity of a ſtudious life, was among the number. Having ſent for him, *Demetrius* aſked him if he had loſt any thing during the pillage. "No," replied the philoſopher: "*my property is ſafe, for* "*it exiſts only in my mind.*"*

SOLITUDE encourages the diſcloſure of thoſe ſentiments and feelings which the manners of the world compel us to conceal. The mind there unburthens itſelf with eaſe and freedom. The pen, indeed, is not always taken up becauſe we are alone; but if we are inclined to write, we ought

* This Anecdote is differently told by *Plutarch*.

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to be alone. To cultivate philoſophy, or court the muſe with effect, the mind muſt be free from all embarraſſment. The inceſſant cries of children, or the frequent intruſion of ſervants, with meſſages of ceremony, and cards of compliment, diſtract attention. An author, whether walking in the open air, ſeated in his cloſet, reclined under the ſhade of a ſpreading tree, or ſtretched upon a ſofa, muſt be free to follow all the impulſes of his mind, and indulge every bent and turn of his genius. To compoſe with ſucceſs, he muſt feel an irreſiſtible inclination, and be able to indulge his ſentiments and emotions without obſtacle or reſtraint. There are, indeed, minds poſſeſſed of a divine inſpiration, which is capable of ſubduing every difficulty, and bearing down all oppoſition: and an author ſhould ſuſpend his work until he feels this ſecret call within his boſom, and watch for thoſe propitious moments, when the mind pours forth its ideas with energy, and the heart feels the ſubject with increaſing warmth; for

"——— Nature's kindling breath
Muſt fire the choſen genius; Nature's hand
Muſt ſtring his nerves, and imp his eagle wings,
Impatient of the painful ſteep, to ſoar
High as the ſummit; there to breathe at large
Ætherial air, with bards and ſages old,
Immortal ſons of praiſe———"

PETRARCH

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PETRARCH felt this ſacred impulſe when he tore himſelf from Avignon, the moſt vicious and corrupted city of the age, to which the Pope had recently transferred the papal chair; and, although ſtill young, noble, ardent, honored by his Holineſs, reſpected by Princes, and courted by Cardinals, voluntarily quitting the ſplendor of the Catholic court, retired to the celebrated Solitude of Vaucluſe, at the diſtance of ſix leagues from Avignon, with only one ſervant to attend him, and no other poſſeſſion than an humble cottage and its ſurrounding garden. Charmed with the natural beauties of this rural retreat, he adorned it with an excellent library, and dwelt, for many years, in wiſe tranquillity and rational repoſe;*

* The following lines are attributed to *Petrarch*, on his retiring to this celebrated hermitage:

"Inveni requiem: SPES et FORTUNA valete!
"Nil mihi vobiſcum eſt; ludite nunc alios;"

and which *Le Sage*, with ſome variation, has made his hero *Gil Blas* thus inſcribe, with very happy effect, over the door of his delightful villa at *Lirias*, in letters of gold:

"Inveni portum. Spes et Fortuna valete!
"Sat me luſiſtis, ludite nunc alios.

The original is in Ovid. Faſ. ii. 208.

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employing his leiſure in completing and poliſhing his works; and producing more original compoſitions during this period than at any other of his life. But, although he here devoted much time and attention to his writings, it was long before he could be perſuaded to make them public. *Virgil* calls the leiſure he enjoyed at Naples, ignoble and obſcure; but it was during this leiſure that he wrote *the Georgics*, the moſt perfect of all his works, and which evince, in almoſt every line, that he wrote for immortality.*

THE

* *Virgil*, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, retired to a delightful privacy at Naples, where he laid the plan of his inimitable *Georgics*, a work which he undertook at the earneſt intreaties of the wiſe and able miniſter *Mæcenas*, on a noble political motive, and to promote the welfare of his country Great was the deſolation occaſioned by the continuance and cruelty of the civil wars: Italy was almoſt depopulated; the lands were uncultivated and unſtocked; a famine and inſurrection enſued; *Auguſtus* himſelf hardly eſcaped being ſtoned by the enraged populace, who attributed this calamity to his ambition. *Mæcenas* therefore reſolved, if poſſible, to revive the decayed ſpirit of huſbandry; to introduce a taſte for cultivation; to make rural improvements a faſhionable amuſement to the great. What method ſo likely to effect this, as to recommend *Agriculture* with all the inſinuating charms of poetry? *Virgil* fully anſwered the expectation of his polite patron; for the *Georgics* contain all thoſe maſterly beauties that might be expected from an exalted genius, whoſe judgment and imagination were in full vigour and maturity, and who had leiſure to give the laſt poliſh and perfection to his incomparable workmanſhip.—*Warton's Life of Virgil.*

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THE ſuffrage of poſterity, indeed, is a noble expectation, which every excellent and great writer cheriſhes with enthuſiaſm. An inferior mind contents itſelf with a more humble recompenſe, and ſometimes obtains its due reward. But writers, both great and good, muſt withdraw from the interruptions of ſociety, and, ſeeking the ſilence of the groves, and the tranquillity of the ſhades, retire into their own minds; for every thing they perform, all that they produce, is the effect of Solitude. To accompliſh a work capable of exiſting through future ages, or deſerving the approbation of contemporary ſages, the love of Solitude muſt entirely occupy their ſouls; for there the mind reviews and arranges, with the happieſt effect, all the ideas and impreſſions it has gained in its obſervations in the world: it is there alone that the dart of ſatire can be truly ſharpened againſt inveterate prejudices and infatuated opinions; it is there alone that the vices and follies of mankind preſent themſelves accurately to the view of the moraliſt, and excite his ardent endeavours to correct and reform them. The hope of immortality is certainly the higheſt with which a great writer can poſſibly flatter his mind; but he muſt poſſeſs the comprehenſive genius of a *Bacon*; think with the acuteneſs of *Voltaire*; compoſe with the eaſe and elegance of

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Rouſſeau; and, like them, produce maſter-pieces worthy of poſterity in order to obtain it.

THE love of fame, as well in the cottage as on the throne, or in the camp, ſtimulates the mind to the performance of thoſe actions which are moſt likely to ſurvive mortality, and live beyond the grave, and which, when achieved, render the evening of life as brilliant as its morning. "The praiſes," ſays *Plutarch*, "beſtowed upon great "and exalted minds, only ſpur on and rouſe their "emulation: like a rapid torrent, the glory which "they have already acquired, hurries them irre-"ſiſtibly on to every thing that is great and "noble. They never conſider themſelves ſuffi-"ciently rewarded. Their preſent actions are "only pledges of what may be expected from "them; and they would bluſh not to live faith-"ful to their glory, and to render it ſtill more "illuſtrious by the nobleſt actions."

THE ear which would be deaf to ſervile adulation and inſipid compliment, will liſten with pleaſure to the enthuſiaſm with which *Cicero* exclaims, "Why ſhould we diſſemble what it is "impoſſible for us to conceal? Why ſhould we "not be proud of confeſſing candidly that we all "aſpire to *fame*? The love of praiſe influences "all mankind, and the greateſt minds are the moſt "ſuſceptible

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" ſuſceptible of it. The philoſophers who moſt
" preach up a contempt for fame, prefix their
" names to their works; and the very perform-
" ances in which they deny oſtentation, are evident
" proofs of their vanity and love of praiſe. Virtue
" requires no other reward for all the toils and
" dangers to which ſhe expoſes herſelf, than that
" of fame and glory. Take away this flattering
" reward, and what would remain in the narrow
" career of life to prompt her exertions? If the
" mind could not launch into the proſpect of fu-
" turity, or the operations of the ſoul were to be
" limited to the ſpace that bounds thoſe of the
" body, ſhe would not weaken herſelf by con-
" ſtant fatigues, nor weary herſelf with continual
" watchings and anxieties: ſhe would not think
" even life itſelf worthy of a ſtruggle: but there
" lives in the breaſt of every good man, a principle
" which unceaſingly prompts and inſpirits him to
" the purſuit of a fame beyond the preſent hour;
" a fame not commenſurate to our mortal ex-
" iſtence, but co-extenſive with the lateſt poſte-
" rity. Can we, who every day expoſe ourſelves
" to dangers for our country, and have never
" paſſed one moment of our lives without anxiety
" or trouble, meanly think that all conſciouſneſs
" ſhall be buried with us in the grave? If the
" greateſt men have been careful to preſerve their
" buſtoes and their ſtatues, thoſe images, not of

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" their minds, but of their bodies, ought we not
" rather to tranſmit to poſterity the reſemblance
" of our wiſdom and virtue? For my part, at
" leaſt, I acknowledge, that in all my actions I
" conceived that I was diſſeminating and tranſ-
" mitting my fame to the remoteſt corners and
" the lateſt ages of the world. Whether, there-
" fore, my conſciouſneſs of this ſhall ceaſe in the
" grave, or, as ſome have thought, ſhall ſurvive
" as a property of the ſoul, is of little importance.
" Of one thing I am certain, that at this inſtant
" I feel from the reflection a flattering hope, and
" a delightful ſenſation."

THIS is the true enthuſiaſm with which preceptors ſhould inſpire the boſoms of their young pupils. Whoever ſhall be happy enough to light up this generous flame, and increaſe it by conſtant application, will ſee the object of his care voluntarily relinquiſh the pernicious pleaſures of youth, enter with virtuous dignity on the ſtage of life, and add, by the performance of the nobleſt actions, new luſtre to ſcience, and brighter rays to glory. The deſire of extending our fame by noble deeds, and of increaſing the good opinion of mankind by a dignified conduct, and real greatneſs of ſoul, confers advantages which neither illuſtrious birth, elevated rank, nor great fortune, can beſtow; and which even on the throne are only to be acquired by

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by a life of exemplary virtue, and an anxious attention to the ſuffrage of poſterity.

THERE is no character, indeed, more likely to acquire future fame than the ſatiriſt, who dares to point out and condemn the follies, the prejudices, and the growing vices, of the age, in ſtrong and nervous language. Works of this deſcription, however they may fail to reform the prevailing manners of the times, will operate on ſucceeding generations, and extend their influence and reputation to the lateſt poſterity. True greatneſs operates long after envy and malice have purſued the modeſt merit which produced it to the grave. O, *Lavater!* thoſe baſe corrupted ſouls who only ſhine a moment, and are for ever extinguiſhed, will be forgotten, while the memory of thy name is carefully cheriſhed, and thy virtues fondly beloved: thy foibles will be no longer remembered; and the qualities which diſtinguiſhed and adorned thy character will alone be reviewed. The rich variety of thy language, the judgment with which thou haſt boldly invented and created new expreſſions, the nervous brevity of thy ſtile, and thy ſtriking pictures of human manners, will, as the author of "*The Characters of German Poets and Proſe Writers*" has predicted, extend the fame of thy "*Fragments upon Phyſiognomy*" to the remoteſt poſterity. The accuſation that *Lavater*, who

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was capable of developing such sublime truths, and of creating almost a new language, gave credit to the juggles of *Gessner*, will then be forgot; and he will enjoy the life after death, which *Cicero* seemed to hope for with so much enthusiasm.

SOLITUDE, indeed, affords a pleasure to an AUTHOR of which no one can deprive him, and which far exceeds all the honours of the world. He not only anticipates the effect his work will produce, but, while it advances towards completion, feels the delicious enjoyment of those hours of serenity and composure which his labours procure. What continued and tranquil delight flow from successive composition! Sorrows fly from this elegant occupation. Oh! I would not exchange one single hour of such private tranquillity and content, for all those flattering illusions of public fame with which the mind of *Tully* was so incessantly intoxicated. A difficulty surmounted, a happy moment seized, a proposition elucidated, a sentence neatly and elegantly turned, or a thought happily expressed, are salutary and healing balms, counter-poisons to melancholy, and belong exclusively to a wise and well-formed Solitude.

"There is a pleasure in *an Author's* pains
Which only *Authors* know. The shifts and turns,
Th'

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Th' expedients, and inventions multiform,
To which the mind reſorts in choice of terms,
Tho' apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—
T' arreſt the fleeting images that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them faſt,
And force them ſit till he has pencil'd off
A faithful likeneſs of the form he views,
Then to diſpoſe his copies with ſuch art,
That each may find its moſt propitious light,
And ſhine by ſituation hardly leſs
Than by the labour and the ſkill it coſt,
Are occupations of the *Author's* mind
So pleaſing, and that ſteal away the thought
With ſuch addreſs from themes of ſad import,
That, loſt in his own muſings, happy man!
He feels the anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire."

SOLITUDE not only elevates the mind, but adds new ſtrength to its powers. The man who has not courage to conquer the prejudices, and deſpiſe the manners of the world, whoſe greateſt dread is the imputation of ſingularity, who forms his opinion and regulates his conduct upon the judgment and actions of others, will certainly never poſſeſs ſufficient ſtrength of mind to devote himſelf to voluntary Solitude; which, it has been well obſerved, is as neceſſary to give a juſt, ſolid, firm and forcible tone to our thoughts, as an intercourſe with the world is to give them richneſs, brilliancy, and juſt appropriation.

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THE mind, while employed on great and intereſting ſubjects, feels in Solitude the extent of its energies with higher ſenſibility, and diſplays powers which it was before unconſcious of poſſeſſing; the faculties ſharpen, and become more clear, luminous, and extenſive; the perception more diſtinct; the whole intellectual ſyſtem, in ſhort, exacts more from itſelf in the leiſure of Solitude than in the buſtle of the world. But to produce theſe happy effects, Solitude muſt not be reduced to a ſtate of tranquil idleneſs and inactive eaſe, of mental numbneſs, or ſenſual ſtupor: it is not ſufficient to be continually gazing out of a window with a vacant mind, or gravely walking up and down the ſtudy in a ragged *robe de chambre* and worn-out ſlippers; for the mere exterior of tranquillity cannot elevate or increaſe the activity of the ſoul, which muſt feel an eager deſire to roam at large, before it can gain that delightful liberty and leiſure, which at the ſame inſtant improves the underſtanding and corrects the imagination. The mind, indeed, is enabled, by the ſtrength it acquires under the ſhades of retirement, to attack prejudices, and combat errors, with the unfailing proweſs of the moſt athletic champion; for the more it examines into the nature of things, the cloſer it brings them to its view, and expoſes, with unerring clearneſs, all the latent properties they poſſeſs. An intrepid and reflecting

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ſing mind, when retired within itſelf, ſeizes with rapture on *truth* the moment it is diſcovered; looks round with a ſmile of pity and contempt on thoſe who deſpiſe its charms; hears without diſmay, the invectives which envy and malice let looſe againſt him; and nobly diſdains the *hue and cry* which the ignorant multitude raiſe againſt him, the moment he elevates his hand to dart againſt them one of the ſtrong and invincible truths he has diſcovered in his retreat.

SOLITUDE diminiſhes the variety of thoſe troubleſome paſſions which diſturb the tranquillity of the human mind, by combining and forming a number of them into one great deſire;* for although it may certainly become dangerous to the paſſions, it may alſo, thanks to the diſpenſations of Providence! produce very ſalutary effects. If it diſorder the mind, it is capable of effecting its cure. It extracts the various propenſities of the human heart, and unites them into one. By this proceſs we feel and learn not only the nature, but the extent, of all the paſſions, which riſe up againſt us like the angry waves of a diſordered ocean, to overwhelm

* "The more deſires I have," ſays *Montaigne*, "the leſs "ardent they are. The torrents that divide themſelves into "many branches are the leaſt dangerous. A ſtrong paſſion is a "ſolitary paſſion, that concentrates all our deſires within one "point."

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overwhelm us in the abyſs: but philoſophy flies to our aid, divides their force; and, if we do not yield to them an eaſy victory, by neglecting all oppoſition to their attacks, *virtue* and *ſelf-denial* bring gigantic reinforcements to our aſſiſtance, and enſure ſucceſs. Virtue and reſolution, in ſhort, are equal to every conflict, the inſtant we learn that one paſſion is to be conquered by another.

THE mind, exalted by the high and dignified ſentiments it acquires by lonely meditation, becomes proud of its ſuperiority, withdraws itſelf from every baſe and ignoble object, and avoids, with heroic virtue, the effect of dangerous ſociety. A noble mind obſerves the ſons of worldly pleaſure mingling in ſcenes of riot and debauchery without being ſeduced; hears it in vain echoed from every ſide, that incontinence is among the firſt propenſities of the human heart; and that every young man of faſhion and ſpirit muſt as neceſſarily indulge his appetite for the fair ſex, as the calls of hunger or of ſleep. Such a mind perceives that *libertiniſm* and diſſipation not only enervate youth, and render the feelings callous to the charms of virtue, and the principles of honeſty, but that it deſtroys every manly reſolution, renders the heart timid, decreaſes exertion, damps the generous warmth and fine enthuſiaſm of the ſoul, and, in the end,

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end, totally annihilates all its powers. The youth, therefore, who ſeriouſly wiſhes to ſuſtain an honourable character on the theatre of life, muſt for ever renounce the habits of indolence and luxury; and when he no longer impairs his intellectual faculties by debauchery, or renders it neceſſary to attempt the renovation of his languid and debilitated conſtitution by exceſs of wine and luxurious living, he will ſoon be relieved from the neceſſity of conſuming whole mornings on horſeback, in a vain ſearch of that health from change of ſcene, which temperance and exerciſe would immediately beſtow.

MEN, whatever may be the diſtinguiſhed rank which they hold in ſociety, can never be truly great, but by their perſonal merit. The more the faculties of the mind are exerciſed in the tranquillity of retirement, the more conſpicuous they appear: and ſhould the pleaſures of debauchery be thy ruling paſſion, learn, O young man! that nothing will ſo eaſily ſubdue it as an increaſing emulation in great and virtuous actions, a hatred of idleneſs and frivolity, the ſtudy of the ſciences, a frequent communication with your own heart, and that high and dignified ſpirit which views with diſdain every thing that is vile and contemptible. This generous and high diſdain of vice, this fond and ardent love of virtue, diſcloſes itſelf

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in retirement with dignity and greatneſs, where the paſſion of high achievement operates with greater force than in any other ſituation. The ſame paſſion which carried *Alexander* into Aſia, confined *Diogenes* to his tub. *Heraclius* deſcended from his throne to devote his mind to the ſearch of truth.* He who wiſhes to render his knowledge

* The *Emperor Dioclefian* alſo paſſed the nine laſt years of his life in a private condition. "Reaſon," ſays Mr. Gibbon, "had dictated, and content ſeems to have accompanied, his retreat, in which he enjoyed for a long time the reſpect of thoſe princes to whom he had reſigned the poſſeſſion of the world. It is ſeldom that minds long exercised in buſineſs, have formed any habits of converſing with themſelves, and in the loſs of power they principally regret the want of occupation. The amuſements of letters and devotion, which afford ſo many reſources in SOLITUDE, were incapable of fixing the attention of *Dioclefian*; but he had preſerved, or at leaſt he ſoon recovered, a taſte for the moſt innocent as well as natural pleaſures; and his leiſure hours were ſufficiently employed in building, planting, and gardening. His anſwer to *Maximin* is deſervedly celebrated. He was ſolicited by that reſtleſs old man to aſſume the reins of government and the imperial purple. He rejected the temptation with a ſmile of pity, calmly obſerving, that if he could ſhew *Maximin* the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he ſhould no longer be urged to relinquiſh the enjoyment of happineſs for the purſuit of power. A juſt eſtimate of greatneſs," adds this elegant hiſtorian, "and the aſſurance of immortal fame, improve our reliſh for the pleaſures of retirement." *Charles the Fifth* alſo retired from the throne, and buried his grandeur and his ambition in ſolitude and ſilence, in a delightful retreat near the monaſtery of *St. Juſtus*, in the province of Eſtramadura in Spain, where he enjoyed perhaps more complete ſatisfaction than all his power had ever yielded him.

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knowledge uſeful to mankind, muſt firſt ſtudy the world; not too intenſely, or for any long duration, or with any fondneſs for its follies; for the follies of the world enervate and deſtroy the vigour of the mind. *Cæſar* tore himſelf from the embraces of *Cleopatra*, and became the maſter of the world; while *Antony* took her as a miſtreſs to his boſom, ſunk indolently into her arms, and by his effeminacy loſt not only his life, but the government of the Roman empire.

SOLITUDE, indeed, inſpires the mind with notions too refined and exalted for the level of common life. But a fondneſs for high conceptions, and a lively, ardent diſpoſition, diſcovers to the votaries of Solitude, the poſſibility of ſupporting themſelves on heights which would derange the intellects of ordinary men. Every object that ſurrounds the ſolitary man, enlarges the faculties of his mind, improves the feelings of his heart, elevates him above the condition of the ſpecies, and inſpires his ſoul with views of immortality. Every day in the life of a man of the world, ſeems as if he expected it would be the laſt of his exiſtence.* Solitude amply compenſates for every privation,

* *Plato*, when he viſited Sicily, was ſo much ſtruck with the luxury of Agrigentum, both in their *houſes* and their *tables*, that he obſerved, "The people here *build* as if they were never to "die; and *eat* as if they had not an hour to live."

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privation, while the devotee of worldly pleaſures conceives himſelf loſt if he is deprived of viſiting a faſhionable aſſembly, of attending a favourite club, of ſeeing a new play, of patronizing a celebrated boxer, or of admiring ſome foreign novelty which the hand-bills of the day have announced.

I COULD never read without feeling the warmeſt emotions, the following paſſage of *Plutarch:* "I live," ſays he, "entirely upon Hiſtory; and "while I contemplate the pictures it preſents to "my view, my mind enjoys a rich repaſt from the "repreſentation of great and virtuous characters. "If the actions of men produce ſome inſtances "of vice, corruption, and diſhoneſty, I endeavour, nevertheleſs, to remove the impreſſion, "or to defeat its effect. My mind withdraws "itſelf from the ſcene, and, free from every ignoble paſſion, I attach myſelf to thoſe high "examples of virtue which are ſo agreeable and "ſatisfactory, and which accord ſo completely "with the genuine feelings of our nature."

THE ſoul, winged by theſe ſublime images, flies from the earth, mounts as it proceeds, and caſts an eye of diſdain on thoſe ſurrounding clouds which, as they gravitate to the earth, would impede its flight. At a certain height the faculties of the mind

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mind expand, and the fibres of the heart dilate. It is, indeed, in the power of every man to perform more than he undertakes; and therefore it is both wiſe and praiſe-worthy to attempt every thing that is morally within our reach. How many dormant ideas may be awakened by exertion! and then, what a variety of early impreſſions, which were ſeemingly forgot, revive, and preſent themſelves to our pens! We may always accompliſh much more than we conceive, provided paſſion fans the flame which the imagination has lighted; for life is inſupportable when unanimated by the ſoft affections of the heart.*

SOLITUDE leads the mind to thoſe ſources from whence the grandeſt conceptions are moſt likely to flow. But, alas! it is not in the power of every perſon to ſeize the advantages Solitude beſtows. Were every noble mind ſenſible of the extenſive information, of the lofty and ſublime ideas, of the exquiſitely fine feelings which reſult from occaſional retirement, they would frequently quit the world, even in the earlieſt periods of

* "The force of the paſſions," ſays a great Philoſopher, "can "alone counterbalance in the human mind, the effects of indo-"lence and inactivity, ſteal us from that repoſe and torpidity "towards which we inceſſantly gravitate, and at length endue "the mind with that continuity of attention to which ſupe-"riority of talent is attached."

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of youth, to taſte the ſweets of Solitude, and lay the foundation for a wiſe old age.

In conducting the low and petty affairs of life, *common ſenſe* is certainly a more uſeful quality than even *genius* itſelf.* Genius, indeed, or that fine enthuſiaſm which carries the mind into its higheſt ſphere, is clogged and impeded in its aſcent by the ordinary occupations of the world, and ſeldom regains its natural liberty, and priſtine vigour, except in Solitude. Minds anxious to reach the regions of philoſophy and ſcience, have, indeed, no other means of reſcuing themſelves from the burden and thraldom of worldly affairs. Sickened and diſguſted by the ridicule and obloquy they experience from an ignorant and preſumptuous multitude, their faculties become, as it were, extinct, and mental exertion dies away; for the deſire of fame, that great incentive to intellectual achievement, cannot long exiſt where merit is no longer rewarded by praiſe. But to remove ſuch minds from the oppreſſions of ignorance, of envy, of hatred, or of malice, let them enjoy liberty and leiſure; and,

* "A man of common ſenſe," ſays *Helvetius*, "is a man "in whoſe character indolence predominates: he is not endowed "with that activity of ſoul which, in high ſtations, leads great "minds to diſcover new ſprings by which they may ſet the "world in motion, or to ſow thoſe ſeeds, from the growth of "which they are enabled to produce future events."

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and, with the assistance of pen, ink, and paper, they will soon take an ample revenge, and their productions excite the admiration of the world. How many excellent understandings remain in obscurity, merely on account of the possessor being condemned to follow worldly employments, in which little or no use of the mind is required, and which for that reason ought to be exclusively bestowed on the ignorant and illiterate vulgar! But this circumstance can seldom happen in Solitude, where the mental faculties, enjoying their natural freedom, and roaming unconfined through all the parts and properties of nature, fix on those pursuits most congenial to their powers, and most likely to carry them into their proper sphere.

THE unwelcome reception which solitary men frequently meet with in the world, becomes, when properly considered, a source of enviable happiness; for to be universally beloved, would prove a great misfortune to him who is meditating in tranquillity the performance of some great and important work: every one would then be anxious to visit him, to solicit his visits in return, and to press for his attendance on all parties. But though philosophers are fortunately not in general the most favoured guests in fashionable societies, they have the satisfaction to recollect, that it is not ordinary or common characters against whom the public

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hatred and diſguſt are excited. There is always ſomething great in that man againſt whom the world exclaims, at whom every one throws a ſtone, and on whoſe character all attempt to fix a thouſand crimes, without being able to prove one. The fate of a man of genius, who lives retired and unknown, is certainly more enviable; for he will then enjoy the pleaſure of undiſturbed retirement; and naturally imagining the multitude to be ignorant of his character, will not be ſurpriſed that they ſhould continually miſinterpret and pervert both his words and actions; or that the efforts of his friends, to undeceive the public with reſpect to his merit, ſhould prove abortive.

SUCH was, in the miſtaken view of the world, the fate of the celebrated *Count Schaumbourg-Lippe*, better known by the appellation of the *Count de Buckebourg*. No character throughout Germany was ever more traduced, or ſo little underſtood; and yet he was worthy of being enrolled among the higheſt names his age or country produced. When I firſt became acquainted with him, he lived in almoſt total privacy, quite retired from the world, on a ſmall paternal farm, in the management of which conſiſted all his pleaſure and employment. His exterior appearance was, I confeſs, rather forbidding, and prevented ſuperficial obſervers from perceiving the great endow-

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dowments of his brilliant and capacious mind. The *Count de Lacy*, formerly Ambaſſador from the Court of Madrid to Peterſburgh, related to me, during his reſidence at Hanover, that he led the Spaniſh army againſt the Portugueſe at the time they were commanded by the *Count de Buckebourg*; and that when the officers diſcovered him, as they were reconnoitering the enemy with their glaſſes, the ſingularity of his appearance ſtruck them ſo forcibly, that they immediately exclaimed, "Are the Portugueſe commanded by *Don Quixote?*" The Ambaſſador, however, who poſſeſſed a liberal mind, did juſtice, in the higheſt terms, to the merit and good conduct of *Buckebourg* in Portugal; and praiſed, with enthuſiaſtic admiration, the goodneſs of his mind, and the greatneſs of his character. Viewed at a diſtance, his appearance was certainly romantic; and his heroic countenance, his flowing hair, his tall and meagre figure, and particularly the extraordinary length of his viſage, might, in truth, recall ſome idea of the celebrated *Knight of La Mancha;* but, on a cloſer view, both his perſon and his manners diſpelled the idea; for his features, full of fire and animation, announced the elevation, ſagacity, penetration, kindneſs, virtue, and ſerenity of his ſoul; and the moſt ſublime and heroic ſentiments were as familiar and natural to his mind, as they were to the nobleſt characters of Greece and Rome.

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THE Count was born in London, and poſſeſſed a diſpoſition as whimſical as it was extraordinary. The anecdotes concerning him, which I heard from his relation, a German Prince, are perhaps not generally known. Fond of contending with the Engliſh in every thing, he laid a wager that he would ride a horſe from London to Edinburgh backwards; that is, with the horſe's head towards Edinburgh, and the Count's face towards London; and in this manner he actually rode through ſeveral counties in England. He travelled through the greater part of that kingdom on foot in the habit of a common beggar. Being informed that part of the current of the Danube, above Regenſberg, was ſo ſtrong and rapid, that no one had dared to ſwim acroſs it, he made the attempt, and ventured ſo far that he nearly loſt his life. A great ſtateſman and profound philoſopher at Hanover related to me, that, during the war in which the Count commanded the artillery in the army of *Prince Ferdinand* of Brunſwick againſt the French, he one day invited a number of Hanoverian officers to dine with him in his tent. While the company were in the higheſt ſtate of feſtive mirth and gaiety, a ſucceſſion of cannon balls paſſed directly over the head of the tent. "The French cannot be far off!" exclaimed the officers. "Oh! I aſſure you," replied the Count, "they are not near us;" and he

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he begged the gentlemen would make themſelves perfectly eaſy, reſume their ſeats, and finiſh their dinners. Soon afterwards a cannon ball carried away the top of the tent, when the officers again roſe precipitately from their ſeats, exclaiming, "The enemy are here!" "No, no," replied the Count, "the enemy are not here; therefore "I muſt requeſt, gentlemen, that you will place "yourſelves at the table, and ſit ſtill, for you "may rely on my word." The firing recommenced, and balls flew about in the ſame direction: the officers, however, remained fixed to their ſeats; and while they eat and drank in ſeeming tranquillity, whiſpered to each other their ſurmiſes and conjectures on this ſingular entertainment. At length the Count, riſing from his ſeat, addreſſed the company in theſe words: "Gentlemen, I was willing to convince you "how well I can rely upon the officers of my "artillery. I ordered them to fire, during the "time we continued at dinner, at the pinnacle of "the tent; and you have obſerved with what "punctuality they obeyed my orders."

CHARACTERISTIC traits of a man anxious to inure himſelf and thoſe about him to arduous and difficult exploits, will not be uſeleſs or unentertaining to curious and ſpeculative minds. Being one day in company with the Count at Fort

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Wilhelmſtein, by the ſide of a magazine of gunpowder, which he had placed in the room immediately under that in which he ſlept, I obſerved to him, that I ſhould not be able to ſleep very contentedly there during ſome of the hot nights of ſummer. The Count, however, convinced me, though I do not now recollect by what means, that *the greateſt danger and no danger are one and the ſame thing*. When I firſt ſaw this extraordinary man, which was in the company of two officers, the one Engliſh, the other Portugueſe, he entertained me for two hours upon the Phyſiology of *Haller*, whoſe works he knew by heart. The enſuing morning he inſiſted on my accompanying him in a little boat which he rowed to Wilhelmſtein, a fortreſs built in the middle of the water, under his direction, and from plans, which he ſhewed me, of his own drawing. On Sunday, on the great parade at Pyrmont, ſurrounded by a vaſt concourſe of men and women, occupied in muſic, dancing, and gallantries, he entertained me during the courſe of two hours on the ſame ſpot, and with as much ſerenity as if we had been alone, by detailing the various controverſies reſpecting the exiſtence of *God*, pointing out their defective parts, and convincing me that he ſurpaſſed every writer in his knowledge of the ſubject. To prevent my eſcaping from this

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this lecture, he held me faſt the whole time by one of the buttons of my coat. At his country ſeat at Buckebourg he ſhewed me a large folio volume, in his own hand-writing, upon "*The* "*Art of defending a ſmall Town againſt a great* "*Force.*" The work was completely finiſhed, and intended as a preſent to the King of Portugal. There were many paſſages in it relating to Swiſſerland, which the Count did me the favour to read; a country and people which he conſidered as invincible; pointing out to me not only all the important places they might occupy againſt an enemy, but diſcovering paſſes before unknown, and through which even *a cat* would ſcarcely be able to crawl. I do not believe that any thing was ever written of higher importance to the intereſts of *my* country than this work; for it contains ſatisfactory anſwers to every objection that ever has or can be made. My friend *M. Moyſe Mendelſohm*, to whom the Count read the preface to this little work while he reſided at Pyrmont, conſidered it as a maſter-piece of fine ſtyle and ſound reaſoning; for the Count, when he pleaſed, wrote the French language with nearly as much elegance and purity as *Voltaire;* while in the German, he was laboured, perplexed, and diffuſe. I muſt, however, add this in his praiſe, that, on his return from Portugal, he ſtudied for many years under two of the moſt acute maſters in

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Germany: firſt *Abbt*; and afterwards, *Herder*. Many perſons, who, from a cloſer intimacy, and deeper penetration, have had greater opportunities of obſerving the conduct and character of this truly great and extraordinary man, relate of him a variety of anecdotes equally inſtructive and entertaining. I ſhall only add one obſervation more reſpecting his character, availing myſelf of the words of *Shakeſpeare*: The Count *Guillaume de Schaumbourg Lippe*

" . . . . . carries no dagger.
" He has a lean and hungry look;"
" ——————but he's not dangerous:
" ——————he reads much:
" He is a great obſerver; and he looks
" Quite thro' the deeds of men. He loves no plays;
" ——————he hears no muſic:
" Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
" As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit,
" That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing."

SUCH was the character, always miſunderſtood, of this ſolitary man; and ſuch a character might fairly indulge a contemptuous ſmile, on perceiving the miſtaken ſneers of an ignorant multitude. But what muſt be the ſhame and confuſion of theſe partial judges of mankind, when they behold the monument which the great *Mendelſohm* has raiſed to his memory; and the faithful hiſtory of his life and manners, which a young author is about

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about to publiſh at Hanover; the profound ſentiments, the elegant ſtile, the truth, and the ſincerity of which, will be diſcovered and acknowledged by impartial poſterity!

THE men who, as I have frequently obſerved, are diſpoſed to ridicule this illuſtrious character on account of his long viſage, his flowing hair, his enormous hat, or his little ſword, might be pardoned, if, like him, they were philoſophers or heroes. The mind of the Count, however, was too exalted to be moved by their inſulting taunts; and he never ſmiled upon the world, or upon men, either with ſpleen or with contempt. Feeling no hatred, indulging no miſanthropy, his looks beamed kindneſs on all around him; and he enjoyed with dignified compoſure the tranquillity of his rural retreat in the middle of a thick foreſt, either alone, or in the company of a fond and virtuous wife, whoſe death ſo ſenſibly afflicted even his firm and conſtant mind, that it brought him almoſt to an untimely grave. The people of Athens laughed at *Themiſtocles*, and openly reviled him even in the ſtreets, becauſe he was ignorant of the manners of the world, the *ton* of good company, and that accompliſhment which is called *good breeding*. He retorted, however, upon theſe ignorant railers with the keeneſt aſperity: "It is "true," ſaid he, "I never play upon the lute;

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"but I know how to raiſe a ſmall and inconſi-
"derable city to greatneſs and glory."*

SOLITUDE and Philoſophy may inſpire ſentiments which appear ludicrous to the eye of worldly folly; but they baniſh all light and inſignificant ideas, and prepare the mind for the grandeſt and moſt ſublime conceptions. Thoſe who are in the habit of ſtudying great and exalted characters, of cultivating refined and elevated ſentiments, unavoidably contract a ſingularity of manners which may furniſh ample materials for ridicule. Romantic characters always view things differently from what they really are or can be; and the habit of invariably contemplating the ſublime and beautiful, renders them, in the eyes of the weak and wicked, inſipid and inſupportable. Men of this diſpoſition always acquire a high and dignified demeanour, which ſhocks the feelings of the vulgar; but it is not on that account the leſs meritorious. Certain Indian Philoſophers annually quitted their ſolitude to viſit the palace of their Sovereign, where each of them, in his turn, delivered his advice upon the government of the ſtate, and upon the

* When *Antiſthenes* was told that *Iſmenias* played excellently upon the flute, he replied, properly enough, ſays the ſagacious *Plutarch*, "*Then he is good for nothing elſe.*" And when *Philip*, at a certain entertainment, heard his ſon ſing in a very agreeable and ſkilful manner, "*Are you not,*" ſaid he, "*aſhamed to ſing ſo ſo well?*"

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the changes and limitations which might be made in the laws; but he who three ſucceſſive times communicated falſe or unimportant obſervations, loſt, for one year, the privilege of appearing in the preſence-chamber. This practice is well calculated to prevent the mind from growing romantic; but there are many philoſophers of a different deſcription, who, if they had the ſame opportunity, would not meet with better ſucceſs.

PLOTINUS* requeſted the Emperor *Gallienus* to confer on him a ſmall city in Campania, and the territory appendant to it, promiſing to retire to it with his friends and followers, and to realize in the government of it the Republic of *Plato*. It happened then, however, as it frequently happens now in many courts to philoſophers much leſs chimerical than *Plotinus:* the ſtateſman laughed at the propoſal, and told the Emperor that the philoſopher was a fool, in whoſe mind even experience had produced no effect.

The happieſt efforts are produced in Solitude, by contemplating the greatneſs and virtues of the Ancients. Sparks of that bright flame which warm-

* See that uſeful, entertaining, and authentic work, the "*Nouveau Dictionnaire Hiſtorique*," for an account of the character of this very extraordinary philoſopher.

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ed the bosoms of the great and good, frequently kindle unexpected fires. A lady in the country, whose health was impaired by nervous affections, was advised to read with attention the History of the Greek and Roman Empires. At the expiration of three months she wrote to me in the following terms: "You have inspired my mind with a ve- "neration for the virtues of the Ancients. What "are the buzzing race of the present day, when "compared with those noble characters? History "heretofore was not my favourite study; but now "I live only on its pages. While I read of the "transactions of Greece and Rome, I wish to be- "come an actor in the scenes. It has not only "opened to me an inexhaustible source of plea- "sure, but has restored me to health. I could "not have believed that my library contained so "inestimable a treasure: my books will now prove "more valuable to me than all the fortune I pos- "sess: in the course of six months you will no "longer be troubled with my complaints. *Plu-* "*tarch* is more delightful to me than the charms "of dress, the triumphs of coquetry, or the sen- "timental effusions which lovers address to those "mistresses who are inclined to be *all heart*, and "with whom *Satan* plays tricks of love with the "same address as a *Dilletante* plays tricks of music "on the violin." This lady, who is really learned, no longer fills her letters with the transactions

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of her kitchen and poultry-yard: she has recovered her health; and will experience hereafter, I conjecture, as much pleasure among her hens and chickens, as she did before from the pages of *Plutarch*.

But although the immediate effects of such writings cannot be always perceived, except in Solitude, or in the society of select friends, yet they may remotely be productive of the happiest consequences; when the mind of a man of genius, during his solitary walks, is crowded with a variety of ideas, which, on being disclosed, would appear ridiculous to the common herd of mankind: a period, however, arrives, at which they lead men to the performance of actions worthy of immortality. The national songs composed by *Lavater* first appeared when the Republic of Switzerland was in a declining state, and the temper of the times unfavourable to their reception. The *Schintzuach Society*, by whose persuasion they had been written, had given some offence to the French Ambassador; and from that time all the measures of the Society were decried in every quarter with factious virulence. Even the great *Haller*, who considered the members as disciples of *Rousseau*, whom he hated; and as enemies to orthodoxy, which he loved; pointed his epigrams

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againſt them: and the Committee for the Reformation of Literature at Zurich, expreſsly prohibited the publication of theſe excellent lyric compoſitions, on the curious pretence, that it was dangerous and improper to ſtir up a *dunghill*. No poet of Greece, however, ever wrote with more fire and force in favour of *his* country, than *Lavater* did in favour of the liberties of Swiſſerland. I have heard children chaunt theſe ſongs with patriotic enthuſiaſm; and ſeen the fineſt eyes filled with tears of rapture while their ears liſtened to the ſingers. Joy glowed in the breaſts of the Swiſs peaſants to whom they were ſung; their muſcles ſwelled, and the blood inflamed their cheeks. Fathers have, within my own knowledge, carried their infant children to the chapel of the celebrated *William Tell*, to join in full chorus the ſong which *Lavater* compoſed upon the merits of that great man.* I have myſelf made the rocks re-echo to my

* *William Tell* was one of the principal authors of the revolution in Swiſſerland in the year 1307. *Griſler*, who governed that country under the Emperor *Albert*, obliged him, on pain of death, to ſhoot, from a conſiderable diſtance, with an arrow, at an apple which was placed on the head of his infant ſon; and it is ſaid, that he had the good fortune to carry away the apple without doing the ſmalleſt injury to the child. The governor, on approaching to congratulate him on his dexterous achievement, perceived another arrow concealed under the garments of the ſucceſsful

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my voice, by ſinging theſe ſongs to the muſic which the feelings of my heart compoſed for them while I wandered over the fields, and climbed among the famous mountains, where thoſe heroes, the anceſtors of our race, ſignalized themſelves by their immortal valour. I fancied that I ſaw them ſtill armed with their knotted clubs, breaking to pieces the crowned helmets of Germany: and, although inferior in numbers, forcing the proud nobility to ſeek their ſafety by a precipitate and ignominious flight. Theſe, it may be ſaid, are romantic notions, and can only pleaſe ſolitary and recluſe men, who ſee things differently from the reſt of the world. But *great ideas* ſometimes make their way in ſpite of the moſt obſtinate oppoſition, and operating, particularly in *Republics*, by inſenſible degrees, ſow the ſeeds of thoſe firm principles, and true opinions, which, as they arrive to maturity, prove ſo efficacious in times of political conteſt and public commotion.

SOLITUDE,

ceſsful archer, and on enquiring of him for what uſe he intended it; "I brought it," replied *Tell*, "for the purpoſe of revenge: "its eager point ſhould have drank the blood of thy heart, in- "human tyrant, if I had had the misfortune to kill my ſon." The ſtory of the apple, however, which had been before told of a Goth ſoldier, named *Tocho*, is juſtly ſuſpected by the later hiſtorians. The Swiſs were willing to adorn the birth-day of their liberty by the fable of ſome ſurpriſing event. But it is certain that *Tell*, after having ſuffered a long and rigorous confinement, killed the governor with an arrow, and gave by that means a ſignal to the conſpirators.

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SOLITUDE, therefore, by inſtilling high ſentiments of human nature, and heroic reſolutions in defence of its juſt privileges, unites all the qualities which are neceſſary to raiſe the ſoul and fortify the character, and forms an ample ſhield againſt the ſhafts of envy, hatred, or malice. Reſolved to think and to act, upon every occaſion, in oppoſition to the ſentiments of narrow minds, the ſolitary man attends to all the various opinions he meets with, but is aſtoniſhed at none. Without being ungrateful for the juſt and rational eſteem his intimate friends beſtow upon him; remembering, too, that friends, always partial, and inclined to judge too favourably, frequently, like enemies, ſuffer their feelings to carry them too far; he boldly calls upon the public voice to announce his character to the world at large, diſplays his juſt pretenſions before this impartial tribunal, and demands that juſtice which is due.

BUT Solitude, although it exalts the ſentiments, is generally conceived to render the mind unfit for buſineſs: this, however, is, in my opinion, a great miſtake. To avoid *tottering* through the walks of public duty, it muſt be of great utility to have acquired a *firm ſtep*, by exerciſing the mind in Solitude on thoſe ſubjects which are likely to occur in public life. The love of *truth* is beſt preſerved by Solitude, and *virtue* there acquires

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acquires greater conſiſtency; but I confeſs truth is not always convenient in buſineſs, nor the rigid exerciſe of virtue propitious to worldly ſucceſs.

THE *great* and *the good*, however, of every clime, revere the ſimplicity of manners, and the ſingleneſs of heart, which Solitude produces. It was theſe ineſtimable qualities which, during the higheſt fury of the war between England and France, obtained the philoſophic *Jean Andre de Luc* the reception he met with at the court of Verſailles; and inſpired the breaſt of the virtuous, the immortal *De Vergennes*, with the deſire to reclaim, by the mild precepts of a philoſopher, the refractory Citizens of Geneva, which all his remonſtrances, as Prime Miniſter of France, had been unable to effect. *De Luc*, at the requeſt of *Vergennes*, made the attempt, but failed of ſucceſs; and France, as it is well known, was obliged to ſend an army to ſubdue the Geneveſe. It was upon his favourite mountains that this amiable philoſopher acquired that ſimplicity of manners, which he ſtill preſerves amidſt all the luxuries and ſeductions of London; where he endures with firmneſs all the wants, refuſes all the indulgencies, and ſubdues all the deſires of ſocial life. While he reſided at Hanover, I only remarked one ſingle inſtance of luxury in which he indulged himſelf: when any thing vexed his mind,

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he chewed a ſmall morſel of ſugar, of which he always carried a ſmall ſupply in his pocket.

SOLITUDE not only creates ſimplicity of manners, but prepares and ſtrengthens the faculties for the toils of buſy life. Foſtered in the boſom of retirement, the mind becomes more active in the world and its concerns, and retires again into tranquillity to repoſe itſelf, and prepare for new conflicts. *Pericles*, *Phocion*, and *Epaminondas*, laid the foundation of all their greatneſs in Solitude, and acquired rudiments there which all the language of the ſchools cannot teach—the rudiments of their future lives and actions. *Pericles*, while preparing his mind for any important object, never appeared in public, but immediately refrained from feaſtings, aſſemblies, and every ſpecies of entertainment; and during the whole time that he adminiſtered the affairs of the Republic, he only went once to ſup with a friend, and left him at an early hour.* *Phocion* immediately

* "*Pericles*," ſays that great hiſtorian *Plutarch*, "undoubtedly deſerves admiration; not only for the candour and moderation which he ever retained amidſt the diſtractions of buſineſs, and the rage of his enemies, but for that noble ſentiment which led him to think it his moſt excellent attainment, never to have given way to envy or anger, notwithſtanding the greatneſs

diately reſigned himſelf to the ſtudy of philoſophy; not from the oſtentatious motive of being called *a wiſe man*, but to enable himſelf to conduct the buſineſs of the State with greater reſolution and effect.* *Epaminondas*, who had paſſed his whole life in the delights of literature, and in the improvement of his mind, aſtoniſhed the Thebans by the military ſkill and dexterity which he all at once diſplayed at the battles of Mantineia and Leuctra, in the firſt of which he reſcued his friend *Pelopidas:* but it was owing to the frugal uſe he made of his time, to the attention with which he devoted his mind to every purſuit he adopted, and to

" greatneſs of his power, nor to have nouriſhed an implacable " hatred againſt his greateſt foe In my opinion," continues *Plutarch*, " this one thing, I mean his mild and diſpaſſionate " behaviour, his unblemiſhed integrity, and irreproachable con- " duct, during his whole adminiſtration, makes his appellation " of *Olympius*, which would otherwise be vain and abſurd, no " longer exceptionable, but proper." He was a whole day loaded with reproaches by a vile and abandoned fellow. *Pericles* bore it with patience and ſilence, continued in public for the diſpatch of ſome urgent affairs, and in the evening walked ſlowly home, this impudent wretch following and inſulting him all the way with the moſt ſcurrilous language until he came to his own door, when it being then dark, he calmly ordered one of his ſervants to take a torch, and light the man home.

* Thus *Tacitus* ſpeaks of *Helvidius Priſcus:* " *Ingenium illuſ-* " *tre altioribus ſtudiis juvenis admodum dedit, non ut magnifico no-* " *mine otium velaret, ſed quo firmior adverſus fortuita rempublicam* " *capeſſeret.*"

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to that Solitude which his relinquiſhment of every public employment afforded him. His countrymen, however, forced him to abandon his retreat, gave him the abſolute command of the army; and, by his military ſkill, he ſaved the Republic.

PETRARCH alſo, whoſe character I never contemplate but with increaſing ſenſibility, formed his mind, and rendered it capable of tranſacting the moſt complicated political affairs, by the habits he acquired in Solitude. He was, indeed, what perſons frequently become in Solitude, choleric, ſatirical, and petulant; and has been ſeverely reproached with having drawn the manners of his age with too harſh and ſombrous a pencil, particularly the ſcenes of infamy which were tranſacted at the court of Avignon, under the pontificate of *Clement the Sixth;* but he was a perfect maſter of the human heart, knew how to manage the paſſions with uncommon dexterity, and to turn them directly to his purpoſes. The *Abbé de Sades*, the beſt hiſtorian of his life, ſays, "he is ſcarcely known, "except as a tender and elegant poet, who "loved with ardour, and ſung, in all the har-"mony of verſe, the charms of his miſtreſs." But was this in reality the whole of his character? Certainly not. Literature, long buried in the ruins of barbarity, owes the higheſt obligations to his pen: he reſcued ſome of the fineſt works of antiquity

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antiquity from duſt and rottenneſs; and many of thoſe precious treaſures of learning, which have ſince contributed to delight and inſtruct mankind, were diſcovered by his induſtry, corrected by his learning and ſagacity, and multiplied in accurate copies at his expence. He was the great reſtorer of elegant writing and true taſte; and by his own compoſitions, equal to any that ancient Rome, previous to its ſubjugation, produced, purified the public mind, reformed the manners of the age, and extirpated the prejudices of the times. Purſuing his ſtudies with unremitting firmneſs to the hour of his death, his laſt work ſurpaſſed all that had preceded it. But he was not only a tender lover, an elegant poet, and a correct and claſſical hiſtorian, but an able ſtateſman alſo, to whom the moſt celebrated ſovereigns of his age confided every difficult negociation, and conſulted in their moſt important concerns. He poſſeſſed, in the Fourteenth Century, a degree of fame, credit, and influence, which no man of the preſent day, however learned, has ever acquired. Three Popes, an Emperor, a Sovereign of France, a King of Naples, a crowd of Cardinals, the greateſt Princes, and the moſt illuſtrious nobility of Italy, cultivated his friendſhip, and ſolicited his correſpondence. In the ſeveral capacities of Stateſman, Miniſter, and Ambaſſador, he was employed in tranſacting the greateſt affairs, and by that means was enabled to acquire

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acquire and diſcloſe the moſt uſeful and important truths. Theſe high advantages he owed entirely to Solitude, with the nature of which as he was better acquainted than any other perſon, ſo he cheriſhed it with greater fondneſs, and reſounded its praiſe with higher energy; and at length preferred his *liberty* and *leiſure* to all the enjoyments of the world. *Love*, to which he had conſecrated the prime of his life, appeared, indeed, for a long time, to enervate his mind; but ſuddenly abandoning the ſoft and effeminate ſtyle in which he breathed his ſighs at *Laura*'s feet, he addreſſed Kings, Emperors, and Popes, with manly boldneſs, and with that confidence which a conſciouſneſs of great talents always inſpires. In an elegant oration, worthy of *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, he endeavoured to compoſe the jarring intereſts of Italy; and exhorted the contending Powers to deſtroy, with their confederated arms, the Barbarians, thoſe common enemies of their country, who were ravaging its very boſom, and preying on its vitals. The enterprizes of *Rienzi*,* who ſeemed like an agent ſent from Heaven to reſtore the decayed metropolis of the Roman Empire

* For an elegant and highly intereſting account of this enterprize, and of the character, abilities, conduct, and fate, of this extraordinary man, ſee Mr. Gibbon's Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. xii. p. 331, 8vo. edition.

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Empire to its former ſplendour, were ſuggeſted, encouraged, directed and ſupported by his abilities. A timid Emperor was rouſed by his eloquence to invade Italy, and induced to ſeize upon the reins of government as ſucceſſor to the *Cæſars*. The Pope, by his advice, removed *the holy chair*, which had been tranſported to the borders of the Rhine, and replaced it on the banks of the Tiber; and at a moment even when he confeſſed, in one of his letters, that his mind was diſtracted with vexation, his heart torn with love, and his whole ſoul diſguſted with men and meaſures, Pope *Clement the Sixth* confided to his negociation an affair of great difficulty at the Court of Naples, in which he ſucceeded to the higheſt ſatisfaction of his employer. His reſidence at courts, indeed, had rendered him ambitious, buſy, and enterprizing; and he candidly acknowledged, that he felt a pleaſure on perceiving a hermit, accuſtomed to dwell only in woods, and to ſaunter over plains, running through the magnificent palaces of cardinals with a crowd of courtiers in his ſuite. When *John Viſconti*, Archbiſhop and Prince of Milan, and Sovereign of Lombardy, who united the fineſt talents with an ambition ſo inſatiable that it threatened to ſwallow up all Italy, had the happineſs to fix *Petrarch* in his intereſts, by inducing him to accept of a ſeat in his council, the friends of the philoſopher whiſpered one among another,

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" This ſtern republican, who breathed no ſenti-
" ments but thoſe of liberty and independence ;
" this untamed bull, who roared ſo loud at the
" ſlighteſt ſhadow of the yoke ; who could endure
" no fetters but thoſe of love, and who even felt
" theſe too heavy ; who has refuſed the firſt offers
" at the court of Rome, becauſe he diſdained to
" wear golden chains ; has at length ſubmitted to
" be ſhackled by the Tyrant of Italy ; and this
" great apoſtate of Solitude, who could no longer
" live except in the tranquillity of the groves,
" now contentedly reſides amidſt the tumults of
" Milan."* " My friends," replied *Petrarch*,
" have

* The conduct of *Petrarch* might here have been finely contraſted with the conduct of *Horace* on an occaſion in ſome degree ſimilar. *Mæcenas* had beſtowed upon him a little eſtate near Tibur, to which he retired, and wrote thoſe poems that have ſince ſo much amuſed and inſtructed mankind. His fame ſoon reached the ears of *Auguſtus*, who offered him the place of his private ſecretary, which *Horace* declined, becauſe the duties of it would have interfered with the pleaſures he enjoyed in retirement. This fondneſs for a ſequeſtered life he has very happily expreſſed in the ſixth ode of the ſeventh book, addreſſed to *Septimius*, of which we inſert an elegant and highly poetical tranſlation by *William Boſcawen*, Eſq.

I.

Septimius, who would dare explore
With me the diſtant Gades' ſhore,
Prepar'd alike to brave

Realms.

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" have reaſon to arraign my conduct. Man has " not a greater enemy than himſelf. I acted " againſt my taſte and inclination. Alas! through " the whole courſe of our lives, we do thoſe things " which we ought not to have done, and leave " undone

Realms where the free Cantabrian roams,
Or on the barbarous Syrtes foams
The Mauritanian wave!

II.

Let fruitful *Tiber*'s genial land,
Firſt planted by an Argive hand,
Receive my peaceful age:
There let me reſt in gentle eaſe,
Nor truſt again the ſtormy ſeas,
Nor tempt the battle's rage.

III.

Should envious fate deny theſe ſeats,
Next let me court the bleſt retreats
Where, murmuring through the plain
For richeſt fleeces far renown'd,
Galeſus laves the realms that own'd
Phalantus' Spartan reign.

IV.

That ſpot, of all the world, can pleaſe;
The honey of her fruitful bees
Can match Hymettus' ſoil:
The berries that her trees produce
Vie, in the richneſs of their juice,
With fam'd Venuſian oil.

V. There

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"undone what moſt we wiſh to do." But *Petrarch* might have told his friends, "I was "willing to convince you how much a mind, "long exerciſed in Solitude, can perform when "engaged in the buſineſs of the world; how much "a previous retirement enables a man to tranſact "the affairs of public life, with eaſe, firmneſs, "dignity, and effect."

THE courage which is neceſſary to combat the prejudices of the multitude, is only to be acquired by a contempt of the frivolous tranſactions of the world, and of courſe is ſeldom poſſeſſed, except by ſolitary men. Worldly purſuits, ſo far from adding ſtrength to the mind, only weaken it; in like manner as any particular enjoyment, too frequently repeated,

V.

There Jove prolongs Spring's blithſome hours;
There mitigates ſtern Winter's powers,
Which tepid gales controul.
The fertile Aulon ſpreads her vines,
Nor envies the Falernian wines
When Bacchus crowns the bowl.

VI.

Theſe bleſt abodes, theſe choſen bowers,
Shall gild with joy life's fleeting hours.
Here, when my days ſhall end,
Bathe my lov'd aſhes with a tear,
And cheriſh with regret ſincere,
Thy poet and thy friend.

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repeated, dulls the edge of appetite for every pleaſure. How often do the beſt contrived and moſt excellent ſchemes fail, merely for want of ſufficient courage to ſurmount the difficulties which attend their execution! How many happy thoughts have been ſtifled in their birth, from an apprehenſion that they were too bold to be indulged!*

An idea has prevailed, that truth can only be freely and boldly ſpoken under a Republican form of government, but this idea is certainly without foundation. It is true, that in Ariſtocracies, as well as under a more open form of government, where a ſingle demagogue unfortunately poſſeſſes the ſovereign power, *common ſenſe* is too frequently conſtrued into a public offence. Where this abſurdity exiſts, the mind muſt be timid, and the people, in conſequence, deprived of their liberty. In a Monarchy, every offence is puniſhed by the ſword of Juſtice; but in a Republic, puniſhments are inflicted by prejudices, paſſions, and ſtate neceſſity. The firſt maxim, which, under a Republican form of government, parents endeavour to inſtil into the minds of their children, is, *not to make enemies;* and I remember, when I was very

* "Our fears," ſays *Shakeſpeare*, "are traitors, and make "us loſe the thing we wiſh to gain by dread of the event."

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young, replying to this ſage counſel, "*My dear* "*mother, do you not know that he who has no ene-* "*mies is a poor man?*" In a Republic the citizens are under the authority and jealous obſervation of a multitude of ſovereigns; while in a Monarchy the reigning prince is the only man whom his ſubjects are bound to obey. The idea of living under the controul of a number of maſters intimidates the mind; whereas love and confidence in *one* alone, raiſes the ſpirits, and renders the people happy.

BUT in all countries, and under every form of government, the rational man, who renounces the uſeleſs converſation of the world, who lives a retired life, and who, independently of all that he ſees, of all that he hears, forms his notions in tranquillity, by an intercourſe with the heroes of Greece, of Rome, and of Great Britain, will acquire a ſteady and uniform character, obtain a noble ſtyle of thinking, and riſe ſuperior to every vulgar prejudice.

"——————— The fall of kings,
"The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
"Move not THE MAN who, from the world eſcap'd,
"In ſtill retreats, and flowery ſolitudes,
"To Nature's voice attends———"

THESE

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THESE are the obſervations I had to make reſpecting the influence of *occaſional Solitude* upon the Mind. They diſcloſe my real ſentiments on this ſubject: many of them, perhaps, undigeſted, and many more certainly not well expreſſed. But I ſhall conſole myſelf for theſe defects, if this Chapter affords only a glimpſe of thoſe advantages which I am perſuaded a rational Solitude is capable of affording to the minds and manners of men; and if that which follows, ſhall excite a lively ſenſation of the true, noble and elevated pleaſures Retirement is capable of producing by a tranquil and feeling contemplation of nature, and by an exquiſite ſenſibility for every thing that is *good* and *fair*.

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CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE INFLUENCE OF SOLITUDE UPON THE HEART.

THE higheſt happineſs which is capable of being enjoyed in this world, conſiſts in *peace of mind*. He who, renouncing the tumults of the world, moderates his deſires and inclinations, ſubmits with reſignation to the diverſities of life, and looks with an eye of pity on the frailties of his fellow-creatures; whoſe greateſt pleaſure is to liſten among the rocks to the ſoft murmurs of a caſcade; to inhale, as he walks along the plains, the refreſhing breezes of the zephyrs; and to dwell in the ſurrounding woods, on the melodious accents of the aerial choriſters; may, by the ſimple feelings of his heart, obtain this invaluable bleſſing.

To taſte the charms of Retirement, it is not neceſſary to diveſt the heart of its emotions. The world may be renounced, without renouncing the enjoyment which the tear of ſenſibility is capable of affording. But to render the heart ſuſceptible

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of this felicity, the mind muſt be able to admire with equal pleaſure, Nature in her ſublimeſt beauties, and in the modeſt flower that decks the vallies; to enjoy at the ſame time that harmonious combination of parts which expands the ſoul, and thoſe detached portions of the whole which preſent the ſofteſt and moſt agreeable images to the mind. Nor are theſe enjoyments excluſively reſerved for thoſe ſtrong and energetic boſoms whoſe ſenſations are as lively as they are delicate, and in which, for that reaſon, the good and the bad make the ſame impreſſion; the pureſt happineſs, the moſt enchanting tranquillity, are alſo granted to men of colder feelings, and whoſe imaginations are leſs bold and lively: but to ſuch characters the portraits muſt not be ſo highly coloured, nor the tints ſo ſharp; for as the bad ſtrikes them leſs, ſo alſo are they leſs ſuſceptible of livelier impreſſions.*

* M. *Antoninus*, ſpeaking of the beauty of univerſal Nature, obſerves, that there is a *pleaſing and graceful aſpect in every object we perceive*, when once we perceive its connection with the general order of things. He inſtances many things which at firſt ſight would be thought rather deformities, and then adds, "that a man "who enjoys a ſenſibility of temper, with a juſt comprehenſion "of the univerſal order, will diſcern many amiable things not "credible to every mind, but to thoſe alone who have entered "into an honourable familiarity with Nature and her works"

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THE high enjoyments which the heart feels in Solitude, are produced and foftered by the imagination.* The touching aſpect of delightful nature, the variegated verdure of the foreſts, the echoes of an impetuous torrent, the ſoft agitation of the foliage, the melodious warblings of the groves, the beautiful ſcenery of a rich and extenſive country, and all thoſe objects which compoſe a fine and finiſhed landſcape, take ſuch complete poſſeſſion of the ſoul, and ſo entirely abſorb our faculties, that the ſentiments of the mind are, by the charms of the imagination, inſtantly converted into ſenſations of the heart, and the ſofteſt emotions give birth to the moſt virtuous and worthy ſentiments. But, to enable the imagination thus to render every object faſcinating and delightful, it muſt act with freedom, and dwell amidſt ſurrounding tranquillity. Oh! how eaſy it is to renounce noiſy pleaſures and tumultuous aſſemblies, for the enjoyment of that *philoſophic melancholy* which Solitude inſpires!

" He comes! he comes! in every breeze the power
" Of *philoſophic Melancholy* comes!

" His

* An account of the natural and moral advantages reſulting from a ſenſible and well-formed imagination, is finely given by Dr. *Akenſide*, in the Third Book of " The Pleaſures of the Imagination."

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" His near approach the ſudden ſtarting tear,
" The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
" The ſoften'd feature, and the beating heart,
" Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
" O'er all the ſoul his ſacred influence breathes;
" Inflames imagination; thro' the breaſt
" Infuſes every tenderneſs; and far
" Beyond dim earth exalts the ſwelling thought.
" Ten thouſand thouſand fleet ideas, ſuch
" As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
" Croud faſt into the mind's creative eye;
" As faſt the correſpondent paſſions riſe,
" As varied and as high: *Devotion* rais'd
" To rapture, and divine aſtoniſhment;
" The love of Nature unconfin'd, and chief
" Of human race; the large ambitious wiſh
" To make them bleſt; the ſigh for ſuffering worth
" Loſt in obſcurity; the noble ſcorn
" Of tyrant pride; the fearleſs great reſolve;
" The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
" Inſpiring glory thro' remoteſt time;
" Th' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame;
" The ſympathies of love, and friendſhip dear;
" With all the ſocial offspring of the heart."

RELIGIOUS awe and rapturous delight are alternately excited by the deep gloom of foreſts, by the tremendous height of broken rocks, and by the multiplicity of majeſtic and ſublime objects which are combined within the ſcite of a delightful and extenſive proſpect. The moſt painful ſenſations

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immediately yield to the ſerious, ſoft, and ſolitary reveries to which the ſurrounding tranquillity invites the mind; while the vaſt and awful ſilence of Nature exhibits the happy contraſt between ſimplicity and grandeur; and as our feelings become more exquiſite, ſo our admiration becomes more intenſe, and our pleaſures more complete.

I HAD been for many years familiar with all that Nature is capable of producing in her ſublimeſt works, when I firſt ſaw a garden in the vicinity of Hanover, and another, upon a much larger ſcale, at Marienwerder, about three miles diſtant, cultivated in the Engliſh ſtyle of rural ornament. I was not then appriſed of the extent of that art which ſports with the moſt ungrateful ſoil, and, by a new ſpecies of creation, converts barren mountains into fertile fields and ſmiling landſcapes. This magic art makes an aſtoniſhing impreſſion on the mind, and captivates every heart, not inſenſible to the charms of cultivated Nature. I cannot recollect, without ſhedding tears of gratitude and joy, a ſingle day of this early part of my reſidence at Hanover, when, torn from the boſom of my country, from the embraces of my family, and from every thing that I held dear in life, my mind, on entering the little garden of my deceaſed friend *M. de Hinuber*, near Hanover, immediately revived, and forgot for the moment

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moment both my country and my grief. The charm was new to me. I had no conception that it was poſſible, upon ſo ſmall a ſpot of ground, to introduce at once the enchanting variety and the noble ſimplicity of Nature. But I was then convinced that her aſpect alone is ſufficient, at firſt view, to heal the wounded feelings of the heart, to fill the boſom with the higheſt luxury, and to create thoſe ſentiments in the mind which can, of all others, render life deſirable.

THIS new re-union of Art and Nature, which was not invented in China,* but in England, is founded upon a rational and refined taſte for the beauties of Nature, confirmed by experience, and by the ſentiments which a chaſte fancy reflects on a feeling heart.

Great Nature ſcorns controul; ſhe will not bear
One beauty foreign to the ſpot or ſoil
She gives thee to adorn: 'Tis thine alone
To mend, not change, her features.

IN the gardens I have before mentioned, every point of view raiſes the ſoul to heaven, and affords the mind ſublime delight; every bank preſents

* See *Sir William Chambers's* celebrated Treatiſe on Oriental Gardening.

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ſents a new and varied ſcene, which fills the heart with joy: nor, while I feel the ſenſation which ſuch ſcenes inſpire, will I ſuffer my delight to be diminiſhed, by diſcuſſing whether the arrangement might have been made in a better way, or permit the dull rules of cold and ſenſeleſs maſters to deſtroy my pleaſure. Scenes of ſerenity, whether created by taſteful Art, or by the cunning hand of Nature, always beſtow, as a gift from the imagination, tranquillity to the heart. While a ſoft ſilence breathes around me, every object is pleaſant to my view; rural ſcenery fixes my attention, and diſſipates the grief that lies heavy at my heart; the lovelineſs of Solitude enchants me, and, ſubduing every vexation, inſpires my ſoul with benevolence, gratitude, and content. I return thanks to my Creator for endowing me with an imagination which, though it has frequently cauſed the trouble of my life, occaſionally leads me, in the hour of my retirement, to ſome friendly rock, on which I can climb, and contemplate with greater compoſure the tempeſts I have eſcaped.

THERE are, indeed, many *Anglicized* gardens in Germany, laid out ſo whimſically abſurd, as to excite no other emotions than thoſe of laughter or diſguſt. How extremely ridiculous is it to ſee a foreſt of poplars ſcarcely ſufficient to ſupply a chamber-ſtove with fuel for a week; mere mole-hills

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hills dignified with the name of mountains; caves and aviaries, in which tame and ſavage animals, birds and amphibious creatures, are attempted to be repreſented in their native grandeur; bridges of various kinds thrown acroſs rivers which a couple of ducks would drink dry; and wooden fiſhes ſwimming in canals which the pump every morning ſupplies with water! Theſe unnatural beauties are incapable of affording any pleaſure to the imagination.

A CELEBRATED Engliſh writer has ſaid, that "Solitude, on the firſt view of it, inſpires the "mind with terror, becauſe every thing that "brings with it the idea of privation is terrific, "and therefore ſublime, like ſpace, darkneſs, and "ſilence."

The ſpecies of *greatneſs* which reſults from the idea of infinity, can only be rendered delightful by being viewed at a proper diſtance. The Alps in Swiſſerland, and particularly near the Canton of Berne, appear inconceivably majeſtic; but on a near approach, they excite ideas certainly ſublime, yet mingled with a degree of terror. The eye, on beholding theſe immenſe and enormous maſſes piled one upon the other, forming one vaſt and uninterrupted chain of mountains, rearing their lofty ſummits to the ſkies, conveys to the heart

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the moſt rapturous delight; while the ſucceſſion of ſoft and lively ſhades, which they throw around the ſcene, tempers the impreſſion, and renders the view as agreeable as it is ſublime. On the contrary, no feeling heart can, on a cloſe view, behold this prodigious wall of rocks without experiencing involuntary trembling. The mind contemplates with affright their eternal ſnows, their ſteep aſcents, their dark caverns, the torrents which precipitate themſelves with deafening clamours from their ſummits, the black foreſts of firs that overhang their ſides, and the enormous fragments of rocks which time and tempeſts have torn away. How my heart thrilled when I firſt climbed through a ſteep and narrow track upon theſe ſublime deſerts, diſcovering, every ſtep I made, new mountains riſing over my head, while upon the leaſt ſtumble, death menaced me in a thouſand ſhapes below! But the imagination immediately kindles when you perceive yourſelf alone in the midſt of this grand ſcene of Nature; and the mind reflects from theſe ſtupendous heights on the littleneſs of human power, and the weakneſs of the greateſt monarchs!

THE hiſtory of Swiſſerland evinces, that the natives of theſe mountains are not a degenerate race of men, and that their ſentiments are as generous as their feelings are warm. Bold and ſpirited

by

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by nature, the liberty they enjoy gives wings to their ſouls, and they trample tyrants and tyranny under their feet. Some of the inhabitants of Swiſſerland, indeed, are not perfectly free; though they all poſſeſs notions of liberty, love their country, and return thanks to the Almighty for that happy tranquillity which permits each individual to live quietly under his vine, and enjoy the ſhade of his fig-tree; but the moſt pure and genuine liberty is always to be found among the inhabitants of theſe ſtupendous mountains.

THE Alps in Swiſſerland are inhabited by a race of men ſometimes unſocial, but always good and generous. The harſh and uneven outline given to their characters by the ſeverity of their climate, is ſoftened by their paſtoral life. It is ſaid by an Engliſh writer, that he who has never heard a ſtorm in the Alps, can form no idea of the continuity of the lightning, the rolling and the burſt of the thunder which roars round the horizon of theſe immenſe mountains; and the people, never enjoying better habitations than their own cabins, nor ſeeing any other country than their own rocks, believe the univerſe to be an unfiniſhed work, and a ſcene of unceaſing tempeſts. But the ſkies do not always lour; the thunder does not inceſſantly roll, nor the lightnings continually flaſh; immediately after the moſt dreadful tempeſts, the hemiſphere

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ſphere clears itſelf by ſlow degrees, and becomes ſerene. The diſpoſitions of the Swiſs follow the nature of their climate; kindneſs ſucceeds to violence, and generoſity to the moſt brutal fury: this may be eaſily proved, not only from the records of hiſtory, but from recent facts.

GENERAL *Redin*, an inhabitant of the Alps, and a native of the Canton of Schwitz, enliſted very early in life into the Swiſs Guards, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in that corps. His long reſidence at Paris and Verſailles, however, had not been able to change his character; he ſtill continued a true Swiſs. The new regulation made by the King of France, in the year 1764, relating to this corps, gave great diſcontent to the Canton of Schwitz. The citizens, conſidering it as an innovation extremely prejudicial to their ancient privileges, threw all the odium of the meaſure on the Lieutenant-General, whoſe wife, at this period, reſided on his eſtate in the Canton, where ſhe endeavoured to raiſe a number of young recruits; but the ſound of the French drum had become ſo diſguſting to the ears of the citizens, that they beheld with indignation the *white cockade* placed in the hats of the deluded peaſants. The Magiſtrate, apprehenſive that this ferment might ultimately cauſe an inſurrection among the people, felt it his duty to forbid

Madame

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Madame de Redin to continue her levies. The lady requeſted he would certify his prohibition in writing; but the Magiſtrate not being diſpoſed to carry matters to this extremity againſt the Court of France, ſhe continued to beat up for the requeſted number of recruits. The inhabitants of the Canton, irritated by this bold defiance of the prohibition, ſummoned a General Diet, and *Madame de Redin* appeared before the Aſſembly of Four Thouſand. "The drum," ſaid ſhe, "ſhall "never ceaſe to ſound, until you give me ſuch a "certificate as may juſtify my huſband to the "French Court for not completing the number "of his men." The Aſſembly accordingly granted her the required certificate, and enjoining her to procure the intereſt and interpoſition of her huſband with the Court in favour of her injured country, waited in anxious expectation that his negociation would produce a favourable iſſue. Unhappily, the Court of Verſailles rejected all ſolicitation on the ſubject, and by this means drove the irritated and impatient inhabitants beyond the bounds of reſtraint. The leading men of the Canton pretended that the new regulation endangered not only their civil liberties, but, what was dearer to them, their religion. The general diſcontent was at length fomented into popular fury. A General Diet was again aſſembled, and it was publicly reſolved not to furniſh the King of France

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France in future with any troops. The Treaty of Alliance concluded in the year 1713 was torn from the Public Regiſter, and *General de Redin* ordered inſtantly to return from France with the ſoldiers under his command, upon pain, if he refuſed, of being irrevocably baniſhed from the Republic. The obedient General obtained permiſſion from the King to depart with his regiment from France, and entering Schwitz, the metropolis of the Canton, at the head of his troops, with drums beating and colours flying, marched immediately to the church, where he depoſited his ſtandards upon the great altar, and falling on his knees, offered up his thanks to God. Riſing from the ground, and turning to his affectionate ſoldiers, who were diſſolved in tears, he diſcharged their arrears of pay, gave them their uniforms and accoutrements, and bid them for ever farewell. The fury of the populace, on perceiving within their power the man whom the whole country conſidered as the perfidious abettor, and traitorous adviſer, of the new regulation, by which the Court of Verſailles had given ſuch a mortal blow to the liberties of the country, greatly increaſed; and he was ordered to diſcloſe before the General Aſſembly the origin of that meaſure, and the means by which it had been carried on, in order that they might learn their relative ſituation with France, and aſcertain the degree of puniſhment that was due

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due to the offender. *Redin*, conſcious that, under the exiſting circumſtances, eloquence would make no impreſſion on minds ſo prejudiced againſt him, contented himſelf with coolly declaring, in a few words, that the cauſe of framing the new regulation was publicly known, and that he was as innocent upon the ſubject as he was ignorant of the cauſe of his diſmiſſion. "*The traitor then will* "*not confeſs!*" exclaimed one of the moſt furious members: "*Hang him on the next tree! Cut him* "*to pieces!*" Theſe menaces were inſtantly repeated throughout the Aſſembly; and while the injured ſoldier continued perfectly tranquil and undiſmayed, a party of the people, more daring than the reſt, jumped upon the Tribune, where he ſtood ſurrounded by the judges. A young man, his godſon, was holding a *parapluie* over his head, to ſhelter him from the rain, which at this moment poured down in inceſſant torrents, when one of the enraged multitude immediately broke the *parapluie* in pieces with his ſtick, exclaiming, "*Let* "*the traitor be uncovered.*" This exclamation conveyed a correſpondent indignation into the boſom of the youth, who inſtantly replied, "*My god-*"*father a betrayer of his country! Oh! I was ig-*"*norant, I aſſure you, of the crime alledged againſt* "*him; but ſince it is ſo, let him periſh. Where is the* "*rope? I will be the firſt to put it round the traitor's* "*neck.*" The Magiſtrates inſtantly formed a circle

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cle round the General, and with uplifted hands exhorted him to avert the impending danger, by confeſſing that he had not oppoſed the meaſures of France with ſufficient zeal, and to offer to the offended people his whole fortune as an atonement for his neglect; repreſenting to him, that theſe were the only means of redeeming his liberty, and perhaps his life. The undaunted ſoldier, with perfect tranquillity and compoſure, walked through the ſurrounding circle to the ſide of the Tribune, and, while the whole Aſſembly anxiouſly expected to hear an ample confeſſion of his guilt, made a ſign of ſilence with his hand: "Fellow Citizens," ſaid he, "you are not ignorant that I have been "two-and-forty years on the French eſtabliſh-"ment. You know, and many among you, who "were with me in the ſervice, can teſtify its "truth, how often I have faced the enemy, and "the manner in which I conducted myſelf in "battle. I conſidered every engagement as the "laſt day of my life. But here I proteſt to you, "in the preſence of that Almighty Being who "knows all our hearts, who liſtens to all our "words, and who will hereafter judge of all our "actions, that I never appeared before an enemy "with a mind more pure, a conſcience more tran-"quil, a heart more innocent, than I at preſent "poſſeſs; and if it is your pleaſure to condemn "me, becauſe I refuſe to confeſs a treachery of

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" which I have not been guilty, I am now ready " to reſign my life into your hands." The dignified demeanour with which the General made this declaration, and the air of truth which accompanied his words, calmed the fury of the Aſſembly, and ſaved his life. Both he and his wife, however, immediately quitted the Canton? ſhe entering into a convent at Uri; and he retiring to a cavern among the rocks, where he lived two years in Solitude. Time, at length, ſubdued the anger of the people, and ſoftened the General's ſenſe of their injuſtice. He returned to the boſom of his country, rewarded its ingratitude by the moſt ſignal ſervices, and made every individual recollect and acknowledge the integrity of their magnanimous countryman. To recompence him for the injuries and injuſtice he had ſuffered, they elected him Bailli, or chief officer, of the Canton; and afforded him an almoſt ſingular inſtance of their conſtancy and affection, by ſucceſſively conferring on him three times this high and important dignity. This is the characteriſtic diſpoſition of the Swiſs who inhabit the Alps; alternately violent and mild; and experiencing, as the extremes of a delighted or vexed imagination happen to prevail, the ſame viciſſitudes as their climate. The rude ſcenes of greatneſs which theſe ſtupendous mountains and vaſt deſarts afford, render the Swiſs violent in ſentiment, and rough in manners; while the tranquil-

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lity of their fields, and the ſmiling beauties of their vallies, ſoften their minds, and render their hearts kind and benevolent.

ENGLISH artiſts confeſs that the aſpect of Nature in Swiſſerland is too ſublime and majeſtic for the pencil of Art faithfully to reach: but how exquiſite muſt be the enjoyments they feel upon thoſe romantic hills, in thoſe delightful vallies, upon the charming borders of thoſe ſtill and tranſparent lakes,* where Nature unfolds her various charms, and appears in her higheſt pomp and ſplendor; where the majeſtic oaks, the deep embowering elms, and dark green firs, which cover and adorn

* It is pleaſant to obſerve in "*Letters on Swiſſerland*," written by Profeſſor *Meiners*, with what exquiſite ſenſibility that Philoſopher deſcribes his enjoyments, in quietly reſigning himſelf to the various emotions of his heart on the borders of the Lake of Biel. "When I am fatigued," ſays he, to one of his friends at Gottingen, "and inclined to contemplate the ſurrounding ob-"jects with ſtudious attention, I ſeat myſelf on ſome verdant "bank, or vine-wall, near which people are continually paſſing; "and I never indulge this diſpoſition without experiencing an "inexpreſſible tranquillity. The laſt time I went there it was "nearly ſix o'clock, and the ſun ſinking behind the ridge of "Jura. The dark green firs with which the mountain, to a "certain height, is entirely covered; the oaks of a brighter ver-"dure which ſucceed them; the vines of ſtill livelier hues, in "the midſt of which I was ſeated; and a conſiderable portion "of the Lake, were already in ſhade; while the oppoſite ſhores "of Biel and Nidaw, and the Glaciers, were ſtill illuminated "by the laſt rays of the ſetting ſun."

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adorn theſe immenſe foreſts, are pleaſingly interſperſed with myrtles, almond-trees, jeſſamines, pomegranates, and vines, which offer their humbler beauties to the view, and variegate the ſcene! Nature is in no country of the globe more rich and various than in Swiſſerland. It was the ſcenery around Zurich, and the beauties of its adjoining lake, that firſt inſpired the *Idylls* of the immortal *Geſſner*.

THESE ſublime beauties, while they elevate and inflame the heart, give greater action and life to the imagination than ſofter ſcenes; in like manner as a fine night affords a more auguſt and ſolemn ſpectacle than the mildeſt day.

In coming from Freſcati, by the borders of the ſmall lake of Nemi, which lies in a deep valley, ſo cloſely ſheltered by mountains and foreſts, that the winds are ſcarcely permitted to diſturb its ſurface, it is impoſſible not to exclaim with the Engliſh poet, that here

"Black *Melancholy* ſits, and round her throws
"A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
"Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
"Shades every flower, and darkens every green;
"Deepens the murmurs of the falling floods,
"And breathes a browner horror on the woods."

POPE—*Eloiſa to Abelard.*

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BUT how the ſoul expands, and every thought becomes ſerene and free, when, from the garden of the Capuchins, near Albano, the eye ſuddenly diſcovers the little melancholy Lake, with Freſcati and all its rural vallies on one ſide; on the other, the handſome city of Albano, the village and caſtle of Riccia, and Genſano, with their hills beautifully adorned with cluſters of the richeſt vines; below the extenſive plains of Campania, in the middle of which Rome, formerly the miſtreſs of the world, raiſes its majeſtic head; and laſtly, beyond all theſe objects, the hills of Tivoli, the Appenines, and the Mediterranean Sea!*

How often, on the approach of ſpring, has the magnificent valley, where the ruins of the reſidence of Rodolpho de Hapſburg riſes upon the ſide of a hill, crowned with woods of variegated verdure, afforded me the pureſt and moſt ineffable delight! There the rapid Aar deſcends in torrents from the lofty mountains; ſometimes forming a vaſt baſin in the vale; at others precipitating through narrow paſſages acroſs the rocks, winding

* A German Lady, poſſeſſed of a very lively imagination, travelled into Italy for the re-eſtabliſhment of her health; and her ſtrength increaſed day after day: but when ſhe found herſelf on the *ſcite* of Albano, ſuch was the effect of the ſcenery I have mentioned, that, in attempting to expreſs to her attendants the emotion it excited, her voice failed, and ſhe remained ſpeechleſs for ſeveral days.

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winding its courſe majeſtically through the middle of the vaſt and fertile plains: on the other ſide the Ruffs, and lower down, the Limmat, bring their tributary ſtreams, and peaceably unite them with the waters of the Aar. In the middle of this rich and verdant ſcene, I beheld the Royal Solitude where the remains of the Emperor ALBERT THE FIRST repoſe in ſilence, with thoſe of many Princes of the Houſe of Auſtria, Counts, Knights, and Gentlemen, killed in battle by the gallant Swiſs. At a diſtance I diſcovered the valley where lie the ruins of the celebrated city of Vindoniſſa,* upon which I have frequently ſat, and reflected upon the vanity of human greatneſs. Beyond this magnificent country ancient caſtles raiſe their lofty heads upon the hills; and the far diſtant horizon is terminated by the ſublime ſummits of the Alps. In the midſt of all this grand ſcenery, my eyes were inſtinctively caſt down into the deep valley immediately below me, and continued fixed upon the little village where I firſt drew my breath.† It is thus that the *ſublime* or *beautiful* operates

* *Vindoniſſa* was a very large and well fortified Roman village, which ſerved as a fortreſs to the *Emperors* againſt the incurſions of the Germans. In this place they kept a very numerous garriſon, to overawe their dangerous neighbours, who frequently eſtabliſhed themſelves on the borders of the Rhine, and pillaged the plains of Aar.

† The little village of Brugg, near the caſtles of Windich and Altenberg.

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operates differently on the heart; the one exciting fear and terror, the other creating only ſoft and agreeable ſenſations; but both tending to enlarge the ſphere of the imagination, and enabling us more completely to ſeek enjoyment within ourſelves.

PLEASURES of this deſcription may, indeed, be enjoyed without viſiting the romantic ſolitudes of either Swiſſerland or Italy. There is no perſon who may not, while he is quietly traverſing the hills and dales, learn to feel how much the aſpects of Nature may, by the aſſiſtance of the imagination, affect the heart. A fine view, the freſhneſs of the air, an unclouded ſky, and the joys of the chaſe, give ſenſations of health, and make every ſtep ſeem too ſhort. The privation of all ideas of dependence, accompanied by domeſtic comfort, uſeful employments, and innocent recreations, produce a ſtrength of thought, and fertility of imagination, which preſent to the mind the moſt agreeable images, and touch the heart with the moſt delightful ſenſations. It is certainly true, that a perſon poſſeſſed of a fine imagination may be much happier in priſon, than he could poſſibly be without imagination amidſt the moſt magnificent ſcenery. But even to a mind deprived of this happy faculty, the loweſt enjoyments of rural life, even the common ſcenery of harveſt time, is capable

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capable of performing miracles on his heart. Alas! who has not experienced, in the hours of languor and diſguſt, the powerful effects which a contemplation of the pleaſures that ſurround the pooreſt peaſant's cot is capable of affording! How fondly the heart participates in all his homely joys! With what freedom, cordiality, and kindneſs, we take him by the hand, and liſten to his innocent and artleſs tales! How ſuddenly do we feel an intereſt in all his little concerns! an intereſt which, while it unveils, refines and ameliorates the latent inclinations of our hearts!

THE country, indeed, furniſhes a variety of pleaſures even to thoſe who, long buried in the ſink of cities, ſcarcely know what real pleaſure is. A French officer, on returning to his native country after a long abſence, exclaimed, "It is "only in rural life that a man can enjoy the trea- "ſures of the heart, himſelf, his wife, his chil- "dren, and his friends. The country poſſeſſes in "every reſpect ſuperior advantages to the town; "pure air, ſmiling proſpects, pleaſant walks, "wholeſome food, ſimple manners, and virtuous "minds: the paſſions unfold themſelves without "injury: the boſom feels the freedom it enjoys, "and reſts on heaven alone: the miſer may be "ſated with the abundant pleaſures which the

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" liberal hand of Nature is there inceſſantly " pouring into his lap; the warrior may follow " that image of war, the chace; the voluptuary " may cultivate the richeſt fruits of the earth; " and the philoſopher may indulge his contempla- " tion in ſilence and in eaſe."—Oh! how ſtrongly this writer moves and intereſts my heart, when he ſays in this affecting paſſage of his work, " I prefer my native fields to every other place; " not becauſe they are more beautiful, but be- " cauſe I was there brought up. The ſpot on " which we paſs our infant days poſſeſſes a ſecret " charm, an inexpreſſible enchantment, ſuperior " to every other enjoyment. No other ſpot on " the face of the earth can equal that in which " the gambols of our infant days were played; " thoſe happy days, which we paſſed without " inquietude or care, and in which the ſoul feels " the higheſt joys and moſt ſatisfactory delights.

" In the days of early youth, the trivial event " of even finding a bird's neſt is capable of afford- " ing unbounded pleaſure. Oh! what happineſs " I have experienced from the careſſes of the little " captive, in teaching it to peck its victuals from " my mouth, while its wings fluttered with grati- " tude, and its thankful heart throbbed through " its breaſt with joy againſt my hand! Happy,

" happy

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" happy is the man who is enabled to retire to the " place of his earlieſt attachment; that place " where he fondly ſympathiſed with all around " him, and where every object pleaſed his eyes; " the meadows in which he ran and leaped, the " orchards that he uſed to pillage."

Theſe ſentiments evince that, at every period of our exiſtence, ſequeſtered groves, and the freedom and tranquillity of rural life, raviſh the ſoul, and induce us to exclaim, with the ſacred orator, " Happy is the wiſe and virtuous man, who in " rural retirement knows how to enjoy his tran- " quillity with true dignity and perfect eaſe, in- " dependent of every thing around him! How " preferable is this happy calm to the deafening " clamours, the falſe joys, the deceitful glare of " faſhionable life! What refined, noble, generous " ſentiments riſe and unfold themſelves in retire- " ment, which, during the din of buſineſs, and the " diſſipation of pleaſure, lie dormant in the ſoul, " fearful of the contemptuous ſneers of wicked " and unthinking minds!" Oh! my beloved *Zollikofer*,* I have experienced in the pleaſures of a retired domeſtic life, the truth of thoſe doctrines you promulgated at Leipſic; thoſe

* A celebrated German Preacher.

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uſeful doctrines, which, diſregarding a cold and ſterile theology, inculcate wiſe and virtuous precepts, that warm and ameliorate the heart. I have, in the boſom of retirement, ſeen what you deſcribed—the man of buſineſs forget his vexations, pour his anxieties into the boſom of friendſhip, ſurrender his feelings to the charms of conſolation. I have ſeen the ſtudious man, abandoning his recondite and laborious reſearches, eſcape from the labyrinth, and find in the innocent and ſimple enjoyments of his children, and thoſe about him, more happineſs, tranquillity, cordial ſenſation, and intellectual delight, than even the arts and ſciences are capable of affording. I have there ſeen each individual obtain approbation and praiſe from perſons whoſe approbation and praiſes it was his higheſt felicity to deſerve. I have there ſeen the unfortunate relieved, the wretched made happy, the wanderer put into the right way. I have there ſeen, in ſhort, men of every caſt and character, find, by degrees, ſatisfaction and content.

THE tranquillity of retired life, and the view of rural ſcenes, frequently produce a quietude of diſpoſition, which, while it renders the noiſy pleaſures of the world inſipid, enables the heart

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to ſeek the charms of Solitude with increaſed delight.

THE happy indolence peculiar to Italians, who, under the pleaſures of an unclouded ſky, are always poor, but never miſerable, greatly augments the feelings of the heart: the mildneſs of the climate, the fertility of their ſoil, their peaceful religion, and their contented nature, compenſate for every thing. Doctor *Moore*, an Engliſh traveller, ſays, that "the Italians are "the greateſt loungers in the world; and, while "walking in the fields, or ſtretched in the "ſhade, ſeem to enjoy the ſerenity and genial "warmth of their climate with a degree of luxurious indulgence peculiar to themſelves. "Without ever running into the daring exceſſes of the Engliſh, or diſplaying the friſky "vivacity of the French, or the ſtubborn "phlegm of the Germans, the Italian populace "diſcover a ſpecies of ſedate ſenſibility to every "ſource of enjoyment, from which, perhaps, "they derive a greater degree of happineſs than "any of the other."

RELIEVED from every afflicting and tormenting object, it is, perhaps, impoſſible for the mind not to reſign itſelf to agreeable chimeras and romantic ſentiments: but this ſituation, notwithſtanding

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ſtanding theſe diſadvantages, has its fair ſide. Romantic ſpeculations may lead the mind into certain extravagancies and errors, from whence baſe and contemptible paſſions may be engendered; may habituate it to a light and frivolous ſtyle of thinking; and, by preventing it from directing its faculties to rational ends, may obſcure the proſpect of true happineſs; for the ſoul cannot eaſily quit the illuſion on which it dwells with ſuch fond delight: the ordinary duties of life, with its more noble and ſubſtantial pleaſures, are perhaps thereby obſtructed: but it is very certain that romantic ſentiments do not always render the mind that poſſeſſes them unhappy. Who, alas! is ſo completely happy *in reality* as he frequently has been *in imagination!*

ROUSSEAU, who, in the early part of his life, was extremely fond of *romances*, feeling his mind hurried away by a love of thoſe *imaginary objects* with which that ſpecies of compoſition abounds, and perceiving the facility with which they may be contemplated, withdrew his attention from every thing about him, and by this circumſtance laid the foundation of that taſte for Solitude which he preſerved to an advanced period of his life;* a taſte

* *Dr. Johnſon*, when a boy, was immoderately fond of reading romances of Chivalry, and retained his fondneſs for this ſpecies of

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taſte in appearance dictated by depreſſion and diſguſt, and attributed by him to the irreſiſtible impulſe of an affectionate, fond, and tender heart, which, not being able to find in the regions of philoſophy and truth, ſentiments ſufficiently warm and animated, was conſtrained to ſeek its enjoyments in the regions of fiction.

But the imagination may, in retirement, indulge its wanderings to a certain degree, without the riſque of injuring either the ſentiments of the mind, or the ſenſations of the heart. Oh! if the friends of my youth in Swiſſerland knew how frequently during the ſilence of the night, I paſs with them thoſe hours which are allotted to ſleep; if they were apprized that neither time nor abſence can efface the remembrance of their former kindneſs from my mind, and that this pleaſing recollection tends to diſſipate my grief, and to caſt the veil of oblivion over my woes; they would, perhaps, alſo rejoice to find that I ſtill live among

of compoſition throughout his life. Spending part of a ſummer at the parſonage houſe of *Dr. Percy*, the Biſhop of Dromore, he choſe for his regular reading the old Spaniſh romance of *Felixmarte of Hircania*, in folio, which he read quite through. But he frequently attributed to thoſe extravagant fictions that unſettled turn of mind which prevented his ever fixing in any profeſſion. *Boſwell's* Life of *Johnſon*, vol. i. p. 26. 8vo. edition.

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them in imagination, though I may be dead to them in reality.

A SOLITARY man whose heart is warmed with refined and noble sentiments cannot be unhappy. While the stupid vulgar bewail his fate, and conceive him to be the victim of corroding care and loathed melancholy, he frequently tastes the most delightful pleasure. The French entertained a notion that *Rousseau* was a man of a gloomy and dejected disposition; but he was certainly not so for many years of his life, particularly when he wrote to *M. de Malesherbes*, the Chancellor's son, in the following terms: "I cannot express to "you, Sir, how sensibly I am affected by perceiv- "ing that you think me the most unhappy of "mankind; for as the Public will, no doubt, en- "tertain the same sentiment of me as you do, it is "to me a source of real affliction! Oh! if my "sentiments were universally known, every in- "dividual would endeavour to follow my example. "Peace would then reign throughout the world; "men would no longer seek to destroy each other; "and wickedness, by removing the great incen- "tives to it, no longer exist. But it may be asked, "how I could find enjoyment in Solitude? I an- "swer, in my own mind; in the whole universe; "in every thing that does, in every thing that can "exist; in all that the eye finds beautiful in the "real,

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" real, or the imagination in the intellectual " world. I aſſemble about me every thing that " is flattering to the heart, and regulate my " pleaſures by the moderation of my deſires. " No! The moſt voluptuous have never expe- " rienced ſuch refined delights; and I have al- " ways enjoyed my chimeras much more than if " they had been realized."

THIS is certainly the language of enthuſiaſm: but, ye ſtupid vulgar! who would not prefer the warm fancy of this amiable philoſopher to your cold and creeping underſtandings? who would not willingly renounce your vague converſation, your deceitful felicities, your boaſted urbanity, your noiſy aſſemblies, puerile paſtimes, and inveterate prejudices, for a quiet and contented life in the boſom of a happy family? who would not rather ſeek in the ſilence of the woods, or upon the daiſied borders of a peaceful lake, thoſe pure and ſimple pleaſures of Nature, ſo delicious in recollection, and productive of joys ſo pure, ſo affecting, ſo different from your own?

ECLOGUES, which are repreſentations of rural happineſs in its higheſt perfection, are alſo *fictions;* but they are fictions of the moſt pleaſing and agreeable kind. True felicity muſt be ſought in retirement, where the ſoul, diſengaged from the

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torments of the world, no longer feels thoſe artificial deſires which render it unhappy both in proſpect and fruition. Content with little, ſatisfied with all, ſurrounded by love and innocence, we perceive in retirement *the golden age*, as deſcribed by the poets, revived; while in the world every one regrets its loſs. The regret, however, is unjuſt; for thoſe enjoyments were not peculiar to that happy period; and each individual may, whenever he pleaſes, form his own Arcadia. The beauties of a chryſtal ſpring, a ſilent grove, a daiſied meadow, chaſten the feelings of the heart, and afford at all times, to thoſe who have a taſte for Nature, a permanent and pure delight.

"THE origin of poetry," ſays *Pope*, "is "aſcribed to that age which ſucceeded the cre- "ation of the world: as the keeping of flocks "ſeems to have been the firſt employment of "mankind, the moſt ancient ſort of poetry was "probably *paſtoral*. It is natural to imagine, "that the leiſure of theſe ancient ſhepherds ad- "mitting and inviting ſome diverſion, none was ſo "proper to that ſolitary and ſedentary life as "ſinging, and that in their ſongs they took occa- "ſion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence "a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved "to a perfect image of that happy time, which, "by giving us an eſteem for the virtues of a for- "mer

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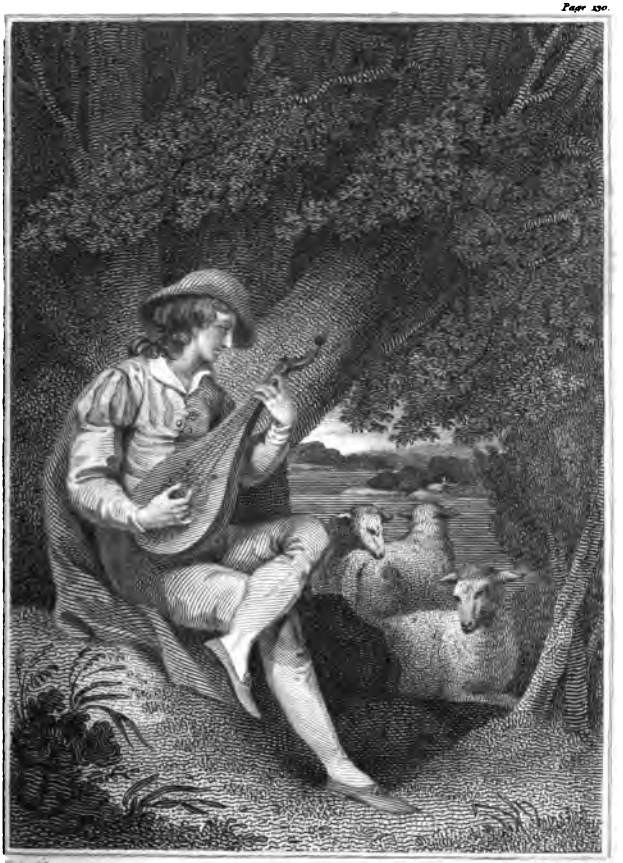

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" mer age, might recommend them to the pre-
" ſent."

THESE agreeable though fictitious deſcriptions of the age of innocence and virtue, communicate joy and gladneſs to our hearts; and we bleſs the poet, who, in the ecſtaſy of his felicity, contributes to render others as happy as himſelf. Sicily and Zurich have produced two of theſe benefactors to mankind. The aſpect of Nature never appears more charming, the boſom never heaves with ſuch ſweet delight, the heart never beats more pleaſantly, the ſoul never feels more perfect happineſs, than is produced by reading the *Idylls* of *Theocritus* and *Geſſner*.* BY

* Perhaps no writer throughout Europe has more judiciouſly criticiſed the *Idylls* of *Geſſner* than the incomparable *Dr. Blair*, in his " Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres," where he ſays, " Of all the moderns, *M. Geſſner*, a poet of Swifferland, has been " moſt ſucceſsful in his paſtoral compoſitions. He has introduced " into his *Idylls* (as he entitles them) many new ideas. His " rural ſcenery is often ſtriking, and his deſcriptions are lively. He " preſents paſtoral life to us with all the embelliſhments of which " it is ſuſceptible; but without any exceſs of refinement. What " forms the chief merit of this poet is, that he writes to the heart, " and has enriched the ſubject of his *Idylls* with incidents which " give riſe to much tender ſentiment. Scenes of domeſtic felicity " are beautifully painted. The mutual affection of huſbands and " wives, of parents and children, of brothers and ſiſters, as well as " of lovers, are diſplayed in a pleaſing and touching manner. From " not underſtanding the language in which *M. Geſſner* writes,

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By these easy simple modes the beauties of Nature are made, by the assistance of the imagination, to operate forcibly on the heart. The mind, indeed, drawn away by these agreeable images, often resigns itself too easily to the illusions of romance; but the ideas they create generally amend the heart without injuring the understanding, and spread some of the sweetest flowers along the most thorny paths of human life.

LEISURE, the highest happiness upon earth, is seldom enjoyed with perfect satisfaction, except in Solitude. Indolence and indifference do not always afford leisure; for true leisure is frequently found in that interval of relaxation which divides a painful duty from an agreeable recreation; a toilsome business from the more agreeable occupations of literature and philosophy. *P. Scipio* was of this opinion when he said, *that he was never less idle than when he had most leisure*, and that *he never was less alone, than when alone*. Leisure is not to be considered a state of intellectual torpidity, but a new incentive to further activity; it is sought by strong and energic minds, not as *an end*, but as *a means* of restoring lost activity; for whoever seeks happiness

" I can be no judge of the style of his poetry; but in the sub-
" ject and conduct of his pastorals, he appears to me to have
" outdone all the moderns.

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happineſs in a ſituation merely quieſcent, ſeeks for a phantom that will elude his graſp. Leiſure will never be found in mere reſt, but will follow thoſe who ſeize the firſt impulſe to activity; in which, however, ſuch employments as beſt ſuit the extent and nature of different capacities, muſt be preferred to thoſe which promiſe compenſation without labour, and enjoyment without pain.

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who juſtly, in return,
Eſteems that buſy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful induſtry! enjoy'd at home,
And Nature, in her cultivated trim,
Dreſs'd to his taſte, inviting him abroad;
Can he want occupation who has theſe?
Will he be idle who has much t' enjoy?
Me, therefore, ſtudious of laborious eaſe,
Not ſlothful; happy to deceive the time,
Not waſte it; and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with uſe,
When he ſhall call his debtors to account,
From whom are all our bleſſings, buſineſs find
E'en here: while ſedulous I ſeek t' improve,
At leaſt neglect not, or leave unemploy'd,
The mind he gave me; driving it, tho' ſlack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work,
By cauſes not to be divulg'd in vain,
To its juſt point, the *Saviour of Mankind.*

THUS

THUS rural retirement dries up thoſe ſtreams of diſcontent which flow ſo plentifully through public life; changes moſt frequently the bittereſt feelings into the ſweeteſt pleaſures; and inſpires an ecſtaſy and content unknown to the votaries of the world. The tranquillity of Nature buries in oblivion the criminal inclinations of the heart; renders it blithe, tender, ōpen, and confident; and, by wiſely managing the paſſions, and preventing an overheated imagination from fabricating fancied woes, ſtrengthens in it every virtuous ſenſation.

THE Solitude which is neceſſary to produce this advantage cannot in towns be conveniently practiſed. It ſeems, indeed, no very difficult taſk for a man to retire into his chamber, and, by ſilent contemplation, to raiſe his mind above the mean conſideration of ſenſual objects; but few men have ſufficient reſolution to perform it; for, within doors, matters of buſineſs every moment occur, and interrupt the chain of reflection; and without, whether alone or in company, a variety of accidents may occaſionally happen, which will confound our vain wiſdom, aggravate the painful feelings of the heart, and weaken the finer powers of the mind.

ROUSSEAU

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ROUSSEAU was always miſerable during his reſidence at Paris. This extraordinary genius, it is true, wrote his immortal works in that agitated metropolis; but the moment he quitted his ſtudy, and wandered through the ſtreets, his mind was bewildered by a variety of heterogeneous ſentiments, his recollection vaniſhed; and this brilliant writer, and profound philoſopher, who was ſo intimately acquainted with the moſt intricate labyrinths of the human heart, was reduced to the condition of a child.* But in the *country* we iſſue

* *Boileau*, in his Epiſtle to *M. de Lamoignon*, the Advocate General of France, has ſo happily expreſſed theſe ſentiments in poetry, that we think no apology neceſſary for inſerting them.

" Qu' heureux eſt le mortel, qui du monde ignorè
Vit content de ſoi meme en un coin retirè!
Que l'amour de ce rien, qu'on nomme, Renommèe,
N'a jamais enyvrè d'une vaine fumée,
Qui de ſa libertè forme tout ſon plaiſir,
Et ne tend quà lui ſeul compte de ſon loiſir!
Il n'a point à ſouffrir d'affrontes ne d'injuſtices,
Et du peuple inconſtant il brave les caprices.
Mais nous autres faiſeures de livres et d'ecrits,
Sur le bords du PERMESSE aux loüanges nourris,
Nous ne ſçaurions briſer nos fers et nos entraves;
Du Lecteur dédaigneux honorables eſclaves.
Du rang oú notre eſprit une fois s'eſt fait voir,
Sans un facheux éclat nous ne ſçaurions déchoir.
Le Public enrichi du tribut de nos veilles,
Croit qu'on doit adjóuter merveilles ſur merveilles.

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iſſue from the houſe in perfect ſafety, and feel increaſing cheerfulneſs and ſatisfaction. Tired with meditation, the rural recluſe has only to open the doors of his ſtudy, and enjoy his walk, while tranquillity attends his ſteps, and new pleaſures preſent themſelves to his view on every turn. Beloved by all around him, he extends his hand with cordial affection to every man he meets. Nothing occurs to vex and irritate his mind. He runs no riſk of being tortured by the ſupercilious behaviour of ſome haughty female, proud of her deſcent, or of enduring the arrogant egotiſm of an upſtart peer; is in no danger of being cruſhed beneath the rolling carriages of Indian Nabobs: nor dares frontleſs vice, on the authority of mouldy parchments, attack his property; or preſumptuous ignorance offer the leaſt indignity to his modeſt virtue.

A MAN, indeed, by avoiding the tumultuous intercourſe of ſociety, and deriving his comforts from

Au comble parvenus il veut que nous croiſſons :
Il veut en vielliſant que nous rejeuniſſons.
Cependant tout décroit, et moi meme à que l'age
D'aucune ride encor n'a flétrè le viſage,
Deja moins plein de feu, pour animer ma voix,
J'ai beſoin de ſilence et de l'ombre des bois.
Ma Muſe qui ſe plait dans leur routes perdues,
Ne ſçauroit plus marcher ſur le pavè des rues.
Ce n'eſt que dans ces bois propres à m'exciter,
Qu' Apollon quelquefois daigne encor m'ecouter.

Boileau, Ep. VI.

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from his own breaſt, may, even in Paris, or any other metropolis, avoid theſe unpleaſant apprehenſions, if his nerves be firm, and his conſtitution ſtrong; for to a frame disjointed by nervous affections, every object is irritating, and every paſſion tremblingly alive. The *paſſions* are the gales by which man muſt ſteer his courſe through the troubled ocean of life; they fill the ſails which give motion to the ſoul; and when they become turbulent and impetuous, the veſſel is always in danger, and generally runs a-ground. The petty cares and trifling vexations of life, however, give but ſhort-lived diſturbance to a heart free from remorſe. Philoſophy teaches us to forget paſt uneaſineſs, to forbear idle ſpeculations of approaching felicity, and to reſt contented with preſent comforts, without refining away our exiſting happineſs, by wiſhing that which is really good to be ſtill better. Every thing is much better than we imagine. A mind too anxious in the expectation of happineſs is ſeldom ſatisfied, and generally mixes with its higheſt fruition a certain portion of diſcontent. The ſtream of content muſt flow from a deliberate diſpoſition in our own minds to learn what is good, and a determined reſolution to ſeek for, and enjoy it, however ſmall the portion may be.

THE content, however, which men in general ſo

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ſo confidently expect to find in rural retirement, is not to be acquired by viewing objects either with indiſcriminate admiration or ſupine indifference. He who without labour, and without a ſyſtem of conduct previouſly digeſted and arranged, hopes for happineſs in Solitude, will yawn with equal fatigue at his cottage in the country, and his manſion in town; while he who keeps himſelf continually employed, may in the deepeſt Solitude, by the mere dint of labour, attain true tranquillity and happineſs.*

PETRARCH,

* *Charles the Fifth*, during his celebrated Solitude in Eſtramadura, ſometimes cultivated the plants in his garden with his own hands; ſometimes he rode out to the neighbouring wood on a little horſe, the only one that he kept, attended by a ſingle ſervant on foot. When his infirmities confined him to his apartment, which often happened, he either admitted a few gentlemen who reſided near the monaſtery to viſit him, or employed himſelf in ſtudying mechanical principles, and in forming curious works of mechaniſm. He relieved his mind at intervals with ſlighter and more fantaſtic works of mechaniſm; in faſhioning puppets, which, by the ſtructure of internal ſprings, mimicked the geſtures and actions of men, to the aſtoniſhment of the ignorant monks, who, beholding movements which they could not comprehend, ſometimes diſtruſted their own ſenſes, and ſometimes ſuſpected him of being in compact with inviſible powers. He was particularly curious with regard to the conſtruction of clocks and watches; and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike, he reflected, it is ſaid, with a mixture of ſurpriſe as well as regret, on his own folly, in having beſtowed ſo much time and labour on the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to a preciſe uniformity of

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PETRARCH, in his Solitude at Vaucluſe, would have experienced this tranquillity, if his boſom had not been diſturbed by love; for he perfectly underſtood the art of managing his time. "I riſe," ſaid he, "before the ſun, and on the approach of "day wander contemplatively along the fields, or "retire to ſtudy. I read, I write, I think. I "vanquiſh indolence, baniſh ſleep, avoid luxury, "and forget ſenſuality. From morning till night "I climb the barren mountains, traverſe the "humid vallies, ſeek the deepeſt caves, or walk, "accompanied only by my thoughts, along the "banks of my river. I have no ſociety to diſtract "my mind; and men daily become leſs annoying "to me; for I place them either far before or far "behind me. I recollect what is paſſed, and con-"template on what is to come. I have found an "excellent expedient to detach my mind from "the world. I cultivate a fondneſs for my place "of reſidence, and I am perſuaded that I could "be happy any where except at Avignon. In "my retreat at Vaucluſe, where I am at preſent, "I occaſionally find Athens, Rome, or Flo-"rence,

of ſentiment concerning the profound and myſterious doctrine of religion. But in what manner ſoever *Charles* diſpoſed of the reſt of his time, he conſtantly reſerved a conſiderable portion of it for religious exerciſes. He regularly attended divine ſervice in the chapel of the monaſtery every morning and evening: he took great pleaſure in reading books of devotion, and converſed much on pious ſubjects.

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" rence, as the one or the other of thoſe places " happens to pleaſe the prevailing diſpoſition of " my mind. Here I enjoy all my friends, as " well thoſe with whom I have actually lived, " as thoſe who have long ſince entered the vale " of death, and of whom I have no knowledge, " but what their works afford."

WHAT character, however luxurious, ever felt the ſame content at any ſplendid entertaiment as *Rouſſeau* experienced in his humble meal! " I return home," ſays he, " with tired feet, but " with a contented mind, and experience the " calmeſt repoſe in reſigning myſelf to the impreſ- " ſion of objects, without exerciſing thought, in- " dulging imagination, or doing any thing to in- " terrupt the peaceful felicity of my ſituation. " The table is ready ſpread on my lawn, and fur- " niſhed with refreſhments. Surrounded by my " ſmall and happy family, I eat my ſupper with " healthy appetite, and without any appearance " of ſervitude or dependence to annoy the love and " kindneſs by which we are united. My faithful " dog is not a ſubſervient ſlave, but a firm friend, " from whom, as we always feel the ſame inclina- " tion, I never exact obedience. The gaiety of my " mind throughout the evening teſtifies that I " lived alone throughout the day; for, being ſel- " dom pleaſed with others, and never, when viſitors

" have

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Rouſseau contemplating the wild Beauties of Switzerland.

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Publiſh'd by Vernor and Hood. March 20 1793

" have disturbed me, with myself, I sit during the " whole evening of the day, when company has " interrupted me, either grumbling or in silence. " So at least my good housekeeper has remarked; " and since she mentioned it, I have, from my " own observation, found it universally true. " Having thus made my humble and cheerful " meal, I take a few turns round my little garden, " or play some favourite air upon my spinette, " and experience upon my pillow a soft content, " more sweet, if possible, than even undisturbed " repose."

At the village of Richterswyl, situated a few leagues from Zurich, and surrounded by every object the most smiling, beautiful, and romantic that Switzerland presents, dwells a celebrated Physician. His soul, like the scenery of Nature which surrounds him, is tranquil and sublime. His habitation is the temple of health, of friendship, and of every peaceful virtue. The village rises on the borders of the lake, at a place where two projecting points form a fine bay of nearly half a league. On the opposite shores, the lake, which is not quite a league in extent, is enclosed from the north to the east by pleasant hills covered with vineyards, intermixed with fertile meadows, orchards, fields, groves, and thickets, with little hamlets, churches, villas, and cottages scattered

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ſcattered up and down the ſcene. A wide and magnificent amphitheatre, which no artiſt has yet attempted to paint, except in detached ſcenes, opens itſelf from the eaſt to the ſouth. The view towards the higher part of the lake, which on this ſide is four leagues long, preſents to the eye jutting points of land, detached aytes, the little town of Rapperſchwyl, built on the ſide of a hill, and a bridge which reaches from one ſide of the lake to the other. Beyond the town the inexhauſtible valley extends itſelf in a half circle to the ſight; and upon the fore-ground riſes a peak of land which ſwells as it extends into beautiful hills. Behind them, at the diſtance of about half a league, is a range of mountains covered with trees and verdure, and interſperſed with villages and detached houſes; beyond which, at a ſtill greater diſtance, are diſcovered the fertile and majeſtic Alps twiſted one among the other, and exhibiting, alternately, ſhades of the lighteſt and darkeſt azure; and in the back-ground high rocks, covered with eternal ſnows, lift their towering heads, and touch the ſkies. On the ſouth ſide of this rich, enchanting, and incomparable ſcene, the amphitheatre is extended by another range of mountains reaching towards the weſt; and at the feet of theſe mountains, on the borders of the lake, lies the village of Richterſwyl, ſurrounded by rich fallows and fertile paſtures, and overhung by foreſts

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of firs. The ſtreets of the village, which in itſelf is extremely clean, are neatly paved; and the houſes, which are moſtly built of ſtone, are painted on the outſide. Pleaſant walks are formed along the banks of the lake, and lead quite round the town, through groves of fruit-trees, and ſhady foreſts, up to the very ſummits of the hills. The traveller, ſtruck with the ſublime and beautiful ſcenery that every where ſurrounds him, ſtops to contemplate with eager curioſity the increaſing beauties which raviſh his ſight; and while his boſom ſwells with exceſs of pleaſure, his ſuſpended breath beſpeaks his fear of interrupting the fulneſs of his delight. Every acre of this charming country is in the higheſt ſtate of cultivation and improvement. Every hand is at work: and men, women, and children, of every age, and of every deſcription, are all uſefully employed.

THE two houſes of the Phyſician are each of them ſurrounded by a garden; and, although ſituated in the center of the village, are as rurally ſequeſtered as if they had been built in the boſom of the country. Through the gardens, and cloſe beneath the chamber of my valued friend, runs a pure and limpid ſtream, on the oppoſite ſide of which, at an agreeable diſtance, is the high road; where, almoſt daily, numbers of pilgrims ſucceſſively paſs in their way

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way to the *Hermitage*. From the windows of theſe houſes, and from every part of the gardens, you behold, towards the ſouth, at the diſtance of about a league, the majeſtic Ezelberg rear its lofty head, which is concealed in foreſts of deep green firs; while on its declivity hangs a neat little village, with a handſome church, upon the ſteeple of which the ſun ſuſpends his departing rays, and ſhews its career is nearly finiſhed. In the front is the lake of Zurich, whoſe peaceful water is ſecured from the violence of tempeſts, and whoſe tranſparent ſurface reflects the beauties of its delightful banks.

DURING the ſilence of night, if you repair to the chamber windows of this enchanting manſion, or walk through its gardens, to taſte the exhaling fragrance of the ſhrubs and flowers, while the moon, riſing in unclouded majeſty over the ſummits of the mountains, reflect on the ſmooth ſurface of the water a broad beam of light, you hear, during this awful ſleep of nature, the ſound of the village clocks echoing from the oppoſite ſhores; and, on the Richterſwyl ſide, the ſhrill proclamation of the watchmen, blended occaſionally with the barkings of the faithful houſe-dog. At a diſtance you hear the little boats gently gliding along the ſtream, dividing the water with their oars,

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oars, and perceive them, as they croſs the moon's tranſlucent beam, playing among the ſparkling waves.

RICHES and *luxury* are no where to be ſeen in the happy habitation of this wiſe philanthropiſt. His chairs are made of ſtraw; his tables are worked from the wood of the country; and the plates and diſhes on which he entertains his friends are all of earthen-ware. Neatneſs and convenience reign throughout. Drawings, paintings, and engravings, of which he has a large well-choſen collection, are his ſole expence. The earlieſt beams of Aurora light the humble apartment where this philoſophic ſage ſleeps in undiſturbed repoſe, and awake him to new enjoyments every day. As he riſes from his bed, the cooing of the turtle doves, and the morning ſongs of various kinds of birds, who make their nightly neſts in an adjoining aviary, ſalute his ear, and welcome his approach. The firſt hour of the morning, and the laſt at night, are ſacred to himſelf; but he devotes all the intermediate hours of every day to a ſick and afflicted multitude, who daily attend him for advice and aſſiſtance. The benevolent exerciſe of his profeſſional ſkill, indeed, engroſſes almoſt every moment of his life, but it conſtitutes his higheſt happineſs and joy. The inhabitants of the mountains of Swiſſerland,

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and of the vallies of the Alps, flock to his houſe, and endeavour in vain to find language capable of expreſſing to him the grateful feelings of their hearts for the favours they receive from him. Convinced of his affection, ſatisfied of his medical ſkill, and believing that *the good Doctor* is equally well acquainted with every ſubject, they liſten with the deepeſt attention to his words, anſwer all his inquiries without the leaſt heſitation or reſerve, treaſure up his advice and counſel with more ſolicitude than if they were grains of gold; and depart from his preſence with more regret, comfort, hope, reſignation, and virtuous feeling, than if they had quitted their Confeſſor at the Hermitage. It may perhaps be conceived that, after a day ſpent in this manner, the happineſs which this friend to mankind muſt feel cannot in any degree be increaſed. But, when a ſimple, innocent, and ingenuous country girl, whoſe mind has been almoſt diſtracted by the fear of loſing her beloved huſband, enters his ſtudy, and ſeizing him with tranſport by the hand, joyfully exclaims, "*Oh! Sir, my dear huſband, ill as he* "*was only two days ſince, is now quite recovered.* "*Oh! my dear Sir, how, how ſhall I thank you!*" this philanthropic character feels that tranſcending felicity which ought to fill the boſom of a Monarch in rendering happineſs to his people.

Or

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OF this description is the country of Switzerland where Doctor *Hotze*, the ablest physician of the present age, resides; a physician and philosopher, whose variety of knowledge, profound judgment, and great experience, have raised him to an equal eminence with *Tissot* and *Hirtzel*, the dearest friends of my heart. It is in this manner that he passes the hours of his life, with uniformity and happiness. Surrounded, except during the two hours I have already mentioned, by a crowd of unfortunate fellow-creatures, who look up to him for relief, his mind, active and full of vigour, never knows repose; but his labours are richly rewarded by the high and refined felicity which fills his heart. Palaces, alas! seldom contain such characters. Individuals, however, of every description may cultivate and enjoy an equal degree of felicity, although they do not reside among scenes so delightful as those which surround my beloved *Hotze* at Richterswyl, as those of the convent of Capuchins near Albano, or as those which surround the rural retreat of my Sovereign *George the Third* at Windsor.

CONTENT can only be found in the tranquility of the heart; and in Solitude the bosom gladly opens to receive this wished-for inmate, and to welcome its attendant virtues. While Nature smiles around us, decorated in all its beauties, the

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heart expands to the cheering ſcene; every object appears in the moſt favourable and pleaſing point of view; our ſouls overflow with kind affections; the antipathies created by the ingratitude of the world inſtantly vaniſh; we even forget the vain, the wicked, the profligate characters with whom we were mixed; and being perfectly at peace with ourſelves, we feel ourſelves at peace with all mankind. But in ſociety, the rancorous contentions which jarring intereſts daily create, the heavy yoke which ſubordination is continually impoſing, "the oppreſſor's wrong, the proud "man's contumely," and the ſhocks which reaſon and good ſenſe hourly receive from fools in power, and inſolent ſuperiors,* ſpread torrents of miſery over human life, embitter the happineſs of their more worthy though inferior fellow-creatures, poiſon all pleaſure, break through ſocial order, ſpread thorns in the paths of virtue, and render the world a vale of tears.

BLOCKHEADS

* "An acute Frenchman has remarked, that the modeſt deportment of a really wiſe man, when contraſted with the aſſuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which while its ear is empty holds up its head proudly; but as ſoon as it is filled with grain, bends modeſtly down, and withdraws from obſervation. He might, however, have added, that when the ears are filled with conceit inſtead of wiſdom, which too often happens, the head is ſtill borne up with all the pride of emptineſs." *Andrews's Anecdotes*

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BLOCKHEADS in power are, of all other characters, the moſt baneful and injurious; they confound all juſt diſtinctions; miſtake one quality for another; degrade every perſon and thing to their own level; and, in ſhort, change white into black, and black into white. To eſcape from the perſecution of ſuch characters, men even of fine talents, and ingenuous diſpoſitions, muſt act like the fox of *Saadi*, the Perſian poet.* A perſon one

* SAADI, the Perſian poet and philoſopher, was born at Schiraz, the capital of Perſia Proper, about the beginning of the twelfth century. Being driven from his country by the ravages of the Turks, he wandered through various ſcenes during a period of forty years, and was at length taken priſoner by the Franks in the Holy Land, and condemned to work on the fortifications of Tripoli. A merchant of Aleppo redeemed him from ſlavery, and gave him, with *a hundred ſequins*, his daughter's hand in marriage. Her petulance and ill-humour rendered him more miſerable than he had ever been during his long and painful captivity. One day ſhe aſked him whether he was not the ſlave her father had redeemed for *ten ſequins*. "Yes," replied *Saadi*, "but he ſold me again for *one hundred*." This ingenious philoſopher had a friend, who, being ſuddenly elevated to an important poſt, was reſorted to and complimented by all the citizens except *Saadi*. "Theſe people," ſaid he, "crowd around him merely on account of his dignity; but I ſhall go when his office has expired, and then I am ſure I ſhall go alone." A man who had quitted the ſociety of *the Derviſes* for that of *the Philoſophers*, aſked *Saadi* what difference he thought there was between their characters. "Both of them," replied he, "ſwim acroſs a turbulent ſtream with their reſpective brethren. *The Derviſe* ſeparates himſelf from the reſt to ſwim with greater ſafety, and arrives in ſolitude on ſhore; but the true *Philoſopher* continues in ſociety, ready to lend an helping hand to his brethren in diſtreſs."

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day obſerving a fox running with uncommon ſpeed to earth, called out to him, "Reynard, "where are you running in ſo great a hurry? "Have you been doing any miſchief, for which "you are apprehenſive of puniſhment?"—"No, "Sir," replied the fox; "my conſcience is per- "fectly clear, and does not reproach me with "any thing; but I have juſt overheard the hun- "ters wiſh that they had *a Camel* to hunt this "morning."—"Well, but how does that con- "cern you? You are not *a Camel*."—"Oh, my "good Sir," replied the fox, "are you not "aware that ſagacious heads have always ene- "mies at their heels? and if any one ſhould "point me out to theſe ſportſmen, and cry, *There "runs a Camel*, they would immediately ſeize "me, without examining whether I was really "the kind of animal the informer had deſcribed "me to be." Reynard was certainly right in his concluſion; for men are in general wicked in proportion as they are ignorant or envious, and the only means of eluding their miſchievous intentions is to keep out of their way.

THE ſimplicity, regularity and ſerenity which accompany retirement, moderate the warmeſt tempers, guard the heart againſt the intruſion of inordinate deſires, and at length render it invulnerable to the ſhafts of malice and detraction; while the ſelf-

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ſelf-examination it neceſſarily impoſes, teaches us, by exhibiting to our view our own defects, to do juſtice to the ſuperior merit of others. The delightful retreats of Lauſanne exhibit every where captivating examples of domeſtic felicity. The induſtrious citizen, after having faithfully performed his daily taſk, is ſure of experiencing, on his return at evening to his wife and children, real comfort and unalloyed content. The voice of ſlander, the neglect of ingratitude, the contempt of ſuperiors, and all the mortifications attendant upon worldly intercourſe, are forgot the moment he beholds his happy family ready with open arms to receive him, and to beſtow upon their friend and benefactor the fond careſſes he ſo juſtly merits. With what exquiſite delight his beating boſom feels their rapturous affection! If his mind has been vexed by the croſſes of life, the oſtentation of courts, the inſolence of riches, the arrogance of power, or his temper irritated and ſoured by the baſe practices of fraud, falſehood, or hypocriſy, he no ſooner mixes with thoſe whom he cheriſhes and ſupports, than a genial warmth re-animates his dejected heart, the tendereſt ſentiments inſpire his ſoul; and the truth, the freedom, the probity, and the innocence by which he is ſurrounded, tranquillize his mind, and reconcile him to his humble lot. Oh! obſerve him, all ye who are placed in more elevated ſtations, whether ye en-

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joy the confidence of ſtateſmen, are the beloved companions of the great, the admired favourites of the fair, the envied leaders of the public taſte, of high birth, or of ample fortunes; for if your rich and ſplendid homes be the ſeats of jealouſy and diſcord, and the boſoms of your families ſtrangers to that content which the wiſe and virtuous feel within walls of clay, and under roofs of humble thatch, you are, in compariſon, poor indeed.

O, friendly to the beſt purſuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domeſtic life in rural leiſure paſs'd!
Few know thy value, and few taſte thy ſweets,
Though many boaſt thy favours, and affect
To underſtand and chooſe thee for thy own.

Gives not the hawthorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds, looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings?——
O, yes, it doth; a thouſand-fold it doth.
——————— The ſhepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink from out his leathern bottle,
His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,
All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands ſparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched on a crimſon bed,
While care, miſtruſt, and treaſons, wait on him.
Henry VI. 3d Part, Act 2. Scene 6.

CHARACTERS

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CHARACTERS enervated by prosperity feel the smallest inconvenience as a serious calamity, and, unable to bear the touch of rude and violent hands, require to be treated, like young and tender flowers, with delicacy and attention; while those who have been educated in the rough school of Adversity, walk over the thorns of life with a firm and intrepid step, and kick them from the path with indifference and contempt. Superior to the false opinions and prejudices of the world, they bear with patient fortitude the blows of misfortune, disregard all trifling injuries, and look down with proud contempt on the malice of their enemies, and the infidelity of their friends.

THE man who firmly keeps his course, and has courage to live according to his own taste and inclinations, cannot be affected by the little crosses of life, or by the obloquy or injustice of mankind.

SOLITUDE, indeed, not only tranquillizes the heart, renders it kind and virtuous, and raises it above the malevolence of envy, wickedness, and conceited ignorance, but affords advantages still more valuable. Liberty, true liberty, flies from the tumultuous crowd, and the forced connections of the world. It has been truly observed, that in Solitude man recovers from the distraction which

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had torn him from himſelf; feels a clear conception of what he once was, and may yet become; explores the nature, and diſcovers the extent, of his free-born character; rejects every thing artificial; is guided by his own ſentiments; no longer dreads a ſevere maſter or imperious tyrant; and neither ſuffers the conſtraints of buſineſs, or the blandiſhments of pleaſure, to diſturb his repoſe; but, breaking boldly through the ſhackles of ſervile habit and arbitrary cuſtom, thinks for himſelf with confidence and courage, and improves the ſenſibility of his heart by the ſentiments of his mind.

A COURTIER, fearful of every perſon around him, is continually upon the watch, and tormented inceſſantly by ſuſpicion: but while his heart is thus a prey to corroding anxiety, he is obliged to appear contented and ſerene, and is always lighting one taper to *Michael the Archangel*, and another to the *Devil*, becauſe he does not know for which of them he may have moſt occaſion. A man of a liberal, enlightened mind, is as little calculated to perform the office of *maſter of the ceremonies*, or to conduct the etiquette of *a court*, as a woman is to be *a religeuſe*.

MADAME DE STAAL frequently inſiſted that it

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it was impoſſible to enjoy either freedom or liberty at court, where the mind, even on the moſt trifling occaſions, is encumbered by the unavoidable obſervance of idle ceremonies, where it is impoſſible to ſpeak one's thoughts, where our ſentiments muſt be adapted to thoſe around us, where every perſon aſſumes a controul over us, and where we never have the ſmalleſt enjoyment of ourſelves. "To enjoy ourſelves," ſays ſhe, "we muſt ſeek ſolitude. It was in the Baſtile that "I firſt became acquainted with myſelf."

LIBERTY and leiſure render a rational and active mind indifferent to every other kind of happineſs. It was the love of liberty and ſolitude which rendered the riches and honours of the world ſo odious to *Petrarch*. Solicited at an advanced period of his life, to act as Secretary to ſeveral Popes, under the tempting offer of great emolument, he replied, "Riches, when acquired "at the expence of liberty, become the ſource of "real miſery. A yoke formed of gold and ſilver, "is not leſs galling and reſtrictive than one made "of wood or iron." And he frankly told his friends and patrons, that to him there was no quantity of wealth equal in value to his eaſe and liberty; that, as he had deſpiſed riches at a time when he was moſt in need of them, it would be ſhameful in him to ſeek them now, when he could more

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conveniently live without them: * that every man ought to apportion the provision for his journey according to the distance he had to travel; and, having almost reached the end of his course, he ought to think more of his *reception at the inn*, than of his *expences on the road.*

PETRARCH, disgusted by the vicious manners which

* A similar style of sentiment is very elegantly expressed in one of those Letters with which the Public have been favoured under the name of *Sir Thomas Fitzosborne.* "I write this," says he to *Palemon*, "while *Cleora* is angling by my side under the shade "of a spreading elm that hangs over the bank of our river. A "nightingale, more harmonious even than *Strada's*, is serenading "us from a hawthorn bush, which smiles with all the gaiety of "youth and beauty; while

"..... gentle gales
"Fanning their odorif'rous wings, dispense
"Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
"Those balmy spoils."

"While I am thus enjoying the innocent luxury of this vernal "delight, I look back upon those scenes of turbulence wherein "I was once engaged with more than ordinary distaste; and "despise myself for ever having entertained so mean a thought as "to be rich and great. One of our Monarchs used to say, "that he looked upon those to be the happiest men in the nation "whose fortune had placed them in the country above *a high "constable*, and below *a justice of the peace.*" It is in mediocrity "of this happy kind that I here pass my life; with a fortune "far above the necessity of engaging in the drudgery of business, "and with desires much too humble to have any relish for the "splendid baits of ambition."

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which ſurrounded the Papal Chair, retired into Solitude when he was only three-and-twenty years of age, and in poſſeſſion of that exterior, both with reſpect to perſon and dreſs, which forms ſo eſſential a part in the character of an accompliſhed courtier. Nature had decorated him with every pleaſing attribute. His fine form ſtruck obſervers ſo forcibly, that they ſtopped as he paſſed along to admire and point out its ſymmetry. His eyes were bright and full of fire; his lively countenance proclaimed the vivacity of his mind; the freſheſt colour glowed upon his cheeks; his features were uncommonly expreſſive; and his whole appearance was manly, elegant, and noble. The natural diſpoſition of his heart, increaſed by the warm climate of Italy, the fire of youth, the ſeductive charms of the various beauties who reſorted to the Papal Court from every nation of Europe, and eſpecially the prevailing diſſipation of the age, attached him, very early in life, to female ſociety. The decorations of dreſs deeply engaged his attention; and the leaſt ſpot or improper fold on his garments, which were always of the lighteſt colour, ſeemed to give him real uneaſineſs. Every form which appeared inelegant was carefully avoided even in the faſhion of his ſhoes; which were ſo extremely tight, and cramped him to ſuch a degree, that he would ſoon have been deprived of the uſe of his feet, if he had not wiſely recollected, that it was much better to diſpleaſe

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diſpleaſe the eyes of the ladies than to make himſelf a cripple. And, to prevent the dreſs of his hair from being diſcompoſed, he protected it with anxiety from the rudeneſs of the winds as he paſſed along the ſtreets. Devoted, however, as he was, to the ſervice of *the ſex*, he maintained a rival fondneſs for *literature*, and an inviolable attachment to moral *ſentiment*; and while he celebrated the charms of his fair favourites in choice Italian, he reſerved his knowledge of the learned languages for ſubjects more ſerious and important. Nor did he permit the warmth of his conſtitution, or the ſenſibility of his heart, great and exquiſite as they were, to debauch his mind, or betray him into the moſt trifling indiſcretion, without feeling the keeneſt compunction and repentance. "I wiſh," ſaid he, "that I had a heart as hard as "adamant, rather than be ſo continually torment-"ed by ſuch ſeducing paſſions." The heart of this amiable young man was, indeed, continually aſſailed by the crowd of beauties that adorned the Papal Court; and the power of their charms, and the facility with which his ſituation enabled them to enjoy his company, rendered him in ſome degree their captive; but, alarmed by the approaching torments and diſquietudes of Love, he cautiouſly avoided their pleaſing ſnares, and continued, previous to the ſight of his beloved *Laura*, to roam "free and unconquered through the wilds of Love."

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THE practice of the *civil law* was at this period the only road to eminence at Avignon; but *Petrarch* deteſted the venality of the profeſſion; and, though he practiſed at the bar, and gained many cauſes by his eloquence, he afterwards reproached himſelf with it. "In my youth," ſays he, "I devoted myſelf to the trade of ſelling "words, or rather of fabricating falſehoods; but "that which we do againſt our inclinations is ſel- "dom attended with ſucceſs; my fondneſs was for "Solitude, and therefore I attended the practice "of the Bar with averſion and diſguſt." The ſecret conſciouſneſs, however, which he entertained of his own merit, gave him all the confidence natural to youth; and, filling his mind with that lofty ſpirit which begets the preſumption of being equal to the higheſt achievements, he relinquiſhed *the Bar* for *the Church*; but his inveterate hatred of the manners of the Epiſcopal Court prevented his exertions, and retarded his promotion. "I have no hope," ſaid he, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, "of making my fortune in the court "of the Vicar of *Jeſus Chriſt*; to accompliſh "that, I muſt aſſiduouſly attend the palaces of the "great, and practiſe flattery, falſehood, and de- "ceit." A taſk of this kind was too painful to his feelings to perform; not becauſe he either hated the ſociety of men, or diſliked advancement, but becauſe he deteſted the means he muſt neceſſarily have uſed to

to gratify his ambition. Glory was his warmeſt wiſh, and he ardently endeavoured to obtain it: not, indeed, by the ways in which it is uſually obtained, but by delighting to walk in the moſt unfrequented paths, and, of courſe, by retiring from the *world*. The ſacrifices he made to Solitude were great and important; but his mind and his heart were formed to enjoy the advantages it affords with a ſuperior degree of delight; a happineſs which reſulted to him from his hatred of a profligate court, and from his love of liberty.

THE love of liberty was the ſecret cauſe which gave the mind of *Rouſſeau* ſo inveterate a diſguſt to ſociety, and became in Solitude the ſpring of all his pleaſures. His *Letters* to *Maleſherbes* are as remarkable for the diſcovery they make of his real diſpoſition as his *Confeſſions*, which have been as much miſunderſtood as his character. "I "miſtook for a great length of time," ſays he, in one of theſe letters, "the cauſe of that invincible "diſguſt which I always felt in my intercourſe "with the world. I attributed it to the mor- "tification of not poſſeſſing that quick and ready "talent neceſſary to diſplay in converſation the "little knowledge I poſſeſſed; and this reflected "an idea, that I did not hold that reputation in the "opinion of mankind which I conceived I merit- "ed. But, although, after ſcribbling many ri-

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" diculous things, and perceiving myſelf ſought
" after by all the world, and honoured with much
" more conſideration than even my own ridiculous
" vanity would have led me to expect, I found
" that I was in no danger of being taken for a
" fool; yet, ſtill feeling the ſame diſguſt rather
" augmented than diminiſhed, I concluded that
" it muſt ariſe from ſome other cauſe, and
" that theſe were not the kind of enjoyments
" which I muſt look for. What then, in
" fact, was the cauſe of it? It was no other
" than that invincible *ſpirit of liberty* which no-
" thing can overcome, and in competition with
" which, honour, fortune, and even fame itſelf,
" are to me as nothing. It is certain, that this
" *ſpirit of liberty* is engendered leſs by pride than
" by indolence; but this indolence is incredible;
" it is alarmed at every thing; it renders the moſt
" trifling duties of civil life inſupportable. To be
" *obliged* to ſpeak a word, to write a letter, or
" to pay a viſit, are to me, from the moment
" the obligation ariſes, the ſevereſt puniſhments.
" This is the reaſon why, although the ordinary
" commerce of men is odious to me, the pleaſures
" of private friendſhip are ſo dear to my heart;
" for in the indulgence of private friendſhips there
" are no duties to perform; we have only to fol-
" low the feelings of the heart, and all is done.
" This is the reaſon alſo why I have ſo much
" dreaded

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" dreaded to accept of favours; for every act of " kindneſs demands an acknowledgment, and I " feel that my heart is ungrateful only becauſe " gratitude becomes a duty. The kind of hap- " pineſs, in ſhort, which pleaſes me beſt, does " not conſiſt ſo much in doing what I wiſh, as " in avoiding that which is diſagreeable to me. " Active life affords no temptations to me. " I would much rather do nothing at all than " that which I diſlike; and I have frequently " thought that I ſhould not have lived very un- " happily even in the *Baſtile*, provided I was " free from any other conſtraint than that of " merely reſiding within its walls."

An Engliſh Author aſks, " Why are the in- " habitants of the rich plains of Lombardy, " where Nature pours her gifts in ſuch profu- " ſion, leſs opulent than thoſe of the mountains " of Swiſſerland? Becau e Freedom, whoſe in- " fluence is more benign than ſunſhine and ze- " phyrs; who covers the rugged rock with ſoil, " drains the ſickly ſwamp, and clothes the brown " heath in verdure; who dreſſes the labourer's " face with ſmiles, and makes him behold his " increaſing family with delight and exultation; " Freedom has abandoned the fertile fields of " Lombardy, and dwells among the mountains " of Swiſſerland." This obſervation, though dreſſed

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dreſſed in ſuch enthuſiaſtic expreſſions, is literally true at Uri, Schwitz, Undewalde, Zug, Glaris, and Appenzel; for thoſe who have more than their wants require, are *rich*; and thoſe who are enabled to think, to ſpeak, and to act, as inclination may dictate, are *free*.

COMPETENCY and Liberty therefore are the true ſweeteners of life. That ſtate of mind, ſo rarely poſſeſſed, in which a man can ſincerely ſay, "*I have enough*," is the higheſt attainment of philoſophy. Happineſs does not conſiſt in having much, but in having ſufficient. This is the reaſon why Kings and Princes are ſeldom happy; for they always deſire more than they poſſeſs, and are urged inceſſantly to attempt more than it is in their power eaſily to achieve. He who wants little, has always enough. "I am "contented," ſays *Petrarch*, in a letter to his friends, the Cardinals *Taleyrand* and *Bologna*; "I deſire nothing more. I enjoy every thing "that is neceſſary to life. *Cincinnatus*, *Curtius*, "*Fabricius*, and *Regulus*, after having conquered "nations, and led kings in triumph, were not "ſo rich as I am. But I ſhould always be poor, "if I were to open a door to my paſſions. Lux- "ury, ambition, avarice, know no bounds; and "deſire is an unfathomable abyſs. I have clothes "to cover me; victuals to ſupport me; horſes

"to

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" to carry me; lands to lie down or walk upon
" while I live, and to receive my remains when
" I die. What more was any Roman Emperor
" poſſeſſed of? My body is healthy; and being
" engaged in toil, is leſs rebellious againſt my
" mind. I have books of every kind, which are
" to me ineſtimable treaſures; they fill my ſoul
" with a voluptuous delight, untinctured with
" remorſe. I have friends whom I conſider
" more precious than any thing I poſſeſs, pro-
" vided their counſels do not tend to abridge my
" liberty; and I know of no other enemies than
" thoſe which envy has raiſed againſt me."

SOLITUDE not only reſtrains inordinate deſires, but diſcovers to mankind their real wants; and where a ſimplicity of manners prevails, the real wants of men are not only few, but eaſily ſatisfied; for being ignorant of thoſe deſires which luxury creates, they can have no idea of indulging them. An old country curate, who had all his life reſided upon a lofty mountain near the Lake of Thun, in the Canton of Berne, was one day preſented with a *moor-cock*. The good old man, ignorant that ſuch a bird exiſted, conſulted with his cook-maid in what manner this rarity was to be diſpoſed of, and they both agreed to bury it in the garden. If we were all, alas! as ignorant of the delicious flavour of *moor-cocks*, we

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we might be all as happy and contented as the ſimple Paſtor of the mountain near the Lake of Thun.

THE man who confines his deſires to his real wants, is more wiſe, more rich, and more contented, than any other mortal exiſting. The ſyſtem upon which he acts is, like his ſoul, replete with ſimplicity and true greatneſs; and ſeeking his felicity in innocent obſcurity and peaceful retirement, he devotes his mind to the love of truth, and finds his higheſt happineſs in a contented heart.

POPE, when only twelve years of age, wrote an affecting and agreeable Ode on the ſubject of Solitude, which comprehends the very eſſence of this ſpecies of philoſophy.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade;
In winter, fire.

Bleſt,

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Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind;
Quiet by day,

Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe
Together mix'd; ſweet recreation!
And innocence, which moſt does pleaſe,
With meditation.

Thus let me live unſeen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

A CALM and tranquil life renders the indulgence of ſenſual pleaſures leſs dangerous. The theatre of ſenſuality exhibits ſcenes of waſte and brutality, of noiſy mirth and tumultuous riot; preſents to obſervation pernicious goblets, overloaded tables, laſcivious dancing, receptacles for diſeaſe, tombs with faded roſes, and all the diſmal haunts of pain. But to him who retires in deteſtation from ſuch groſs delights, the joys of ſenſe are of a more elevated kind; ſoft, ſublime, pure, permanent, and tranquil.

PETRARCH

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PETRARCH one day inviting his friend the Cardinal *Colonna* to viſit his retirement of Vaucluſe, wrote to him, "If you prefer the tranquillity of the country to the noiſe of the town, come here, and enjoy yourſelf. Do not be alarmed by the ſimplicity of my table, or the hardneſs of my beds. Kings themſelves are frequently diſguſted by the luxury in which they live, and ſigh for comforts of a more homely kind. Change of ſcene is always pleaſing; and pleaſures by occaſional interruption frequently become more lively. If, however, you ſhould not accord with theſe ſentiments, you may bring with you the moſt exquiſite viands, the wines of Veſuvius, ſilver diſhes, and every thing elſe that the indulgence of your ſenſes requires. Leave the reſt to me. I promiſe to provide you with a bed of the fineſt turf, a cooling ſhade, the muſic of the nightingales, figs, raiſins, water drawn from the freſheſt ſprings; and, in ſhort, every thing that the hand of Nature prepares for the lap of genuine pleaſure."

AH! who would not willingly renounce thoſe things which only produce diſquietude in the mind, for thoſe which render it contented? The art of occaſionally diverting the imagination, taſte, and paſſions, affords new and unknown enjoyments to the mind, and confers pleaſure without pain, and

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luxury without repentance. The ſenſes, deadened by ſatiety, revive to new enjoyments. The lively twitter of the groves, and the murmur of the brooks, yield a more delicious pleaſure to the ear than the muſic of the opera, or the compoſitions of the ableſt maſters. The eye repoſes more agreeably on the concave firmament, on an expanſe of waters, on mountains covered with rocks, than it does on all the glare of balls, aſſemblies, and *petit ſoupers*. In ſhort, the mind enjoys in Solitude objects which were before inſupportable, and, reclining on the boſom of ſimplicity, eaſily renounces every vain delight. *Petrarch* wrote from Vaucluſe to one of his friends, "I have made war "againſt my corporeal powers, for I find they are "my enemies. My eyes, which have rendered "me guilty of ſo many follies, are now confined "to the view of a ſingle woman, old, black, and "ſun-burnt. If *Helen* or *Lucretia* had poſſeſſed "ſuch a face, Troy would never have been "reduced to aſhes, nor *Tarquin* driven from the "empire of the world. But, to compenſate theſe "defects, ſhe is faithful, ſubmiſſive, and induſ-"trious. She paſſes whole days in the fields, "her ſhrivelled ſkin defying the hotteſt rays of the "ſun. My wardrobe ſtill contains fine cloaths, "but I never wear them; and you would take "me for a common labourer, or a ſimple ſhepherd; "I, who formerly was ſo anxious about my dreſs.

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" But the reaſons which then prevailed no longer
" exiſt: the fetters by which I was enſlaved are
" broken; the eyes which I was anxious to pleaſe
" are ſhut; and if they were ſtill open, they would
" not, perhaps, now be able to maintain the ſame
" empire over my heart."

SOLITUDE, by ſtripping worldly objects of the falſe ſplendour in which fancy arrays them, diſpels all vain ambition from the mind. Accuſtomed to rural delights, and indifferent to every other kind of pleaſure, a wiſe man no longer thinks high offices and worldly advancement worthy of his deſires. A noble Roman was overwhelmed with tears on being obliged to accept of the conſulſhip, becauſe it would deprive him for one year of the opportunity of cultivating his fields. *Cincinnatus*, who was called from the plough to the ſupreme command of the Roman legions, defeated the enemies of his country, added to it new provinces, made his triumphal entry into Rome, and at the expiration of ſixteen days returned to his plough. It is true that the inmate of an humble cottage, who is forced to earn his daily bread by labour, and the owner of a ſpacious manſion, for whom every luxury is provided, are not held in equal eſtimation by mankind. But let the man who has experienced both theſe ſituations be aſked under which of them he felt the moſt content. The

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cares and inquietudes of the palace are innumerably greater than those of the cottage. In the former, discontent poisons every enjoyment; and its superfluity is only misery in disguise. The Princes of Germany do not digest all the palatable poison which their cooks prepare, so well as a peasant upon the heaths of Limbourg digests his buckwheat pie. And those who may differ from me in this opinion, will be forced to acknowledge, that there is great truth in the reply which a pretty French country girl made to a young nobleman, who solicited her to abandon her rustic state, and retire with him to Paris: "Ah! my Lord, the "farther we remove from *ourselves*, the greater "is our distance from happiness."

SOLITUDE, by moderating the selfish desires of the heart, and expelling ambition from the breast, becomes a real asylum to the disappointed Statesman or discarded Minister: for it is not every public Minister who can retire, like *Neckar*, thro' the portals of everlasting fame. Every person, indeed, without distinction, ought to raise his grateful hands to heaven on being dismissed from the troubles of public life, to the calm repose which the cultivation of his native fields, and the care of his flocks and herds, afford. In France, however, when a Minister, who has incurred the displeasure of his Sovereign, is ordered to *retire*, and thereby

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enabled to viſit an eſtate which he had decorated in the higheſt ſtyle of rural elegance, this delightful retreat, alas! being conſidered a place of exile, becomes intolerable to his mind: he no longer fancies himſelf its maſter; is incapable of reliſhing its enchanting beauties: repoſe flies from his pillow; and, turning with averſion from every object, he dies at length the victim of ſpleen, petulance, and dejection.* But in England it is juſt the reverſe. There a Miniſter is congratulated on retiring, like a man who has happily eſcaped from a dangerous malady. He ſees himſelf ſtill ſurrounded by many friends, much more worthy than his adherents while in power; for while thoſe were bound to him by temporary conſiderations of intereſt, theſe are attached to him by real and permanent eſteem. Thanks, generous Britons! for the examples you have given to us, of men ſufficiently bold and independent to weigh events in the ſcales of reaſon, and to guide themſelves by the

* "This is the fate," ſays one of our writers, "which gene-
"rally attends every ſpecies of diſgrace. The credit, authority,
"and conſideration, which they before enjoyed, are like thoſe
"tranſient fires which ſhine during the night, and, being ſud-
"denly extinguiſhed, only render the darkneſs and ſolitude in
"which the traveller is involved more viſible." The truth of this obſervation is finely illuſtrated by the pen of the celebrated *Le Sage*, in the ſtory which he relates of the diſgrace of the *Duke of Oſſuna*, in a novel lately tranſlated into Engliſh, called, "The "Hiſtory of *Vanillo Gonzales*; or, the Merry Bachelor."

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intrinsic and real merits of each case: for, notwithstanding the freedom with which many Englishmen have arraigned the dispensations of the Supreme Being; notwithstanding the mockery and ridicule with which they have so frequently insulted virtue, good manners, and decorum; there are many more among them, who, especially at an advanced period of their lives, perfectly understand the art of living by themselves; and in their tranquil and delightful *villas* think with more dignity, and live with more real happiness, than the haughtiest noble in the zenith of his power.

Of the Ministers who retire from the administration of public affairs, the majority finish their days in cultivating their gardens, in improving their estates, and, like the excellent *De la Roche* at Spire, certainly possess more content with *the shovel* and *the rake*, than they enjoyed in the most prosperous hours of their administration.

It has, indeed, been said, that observations like these are common to persons who, ignorant of the manners of the world, and the characters of men, love to moralize on, and recommend a contempt of, human greatness; but that rural innocence, the pure and simple pleasures of nature, and an uninterrupted repose, are very seldom the companions of this boasted Solitude. Those who maintain this

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opinion aſſert, that man, though ſurrounded with difficulties, and obliged to employ every art and cunning to attain his ends, feels with his ſucceſs the pleaſing power which attaches to the character of maſter, and fondly indulges in the exerciſe of ſovereignty. Enabled to create and to deſtroy, to plant and to root up, to make alterations when and where he pleaſes, he may grub up a vineyard, and plant an Engliſh grove on its ſcite; erect hills were hills never were ſeen; level eminences to the ground; compel the ſtream to flow as his inclination ſhall direct; force woods and ſhrubberies to grow where he pleaſes; graft or lop as it ſhall ſtrike his fancy; open views, and ſhut out boundaries; conſtruct ruins where buildings never exiſted; erect temples, of which he alone is the high prieſt; and build hermitages in which he may ſeclude himſelf at pleaſure; but all this, it is ſaid, does not proceed from any real fondneſs for the manual occupations of rural life, but from the habits of command and ſovereignty which he acquired while in power, the exerciſe of which he muſt indulge, whether he continues at the head of an extenſive empire, or directs the management of a poultry-yard.

It would moſt undoubtedly diſcover a great ignorance of the world, and of the nature of man, to contend that it is neceſſary to renounce all

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the inclinations of the human heart, in order to enjoy the advantages of Solitude. That which nature has implanted in the human breaſt muſt there remain. If, therefore, a Miniſter, in his retirement, is not ſatiated with the exerciſe of power and authority, but ſtill fondly wiſhes for command, let him require obedience from his chickens, provided ſuch a gratification is eſſential to his happineſs, and tends to ſuppreſs the deſire of again expoſing himſelf to thoſe tempeſts and ſhipwrecks which he can only avoid in the ſafe harbour of rural life.* An Ex-miniſter muſt, ſooner or later, learn to deſpiſe the appearances of human greatneſs, when he diſcovers that true greatneſs frequently begins at that period of life which Stateſmen are apt to conſider a dreary void; that the regret of being no longer able to do more good, is only ambition in diſguiſe; and that the inhabitants of the country, in cultivating their cabbages and potatoes, are an hundred times happier than the greateſt Miniſter.

NOTHING contributes more to the advancement of earthly felicity, than a reliance on thoſe maxims

* "*Marſhall de Boufflers* has retired to his eſtate, to cultivate "his fields," ſaid *Madame Maintenon*; "but I am of opinion "that this *Cincinnatus* would not be ſorry to be fetched from "his plough; for, at his departure, he charged us all to think "of him, if any think was wanted during his abſence, which "may poſſibly continue fifteen days."

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maxims which teach us to *do as much good as poſſible*, and to *take things juſt as we find them;* for it is certainly true, that no characters are ſo unhappy as thoſe who are continually finding fault with every thing they ſee. My barber, at Hanover, while he was preparing to ſhave me, exclaimed, with a deep ſigh, "*It is terribly hot to-day.*" "You place heaven," ſaid I to him, "in great difficulties. For theſe nine months "laſt paſt you have regularly told me every "other day, *It is terribly cold to-day.*" Cannot the Almighty, then, any longer govern the univerſe, without theſe gentlemen-barbers finding ſomething to be diſcontented with? "Is it not," I aſked him, "much better to take the ſeaſons "as they change, and to receive with equal "gratitude, from the hand of God, the Winter's "cold, and the Summer's warmth?"—"Oh! "certainly," replied the barber.

COMPETENCY and content, therefore, may, in general, be conſidered as the baſis of earthly happineſs; and Solitude, in many inſtances, favours both the one and the other.

SOLITUDE not only refines the enjoyments of friendſhip, but enables us to acquire friends from whom nothing can alienate our ſouls, and to whoſe arms we never fly in vain.

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THE friends of *Petrarch* ſometimes apologized to him for their long abſence. "It is impoſſible for us," ſaid they, "to follow your "example: the life you lead at Vaucluſe is contrary to human nature. In winter you ſit like "an owl in the chimney corner. In ſummer "you are running inceſſantly about the fields." *Petrarch* ſmiled at theſe obſervations. "Theſe "people," ſaid he, "conſider the pleaſures of "the world as the ſupreme good; and cannot "bear the idea of renouncing them. I have "friends whoſe ſociety is extremely agreeable to "me: they are of all ages, and of every coun"try. It is eaſy to gain acceſs to them; for they "are always at my ſervice; and I admit them "to my company, and diſmiſs them from it, "whenever I pleaſe."

"——————— ſuch friends,
Whoſe preſence gilds the ſcene of my retreat
With light perpetual: friends, not ſuch as thoſe
That ſwarm in every corner, whom, to pleaſe,
Reluctance muſt ſubmit to ſwallow down
Inflaming draughts; whoſe converſe muſt be bought
With nights of riot, and with mornings ſpent
In ſickneſs and in ſhame: theſe friends of mine
Are quiet, gentle, rational, polite,
And unaſſuming; never tire the ear
With cold formality's unmeaning phraſe;
Are not offended at a ſlight neglect;
Come at a call, and at a nod retire:
In different climes and different ages born,

They,

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They, with the harmony of various tongues,
Nervous or ſoft, can charm the liſtening ear;
Can ſuit each humour, whether grave or gay,
With correſpondent themes; of LOVE and war
Can talk with equal eaſe; trifles of a day,
And things of weight eternal; every tale
Of private virtue, or domeſtic woe,
To them is fully known, as are the deeds
Of mightieſt heroes, or the fates of kings.
Such are my friends, to whom, well pleas'd, I turn,
Regardleſs of the ſtorms that rage without,
And, like the bee, in ſpring's Favonian hour,
That wanders reſtleſs through a thouſand ſweets,
And viſits bloſſoms of unnumbered hues,
With aim unfixt, as varying fancy ſways,
Unwearied ſtill thro' many a VOLUME ſtray."

LOVE! the moſt precious gift of Heaven,

" The cordial drop that Heav'n in our cup has thrown,
" To make the bitter pill of life go down,

appears to merit a diſtinguiſhed rank among the advantages of Solitude.

LOVE voluntarily unites itſelf with the aſpect of beautiful Nature. The view of a pleaſing landſcape makes the heart beat with the tendereſt emotions. The lonely mountain, and the ſilent grove, increaſe the ſuſceptibility of the female boſom, inſpire the mind with rapturous enthuſiaſm, and, ſooner or later, draw aſide and ſubjugate the heart.

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WOMEN feel the pure and tranquil pleasures of rural life with a higher sensibility than men. They enjoy more exquisitely the beauties of a lonely walk, the freshness of a shady forest, and admire with higher ecstasy the charms of Nature.* Solitude is to them the school of true philosophy. In England, at least, where the face of the country is so beautiful, and where the taste of its inhabitants is hourly adding to its new embellishments, the love of *rural solitude* is certainly stronger in the women than the men. A nobleman who employs the day in riding over his estate, or in following the hounds, does not enjoy the pleasures of rural life with the same delight as his lady, who devotes her time, in her romantic pleasure-grounds, to needle-work, or to the reading of some

* There are, however, as is well known, many females, who, from vicious habits, and depraved tastes, prefer, or think they prefer, the noise and nastiness of a crowded city, to the beautiful verdure and pure air of the country; a disposition which the poet has not unhappily satirised in the following lines.

"Such *Fulvia*'s passion for the town; fresh air
"(An odd effect) gives vapours to the fair;
"Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
"And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
"But smoke and dust, and noise and crowd, delight;
"And to be press'd to death transports her quite.
"When silver riv'lets play the flowry meads,
"And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their shades,
"Black kennels' absent odour she regrets,
"And stops her nose at beds of violets."

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ſome inſtructive intereſting work. In this happy country, indeed, where the people, in general, love the enjoyments of the mind, the calm of rural retirement is doubly valuable, and its delights more exquiſite. The learning which has of late years ſo conſiderably increaſed among the ladies of Germany, is certainly to be attributed to their love of retirement; for, among thoſe who paſs their time in the country, we find much more true wit and rational ſentiment, than among the *Beaux Eſprits* of the metropolis.*

MINDS, indeed, apparently inſenſible in the atmoſphere of a metropolis, unfold themſelves with rapture in the country. This is the reaſon why the return of ſpring fills every tender breaſt with *love*. "What can more reſemble *love*," ſays a celebrated German philoſopher, "than the feel-"ing with which my ſoul is inſpired at the ſight "of this magnificent valley, thus illumined by the "ſetting ſun!" *Rouſſeau* felt inexpreſſible delight on viewing the firſt appearances of ſpring:

* The early amuſements of women, it is well ſaid, are the circumſtances that form their diſpoſitions and characters. What can be expected from the confinement, the agitations, and the paſſions of a card table? How different the effect of contemplating Nature in her moſt exquiſite and uſeful forms! It improves the heart as well as the taſte; and *botany* is the moſt elegant and the beſt of all female amuſements.

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the earlieſt bloſſoms of that charming ſeaſon gave new life and vigour to his mind; the tendereſt diſpoſitions of his heart were awakened and augmented by the ſoft verdure it preſented to his eyes; and the charms of his miſtreſs were aſſimilated with the beauties that ſurrounded him on every ſide. The view of an extenſive and pleaſing proſpect ſoftened his ſorrows; and he breathed his ſighs with exquiſite delight amidſt the riſing flowers of his garden, and the rich fruits of his orchard.

LOVERS ſeek the grove ſo to tranquillize their agitated boſoms, and to contemplate uninterruptedly, the merit of the beloved object. Of what importance to them are all the tranſactions of the world, or, indeed, any thing that does not tend to indulge the paſſion that fills their breaſts? Silent groves, embowering glades, or the lonely borders of murmuring ſtreams, where they may freely reſign themſelves to their fond reflections, are the only confidents of their ſouls. A lovely ſhepherdeſs offering her foſtering boſom to the infant ſhe is nurſing, while at her ſide her well-beloved partner ſits dividing with her his morſel of hard black bread, is an hundred times more happy than all the fops of the *town*; for pure *love* inſpires the mind with all that is elevated,

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elevated, delightful, and affecting in nature; and makes the coldeſt boſoms glow with tender ſenſibility and rapture. All the tender, ſoft, refined, and virtuous ſentiments which accompany this paſſion, ſpring up anew in Solitude. The remembrance of thoſe emotions which the firſt bluſh of conſcious tenderneſs, the firſt gentle preſſure of the hand, the firſt dread of interruption, created, recurs inceſſantly. *Solitude* renews the flame which time had nearly extinguiſhed; the whole courſe of youthful feeling again beams forth; and the mind—delicious recollection!—fondly retracing the firſt affection of the heart, fills the boſom with an indelible ſenſe of thoſe high ecſtaſies which a connoiſſeur has ſaid, with as much truth as energy, proclaim, for the firſt time, that happy diſcovery, that fortunate moment, when two lovers firſt perceive their mutual fondneſs.*

HERDER mentions a certain caſt of people in Aſia, who, in contemplating the felicities of

* No perſon has deſcribed the recollection of that *precious moment* ſo eloquently, ſweetly, and tenderly, as *Rouſſeau*: "Pre-
"cious moments, ſo much to be regretted! Oh! begin again
"your delightful courſe; flow on with longer duration in my
"remembrance, if it be poſſible, than you did in reality in
"your fugitive ſucceſſion."

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of eternity, believed, as part of their creed, "That men, after death, were, in the celeſtial "regions, immediately the objects of female "love during the courſe of a thouſand years; "firſt by tender looks, then by a balmy kiſs, "and afterwards by immaculate alliance."

It was this noble and ſublime ſpecies of affection that *Wieland*, in the warmeſt moments of impaſſioned youth, felt for an amiable, ſenſible, and beautiful lady of Zurich; for that extraordinary genius was perfectly ſatisfied that love begins with the firſt ſigh, and expires, to a certain degree, with the firſt kiſs. I one day aſked this young lady when it was that *Wieland* had ſaluted her for the firſt time? "*Wieland*," replied the amiable girl, "did not kiſs my hand "for the firſt time until four years after our ac-"quaintance commenced."

Young perſons, in general, however, do not, like *Wieland*, adopt the refinements of love. Yielding to the ſentiments which the paſſion inſpires, and leſs acquainted with its metaphyſical nature, they feel at an earlier age, in the tranquillity of Solitude, that irreſiſtible impulſe to the union of the ſexes, which the God of Nature has ſo ſtrongly implanted in the human breaſt.

A Lady

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A LADY who lived in great retirement, at a romantic cottage upon the banks of the Lake of Geneva, had three innocent and lovely daughters. The eldeſt was about fourteen years of age, and the youngeſt about nine, when they were preſented with a tame bird, which hopped and flew about the chamber the whole day, and formed the ſole amuſement and pleaſure of their lives. Placing themſelves on their knees, they offered, with unwearied delight, their little favourite pieces of biſcuits from their fingers, and endeavoured, by every means, to induce him to fly to, and neſtle in, their boſoms; but the bird, the moment he had got the biſcuit, with cunning coyneſs eluded their hopes, and hopped away. The little favourite at length died. A year after this event, the youngeſt of the three ſiſters ſaid to her mother, "Oh, I remember "that dear little bird! I wiſh, mamma, you "would procure me ſuch a one to play with." —"Oh! no," replied her eldeſt ſiſter: "I "ſhould like to have a little dog to play with "better than any thing. I could catch a little "dog, take him on my knee, and hug him in "my arms. A bird affords me no pleaſure; he "perches a little while on my finger, then flies "away, and there is no catching him again: "but a little dog, oh! what pleaſure——"

I SHALL never forget the poor *Religeuſe* in whoſe

whoſe apartment I found a breeding cage of canary birds; nor forgive myſelf for having burſt into a fit of laughter at the diſcovery. It was, alas! the ſuggeſtion of Nature; and who can reſiſt what Nature ſuggeſts? This myſtic wandering of religious minds, this celeſtial epilepſy of *Love*, this premature effect of Solitude, is only the fond application of one natural inclination raiſed ſuperior to all others.

THE tranquillity of retirement appears ſo favourable to the indulgence of this pleaſing paſſion, that a lover frequently quits the beloved object, to reflect in Solitude on her charms. Who does not recollect to have read, in the Confeſſions of *Rouſſeau*, the ſtory related by *Madame de Luxemberg*, of a lover who quitted the preſence of his miſtreſs, only that he might have the pleaſure of writing to her? *Rouſſeau* replied to *Madame de Luxemberg*, that he wiſhed he had been that man; and his wiſh was founded on a perfect knowledge of the paſſion; for who has ever been in love, and does not know that there are moments when the pen is capable of expreſſing the fine feelings of the heart with much greater effect than the voice, with its miſerable organ of ſpeech? The tongue, even in its happieſt elocution, is never ſo perſuaſive as the ſpeaking eyes, when lovers gaze with ſilent ecſtaſy on each other's charms.

LOVERS

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LOVERS not only expreſs but feel their paſſion with higher ecſtaſy and happineſs in Solitude than in any other ſituation. What faſhionable lover ever painted his paſſion for a lovely miſtreſs with ſuch laconic tenderneſs and effect, as the village Choriſter of Hanover did, on the death of a young and beautiful country girl with whom he was enamoured, when, after erecting, in the cemetry of the cathedral, a ſepulchral ſtone to her memory, he carved, in an artleſs manner, the figure of a blooming roſe on its front, and inſcribed beneath it theſe words: "*C'eſt ainſi qu'elle fut.*"

IT was at the feet of thoſe rocks which overhang the celebrated retreat at Vaucluſe, that *Petrarch* compoſed thoſe fine ſonnets which ſo feelingly deplore the abſence, or complain of the cruelty, of his beloved *Laura*. His muſe, indeed, when inſpired by love, ſoared, in the opinion of his admiring countrymen, far beyond that of any poet. "How ſoft and tender is this "language of the heart!" they exclaim. "*Pe-*"*trarch* alone was acquainted with its powers: "he has added to the three Graces a fourth— "the Grace of *delicacy*."

LOVE, however, when indulged in rural Solitude, or amidſt the romantic ſcenery of an ancient caſtle,

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caſtle, and, aſſiſted by the ardent imagination of impetuous youth, frequently aſſumes a more bold and violent character. Religious enthuſiaſm, blended with a ſaturnine diſpoſition, forms, in efferveſcent minds, a ſublime and extraordinary compound of the feelings of the heart. A youthful lover of this deſcription, when deprived of the ſmiles of his miſtreſs, takes his firſt declaration of love from the text of the Apocalypſe, and thinks his paſſion an *eternal melancholy*; but when he is inclined to ſharpen the dart within his breaſt, his inſpired mind views in the beloved object, the faireſt model of divine perfection.

Two lovers of this romantic caſt, placed in ſome ancient ſolitary caſtle, ſoar far beyond the common tribe, and, as their ideas refine, their paſſions become proportionately ſublime. Surrounded by ſtupendous rocks, and impreſſed by the awful ſtillneſs of the ſcene, the beloved youth is conſidered not merely as an amiable and virtuous man, but as a god.* The inſpired mind of the fond female fancies her boſom to be the ſanctuary of love, and conceives

* "When the paſſion of love is at its height," ſays *Rouſſeau*, "it arrays the beloved object in every poſſible perfection; "makes it an idol, places it in heaven; and, as the enthuſiaſm "of *Devotion* borrows the language of *Love*, the enthuſiaſm of "*Love* borrows the language of *Devotion*. The lover beholds "nothing but paradiſe, angels, the virtues of ſaints, and the "felicities of heaven."

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conceives her affection for the youthful idol of her heart to be an emanation from heaven; a ray of the Divine Preſence. Ordinary lovers, without doubt, in ſpite of abſence, unite their ſouls, write by every poſt, ſeize all occaſions to converſe with, or hear from, each other; but our more ſublime and exalted female introduces into her romance of paſſion every butterfly ſhe meets with, and all the feathered ſongſters of the groves; and, except in the object of her love, no longer ſees any thing as it really is. Reaſon and ſenſe no longer guide; the refinements of love direct all her movements; ſhe tears the world from its poles, and the ſun from its axis; and to prove that all ſhe does is right, eſtabliſhes for herſelf and her lover a new goſpel, and a new ſyſtem of morality.

A Lover, when ſeparated, perhaps for ever, from a miſtreſs who was his only conſolation in affliction, his only comfort in calamity; whoſe kindneſs ſupported his ſinking fortitude; who remained his faithful and his only friend in dire adverſity and domeſtic ſorrow; ſeeks, as his ſole reſource, a ſlothful Solitude. Nights paſſed in ſleepleſs agonies, a diſtaſte of life, a deſire of death, an abhorrence of all ſociety, and a love of dreary ſecluſion, drive him, day after day, wandering, as chance may direct, through the moſt ſolitary retirements, far from the hated traces of mankind.

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mankind. Were he, however, to wander from the Elbe to the Lake of Geneva, were he to ſeek relief in the frozen confines of the North, or the burning regions of the Weſt, to the utmoſt extremities of earth or ſeas, he would ſtill be like *the hind* deſcribed by *Virgil*:

"Stung with the ſtroke, and madding with the pain,
"She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;
"Shoots o'er the *Cretan* lawns with many a bound,
"The cleaving dart ſtill rankling in the wound."*

PETRARCH, on returning to Vaucluſe, felt with new and increaſing ſtings, the paſſion which perturbed his breaſt. Immediately on his arrival at this ſequeſtered ſpot, the image of his beloved *Laura* inceſſantly haunted his imagination. He beheld her at all times, in every place, and under a thouſand different forms. "Three times in "*the middle of the night*, when every door was "cloſed, ſhe appeared to me," ſays he, "at the "feet of my bed, with a ſtedfaſt look, as if confi-"dent of the power of her charms. Fear ſpread "a chilling dew over all my limbs. My blood "thrilled through my veins toward my heart. If "any

* *Diogenes Laertius*, in his life of *Crates*, ſays, that love is to be cured by hunger, if not by time; or, if neither of theſe remedies ſucceed, by a halter.

Diog. Laert. lib. 6. ſect. 86.

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" any one had then entered my apartment with " a candle, they would have beheld me as pale as " death, with every mark of terror on my face. " Riſing, before the break of day, with trembling " limbs, from my diſordered bed, and haſtily " leaving my houſe, where every thing created " alarm, I climbed to the ſummit of the rocks, and " ran wildly through the woods, caſting my eyes " inceſſantly on every ſide, to ſee if the form " which had haunted my repoſe ſtill purſued me. " Alas! I could find no aſylum. Places the moſt " ſequeſtered, where I fondly flattered myſelf that " I ſhould be alone, preſented her continually to " my mind; and I beheld her ſometimes iſſuing " from the hollow trunk of a tree, from the con- " cealed ſource of a ſpring, or from the dark " cavity of a broken rock. Fear rendered me " inſenſible, and I neither knew what I did, or " where I went."

SOLITUDE affords no remedy to an imagination ſubject to be thus violently perturbed,* and therefore *Ovid* has, with great propriety, ſaid,

" But Solitude muſt never be allow'd;
" A lover's ne'er ſo ſafe as in a crowd;

" For

* Dr. *Adam Smith*, in his admirable Eſſay on " *The Theory* " *of Moral Sentiments*," obſerves, " In Solitude we are apt to feel " too ſtrongly whatever relates to ourſelves: we are apt to over- " rate

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" For private places private griefs increaſe;
" What haunts you there, in company will ceaſe;
" If to the gloomy deſart you repair,
" Your miſtreſs' angry form will meet you there."

PETRARCH, from the very commencement of his paſſion, felt the inutility of attempting to fly from Love. Rocks and foreſts afforded no comfort to his wounded heart. Love purſued his ſteps through every haunt, however ſavage and forlorn. The pure and limpid ſtream of Vaucluſe, and the umbrageous woods which almoſt concealed the decorated dale in which the ſtream aroſe, appeared to him the only place likely to abate the fierceneſs of thoſe fires which conſumed his heart. The moſt frightful deſarts, the deepeſt foreſts, the moſt inacceſſible mountains, were to him the moſt agreeable abodes. But *Love* accompanied him wherever he went, prevented his repoſe, and drove his ſoul back to Avignon.

SOLITUDE

" rate the good offices we have done, and the injuries we may " have ſuffered: we are apt to be too much elated by our good, " and too much dejected by our bad fortune. In adverſity," he continues, " do not mourn in the darkneſs of Solitude; do " not regulate your ſorrow according to the indulgent ſym- " pathy of your intimate friends. Return as ſoon as poſſible to " the daylight of the world and of ſociety. Live with ſtran- " gers, with thoſe who know nothing, or care nothing, about " your misfortune. Do not even ſhun the company of enemies; " but give yourſelf the pleaſure of mortifying their malignant " joy, by making them feel how little you are affected by " your calamity, and how much you are above it."

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SOLITUDE alſo is equally adverſe to the happineſs of a lover, when the paſſion is not founded on principles of the pureſt virtue; for the imagination, indulging itſelf without reſtraint, foments the ſecret inclination of the ſenſes, introduces the moſt voluptuous ideas, animates every deſire, and inflames the heart. In ſuch a ſtate the preſence of the beloved object cannot, when the mind is vicious, be indulged without the greateſt danger: but in a virtuous breaſt, when, by too fondly indulging the imagination in Solitude, the paſſion even takes a criminal turn in the heart, the preſence of the beloved object, inſtead of being dangerous, ſubdues and deſtroys every forbidden deſire. Abſence, indeed, removes the idea of danger, and the lover's mind moves boldly on in all the flattering fancies of an agreeable and inſpiring illuſion, until the paſſion acquires a dangerous tendency in his breaſt.

THE heart of *Petrarch* was frequently ſtimulated by ideas of voluptuous pleaſure, even among the rocks of Vaucluſe, where he ſought an aſylum from *Love* and *Laura*.* He ſoon, however,

* We read in a variety of books, now no longer known, that *Petrarch* lived at Vaucluſe with *Laura*, and that he had formed a ſubterraneous paſſage from his houſe to her own. *Petrarch* was not ſo happy, *Laura* was married, and lived with her

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ever, baniſhed ſenſuality from his mind, and, by refining his paſſion, acquired that vivacity and heavenly purity, which breathe in every line of thoſe immortal lyrics he compoſed among the rocks.* But the city of Avignon, in which the object thus tenderly

her huſband, *Hugues de Sades*, at Avignon, the place of her nativity, and of her death. She was the mother of eleven children, which had ſo debilitated her conſtitution, that at five-and-thirty years of age no traces of her former beauty remained. She experienced alſo many domeſtic ſorrows. Her huſband, ignorant of the value of her virtues, and inſenſible to the propriety of her conduct, was jealous without a cauſe, and even without love, which to a woman was ſtill more mortifying. *Petrarch*, on the contrary, loved *Laura* during the courſe of twenty years; but he was never ſuffered to viſit her at her own houſe; for her huſband ſeldom, if ever, left her alone. He therefore had no opportunity of beholding his charming, his amiable *Laura*, except at church, at aſſemblies, or upon the public walks; and then never alone. Her huſband frequently forbid her to walk even with her deareſt friends, and his mind became quite furious when ever ſhe indulged in the ſlighteſt and moſt innocent pleaſure. *Laura* was born in the year 1307, or 1308, and was two or three years younger than *Petrarch*. She died of the plague in the year 1348. Seven years after her death her huſband married again. *Petrarch* ſurvived her till about the commencement of the year 1374.

* This once celebrated poetry has now, however, for many ages been buried in oblivion; a fate which, if the notion of Dr. *Adam Smith* be true, it was natural enough to expect. "All "ſerious and ſtrong expreſſions of the paſſion of Love," ſays he, "appear ridiculous to a third perſon; and though a lover may "be good company to his miſtreſs, he is ſo to nobody elſe. He "himſelf is ſenſible of this; and, as long as he continues in his "ſober ſenſes, endeavours to treat his own paſſion with raillery "and

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tenderly beloved reſided, was not ſufficiently diſtant from the place of his retreat, and he viſited it too frequently. A paſſion, indeed, like that which *Petrarch* felt, leaves the boſom, even when uncorrupted, totally incapable of tranquillity. It is a violent fever of the ſoul, which inflicts upon the body a complication of painful diſorders. Let *Lovers*, therefore, while they poſſeſs ſome controul over the paſſion which fills their breaſts, ſeat themſelves on the borders of a river, and reflect that *Love*, like the ſtream, ſometimes precipitates itſelf with violence down the rocks; and ſometimes, flowing with ſoft tranquillity along the plain, meanders through meadows, and loſes itſelf beneath the peaceful ſhades of ſolitary bowers.

THE tranquillity of Solitude, however, may, to a mind diſpoſed to reſign itſelf with humility to all the diſpenſations of heaven, be found not diſadvantageous to the perturbations of love. A lover whom death has bereaved of the dear object of his affection, ſeeks only thoſe places which his

K favourite

" and ridicule. It is the only ſtyle in which we care to hear of
" it, becauſe it is the only ſtyle in which we ourſelves are diſ-
" poſed to talk of it. We grow weary of the grave and long-
" ſentenced love of *Cowley* and *Petrarch*, who never have done
" with exaggerating the violence of their attachments; but the
" gaiety of *Ovid*, and the gallantry of *Horace*, are always agree-
" able." *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, Part 1. ſ. 2; p. 68.

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favourite inhabited; conſiders every other as deſert and forlorn; and expects that death alone is able to ſtop the torrent of his tears. Such an indulgence of ſorrow, however, cannot be called a reſignation to the will of God. A lover of this deſcription is attached ſolely to the object, to the irrecoverable object of his inereaſing ſorrows. His diſtracted mind fondly hopes that ſhe may ſtill return; he thinks he hears her ſoft, enchanting voice in every breeze; he ſees her lovely form approaching, and opens his expecting arms to claſp her once again to his ſtill throbbing breaſt. But he finds, alas! his hopes are vain: the fancy-breathing form eludes his graſp, and convinces him that the delightful viſion was only the light and love-formed phantom of his ſorrow-ſickened mind. A ſad remembrance of her departed ſpirit is the only comfort of his lingering life: he flies to the tomb where her mortal remains were depoſited, plants roſes round her ſhrine, waters them with his tears, cultivates them with the tendereſt care, kiſſes them as emblems of her bluſhing cheeks, and taſtes, with ſighing tranſports, their balmy fragrance as the fancied odours of her ruby lips.

——— aſk the fond youth
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps, at the ſilent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears;
Oh! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forget

That

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That ſacred hour, when, ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſooths
With Virtue's kindeſt looks his aching breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture.

BUT theſe pleaſures, alas! alſo vaniſh; the roſes loſe their bloom; then droop their heads—and die. He muſt, indeed, wreſtle a long time with the rigours of his fate, have frequently extended his arms in vain to embrace the beloved object, have long fixed his eyes upon her cheriſhed ſhade, and loſt all hope of being re-united, before his mind can again exert its powers, or make any effort to counteract the feelings of his heart, and regain his former tranquillity. It is only from the conſtant exertion of ſound reaſon and true philoſophy that the cure of this diſeaſe can be expected.

IT muſt afford infinite pleaſure to every philoſophic mind to reflect on the victory which the virtuous *Petrarch* gained over the paſſion that aſſailed his heart. During his retreat into Italy from *Love* and *Laura*, his friends in France uſed every endeavour to induce him to return. One of them wrote to him:—"What dæmon "poſſeſſes you? How could you quit a country in "which you indulged all the propenſities of "youth, and where the graceful figure which you "formerly adorned with ſo much care procured "you ſuch unbounded admiration? How can you

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" live thus exiled from *Laura*, whom you love
" with ſo much tenderneſs, and whoſe heart is
" ſo deeply afflicted by your abſence?"

PETRARCH replied: " Your anxiety is vain:
" I am reſolved to continue where I am. I ride
" here ſafely at anchor; and all the hurricanes of
" eloquence ſhall never drive me from it. How
" then can you expect to perſuade me to change
" this reſolution, merely by placing before my
" eyes the deviations of my youth, which I ought
" to forget; by deſcribing an illicit paſſion, which
" left me no other reſource than a precipitate
" flight; and by extolling the meretricious ad-
" vantages of a handſome perſon, which too long
" occupied my attention? Theſe are follies I muſt
" no longer think of. I am now rapidly approach-
" ing towards the laſt goal on the courſe of life.
" Objects more ſerious and important now occu-
" py my thoughts. God forbid, that, liſtening to
" your flattering obſervations, I ſhould again throw
" myſelf into the ſnares of *Love*; again put on a
" yoke which ſo ſeverely galled me! The natu-
" ral levity of youth apologizes, in ſome degree,
" for the indiſcretion it creates; but I ſhould de-
" ſpiſe myſelf, if I could now be tempted to reviſit
" either the bower of love or the theatre of am-
" bition. Your ſuggeſtions, however, have pro-
" duced a proper effect; for I conſider them as the
" oblique

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" oblique cenſures of a friend upon my paſt miſ-
" conduct. The ſolicitudes of the gay and buſy
" world no longer diſturb my mind; for my heart
" has tenaciouſly rooted all its fibres in this de-
" lightful Solitude, where I rove at large, free
" and unconſtrained, without inquietude or care.
" In ſummer I repoſe upon the verdant turf be-
" neath the ſhade of ſome embowering tree, or
" ſaunter along the enamelled borders of a cool,
" refreſhing ſtream. At the approach of autumn
" I ſeek the woods, and join the Muſes' train.
" This mode of life is ſurely preferable to a life
" at court, where nothing but diſguſting jealouſies
" and corroding cares exiſt. I have now, in ſhort,
" no wiſh, except that, when death relieves me both
" from pleaſure and from pain, I may recline my
" head upon the boſom of a friend, whoſe eyes,
" while he performs the laſt office of cloſing mine,
" will drop a deploring tear upon my departing
" ſpirit, and convey my remains, with friendly
" care, to a decent tomb in my native country."

THESE were the ſentiments of *the philoſopher:* but, after a ſhort interval, *the man* returned once again to the city of Avignon, and only viſited his retreat at Vaucluſe occaſionally.

PETRARCH, however, by theſe continued endeavours to ſubdue the violence of his paſſion, ac-

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quired a ſublimity and richneſs of imagination which diſtinguiſhed his character, and gave him an aſcendancy over the age in which he lived, greater than any of the *literati* have ſince attained. To uſe the expreſſion of the poet, he was capable of paſſing, with the happieſt facility,

"From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere:"

and was enabled, as occaſion required, to conceive the boldeſt enterprizes, and to execute them with the moſt heroic courage. He who languiſhed, ſighed, and even wept, with unmanly ſoftneſs, at the feet of his miſtreſs, breathing only the tender and affectionate language of love, no ſooner turned his thoughts towards the tranſactions of Rome, than he aſſumed a higher tone, and not only wrote, but acted, with all the ſtrength and ſpirit of the Auguſtan age. Monarchs have relinquiſhed the calls of hunger, and the charms of reſt, to indulge the tender luxuries his love-lorn muſe afforded.* But at a more advanced age he was no longer a ſighing minſtrel, chanting amorous verſes to a relentleſs fair; he was no longer an effeminate ſlave, that kiſſed the chains of an imperious miſtreſs, who treated him with diſdain; he became a zealous republican, who ſpread by his writings the ſpirit of liberty throughout Italy, and

* *Robert*, King of Naples, frequently ſtole from buſineſs of the moſt ſerious kind to read the works of *Petrarch*, without thinking either of his meals or his bed.

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and ſounded a loud alarm againſt tyranny and tyrants. Great as a ſtateſman, profound and judicious as a public miniſter, he was conſulted in the moſt important political tranſactions of Europe, and frequently employed in the moſt arduous and difficult negociations. Zealouſly active in the cauſe of humanity, he anxiouſly endeavoured, on all occaſions, to extinguiſh the torch of diſcord. The greateſt Princes, conſcious of his extraordinary genius, ſolicited his company, and endeavoured, by liſtening to his precepts, to learn the noble art of rendering their countries reſpectable, and their people happy.

THESE traits of *Petrarch's* character clearly evince, that, oppreſſed as he was by the paſſion of love, he derived great advantages from Solitude. The retirement of Vaucluſe was not, as is commonly imagined, a pretence to be nearer the perſon of *Laura*, for *Laura* reſided altogether at Avignon; but a means of avoiding the frowns of his miſtreſs, and of flying from the contagion of a corrupt court. Seated in his little garden, which was ſituated at the foot of a lofty mountain, and ſurrounded by a rapid ſtream, his ſoul roſe ſuperior to the adverſities of his fate. His diſpoſition, indeed, was naturally reſtleſs and unquiet; but in his tranquil moments, a ſound judgment, joined to an exquiſite ſenſibility, enabled him to enjoy the

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delights of Solitude with ſingular advantage; and to find in his retreat to Vaucluſe the temple of peace, the reſidence of calm repoſe, and a ſafe harbour againſt all the tempeſts of the ſoul.

THE flame of love, therefore, although it cannot be entirely extinguiſhed, may be greatly purified and refined by Solitude. Man, indeed, ought not to extirpate the paſſions which the God of Nature has planted in the human breaſt, but to direct them to their proper ends.

To avoid ſuch miſeries as *Petrarch* endured, the pleaſures of retirement ſhould be ſhared with ſome amiable female, who, better than the cold precepts of philoſophy, will beguile or baniſh, by the charms of her converſation, all the cares and torments of life.*

IT

* Dr. *Johnſon* related, with an amiable fondneſs, the following little pleaſing circumſtance relative to his *Rambler*, to his biographer, Mr. *Boſwell*. After a few numbers of that highly celebrated work were publiſhed, he ſhewed ſeveral of them to Mrs. *Johnſon*, the companion of his Solitude, and in whoſe taſte and judgment he had great confidence: "I thought very well "of you before," ſaid ſhe; "but I did not imagine you could "have written any thing equal to this."—"Diſtant praiſe," continues Mr. *Boſwell*, "from whatever quarter, is not ſo delightful as "that of a *wife* whom a man loves and eſteems: her approba-"tion may be ſaid to come home to his *boſom*; and being ſo "near, its effect is moſt ſenſible and permanent."

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It has been said by a very sensible author, that "the presence of one thinking being like ourselves, "whose bosom glows with sympathy, and whose "affection we possess, so far from destroying the "advantages of Solitude, renders them more fa- "vourable. If, like me, you owe your happiness "to the fond attention of a wife, you will soon "be induced, by her kindness, by her tender and "unreserved communication of every sentiment "of her mind, of every feeling of her heart, to "forget the society of the world; and your hap- "piness will be as pleasingly diversified as the "employments and the vicissitudes of your lives."

The orator who speaks so eloquently must have felt with exquisite sensibility the pleasures he describes. "Here," says he, "every kind expression "is remembered; the emotions of one heart cor- "respond with those of the other; every thought "is treasured up; every testimony of affection is "returned; the happy pair enjoy in each other's "company all the pleasures of the mind; and "there is no felicity which does not communicate "itself to their hearts. To beings thus united by "the sincerest affection, and the closest friendship, "every thing that is said or done, every wish, and "every event, becomes mutually important. No "jealous fear, no envious stings, disturb their hap- "piness; faults are pointed out with cautious ten-

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"derneſs and good nature; looks beſpeak the in-
"clinations of the ſoul; every wiſh and every
"deſire is anticipated; every view and intention
"aſſimilated; and the ſentiments of one con-
"forming to thoſe of the other, each rejoices with
"cordiality at the ſmalleſt advantage which the
"other acquires."*

THUS it is that the Solitude which we ſhare with an amiable object, makes the humbleſt cottage a dwelling-place of the pureſt pleaſure.

LOVE in the ſhade of retirement, while the mind and the heart are in harmony with each other, inſpires the nobleſt ſentiments; raiſes the underſtanding to the higheſt ſphere of intellect; fills the boſom with increaſed benevolence; deſtroys

* This deſcription of connubial happineſs, and the effects of virtuous love, recall thoſe beautiful lines of Mr. *Pope* in his Epiſtle from *Eloiſa* to *Abelard*:

"Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
"When love is liberty, and nature law;
"All then is full, poſſeſſing and poſſeſs'd,
"No craving void left aching in the breaſt:
"E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
"And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
"This ſure is bliſs, if bliſs on earth there be,
"And once the lot of *Abelard* and *me*."

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ſtroys all the ſeeds of vice; and ameliorates and extends all the virtues. By its delightful influence the attack of ill-humour is reſiſted; the violence of our paſſions abated; the bitter cup of human affliction ſweetened; all the injuries of the world alleviated; and the ſweeteſt flowers plentifully ſtrewed along the moſt thorny paths of life. Every unhappy ſufferer, whether the malady be of the body or the mind, derives from this ſource extraordinary comfort and conſolation. At a time, alas! when every thing diſpleaſed me, when every object was diſguſting, when my ſufferings had deſtroyed all the energy and vigour of my ſoul, when grief had ſhut from my ſtreaming eyes the beauties of nature, and rendered the whole univerſe a dreary tomb, the kind attentions of *a wife* were capable of conveying a ſecret charm, a ſilent conſolation to my mind. Oh! nothing can render the bowers of retirement ſo ſerene and comfortable, or can ſo ſweetly ſoften all our woes, as a conviction that *woman* is not indifferent to our fate.

SOLITUDE, it is true, will not completely heal every wound which this imperious paſſion is capable of inflicting on the human heart; but it teaches us to endure our pains without wiſhing for relief, and enables us to convert them into ſoft ſorrow and plaintive grief.

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BOTH ſexes in early youth, but particularly females from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who poſſeſs high ſenſibilities, and lively imaginations, generally feel, during the ſolitude of rural retirement, a ſoft and pleaſing melancholy, when their boſoms begin to heave with the firſt propenſities of love. They wander every where in ſearch of a beloved object, and ſigh for one alone, long before the heart is fixed in its affection, or the mind conſcious of its latent inclination. I have frequently obſerved this diſpoſition unaccompanied by any ſymptom of ill health. It is an original malady. *Rouſſeau* felt its influence at Vevai, upon the borders of the Lake of Geneva. "My heart," ſays he, "ruſhed with ardour from my boſom in-"to a thouſand innocent felicities; and, melting "into tenderneſs, I ſighed and wept like a child. "How frequently, ſtopping to indulge my feel-"ings, and ſeating myſelf on a piece of broken "rock, did I amuſe myſelf with ſeeing my tears "drop into the ſtream!"

RETIREMENT,

* There is no perſon poſſeſſing ſenſibility, of whatever country he may be, who has ever beheld, without feeling the tendereſt emotion, the delightful borders of the Lake of Geneva; the enchanting ſpectacle which nature there exhibits, and the vaſt and majeſtic horizon which that maſs of water preſents to the view. Who has ever returned from this ſcene without turning his eyes again on the intereſting view, and experiencing the ſame affliction with which the heart ſeparates from a beloved friend whom we have no expectation ever to ſee again?

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RETIREMENT, however, is not equally favourable to every ſpecies of affliction. Some boſoms are ſo exquiſitely alive to the ſenſe of misfortune, that the indelible remembrance of the object of their affection preys upon their minds: the reading of a ſingle line written by the hand they loved freezes their blood; the very ſight of the tomb which has ſwallowed up the remains of all their ſoul held dear is intolerable to their eyes. On ſuch beings, alas! the heavens ſmile in vain: to them the newborn flowers, and the twittering groves, proclaiming the approach of ſpring, and the regeneration of vegetable nature, bring no charms: the garden's variegated hues irritate their feelings: and the ſilent retreats from which they once expected conſolation only increaſe their pains. Such refined and exquiſite feelings, the offspring of warm and generous paſſions, are real misfortunes; and the malady they engender requires to be treated with the mildeſt attention and the tendereſt care.

BUT to minds of ſofter temper, Solitude poſſeſſes many powerful charms, although the loſſes they deplore are equally great. Such characters feel, indeed, a ſenſe of their misfortune in its utmoſt poſſible extent, but they ſoften into acuteneſs by yielding to the natural mildneſs of their diſpoſitions: they plant upon the fatal tomb the weeping willow

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willow and the ephemeral roſe; they erect *mauſolea;* compoſe funeral dirges; and render the very emblems of death the means of conſolation. Their hearts are continually occupied by the idea of thoſe whom their eyes deplore; and they exiſt, under the ſenſations of the trueſt and moſt ſincere ſorrow, in a kind of middle ſtate, between earth and heaven. This ſpecies of ſorrow is of the happieſt kind. Far be it from me to ſuppoſe it in the leaſt degree affected. But I call ſuch characters *happy mourners;* becauſe, from the very frame and texture of their conſtitutions, grief does not deſtroy the energy of their minds, but permits them to find conſolation in thoſe things which, to minds differently conſtructed, would create averſion. They feel a heavenly joy in purſuing employments which preſerve the memory of thoſe who are the ſubjects of their ſorrow.

SOLITUDE will enable the heart to vanquiſh the moſt painful ſenſe of adverſity, provided the mind will generouſly lend its aid, and fix its attention to a different object. If men think there is any misfortune from which they have no other reſource than *deſpair* or *death*, they deceive themſelves; for deſpair is no reſource. Let ſuch men retire to their ſtudies, and there ſeriouſly trace out a ſeries of important and ſettled truths, and their

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their tears will no longer fall; but the weight of their misfortunes will grow light, and ſorrow fly from their breaſts.

SOLITUDE, by encouraging the enjoyments of the heart, by promoting domeſtic felicity, and by creating a taſte for rural ſcenery, ſubdues *impatience*, and drives away *ill-humour*. *Impatience* is a ſtifled anger, which men ſilently manifeſt by looks and geſtures, and weak minds ordinarily reveal by a ſhower of complaints. A grumbler is never farther from his proper ſphere than when he is in company: Solitude is his only aſylum. *Ill-humour* is an uneaſy and inſupportable condition, which the ſoul frequently falls into when ſoured by a number of thoſe petty vexations which we daily experience in every ſtep of our progreſs through life; but we need only to ſhut the door againſt improper and diſagreeable intruſions to avoid this ſcourge of happineſs.

VEXATIONS, indeed, of every kind, are much ſooner quieted in the ſilence of retirement than in the noiſe of the world. A cheerful diſpoſition, a placid temper, and well-regulated paſſions, will prevent worldly vexations from interrupting our happineſs. By theſe attainments, the deepeſt melancholy, and moſt ſettled uneaſineſs of life, have been frequently baniſhed from the heart. It is true,

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true, that the progreſs in this caſe is much more rapid in women than in men. The mind of a lively female flies immediately to happineſs, while that of a melancholy man ſtill creeps on with pain: the yielding boſoms of the fair are eaſily elevated or depreſſed. Theſe effects, it is true, may be produced by means leſs abſtracted than Solitude; by any thing that ſtrikes the ſenſes, and penetrates the heart. Men, on the contrary, augment the diſeaſe, and fix it more firmly in the boſom, by brooding over its cauſe and conſequences, and are obliged to apply the moſt efficacious remedies, with unſhaken conſtancy, to effect a cure; for feeble preſcriptions are, in ſuch caſes, of no avail. The only chance, indeed, of ſucceſs, is by exerting every endeavour to place the body under the regimen of the mind. Vigorous minds frequently baniſh the moſt inveterate evils, or form a powerful ſhield againſt all the darts of fate, and, by braving every danger, drive away thoſe feelings by which others are irritated and deſtroyed: they boldly turn their eyes from what things are, to what they ought to be; and with determined reſolution ſupport the bodies they are deſigned to animate; while weak minds ſurrender every thing committed to their care.

THE ſoul, however, always follows what is moſt agreeable to its ruling paſſion. Worldly men generally delight in gaming, feaſting, and debauchery;

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chery; while thoſe who are fond of Solitude, feel, from a conſciouſneſs of its advantages, no enjoyments equal to thoſe its peaceful ſhades afford.

I NOW conclude my reflections upon the advantages of Solitude to *the Heart*. May they give greater currency to uſeful ſentiments, to conſolatory truths, and contribute in ſome degree to diffuſe the enjoyment of a happineſs which is ſo much within our reach!

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CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE GENERAL ADVANTAGES OF RETIREMENT.

RETIREMENT engages the affections of men whenever it holds up a picture of tranquillity to their view.

THE doleful and monotonous ſound of the clock of a ſequeſtered monaſtery, the ſilence of nature in a ſtill night, the pure air on the ſummit of a high mountain, the thick darkneſs of an aged foreſt, the ſight of a temple fallen into ruins, inſpire the ſoul with a ſoft melancholy, and baniſh all recollection of the world and its concerns.

THE man who cannot hold a friendly correſpondence with his own heart, who derives no comfort from the reflections of his mind, who dreads the idea of meditation, and is fearful of paſſing a ſingle moment with himſelf, looks with equal dread on Solitude and on Death. He endeavours to enjoy all the voluptuouſneſs which the world affords; drains the pernicious cup of pleaſure to its dregs; and until the dreadful moment approaches

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approaches when he beholds his nerves ſhattered, and all the powers of his ſoul deſtroyed, has not the courage to make the delayed confeſſion, "*I* "*am tired of* the world *and all its follies!*"

THE legions of fantaſtic faſhions to which a man of pleaſure is obliged to ſacrifice his time, impair the rational faculties of his mind, and deſtroy the native energies of his ſoul. Forced continually to lend himſelf to the performance of a thouſand little trifles, a thouſand mean abſurdities, he becomes by habit frivolous and abſurd. The face of things no longer wears its true and genuine aſpect; and his depraved taſte loſes all reliſh for rational entertainment or ſubſtantial pleaſure. The infatuation ſeizes on his brain, and his corrupted heart teems with idle fancies and vain imaginations.

THE inevitable conſequences of this ardent purſuit of entertainments and diverſions, are languor and diſſatisfaction. He who has drained the cup of pleaſure to the laſt drop, who is at length obliged to confeſs that all his hopes are fled, who finds diſappointment and diſguſt mingled with every enjoyment, who feels aſtoniſhed at his own inſenſibility, and who no longer poſſeſſes the magic of the enchantreſs *Imagination* to gild and decorate the ſcene, calls in vain to his aſſiſtance the daughters

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daughters of Senſuality and Intemperance: their careſſes can no longer delight his dark and melancholy mind: the ſoft and ſyren ſong of Luxury no longer can diſpel the cloud of diſcontent that hovers round his head.

BEHOLD that debilitated weak old man running after pleaſures he can no longer enjoy. The airs of gaiety which he affects render him ridiculous: his attempts to ſhine expoſe him to deriſion: his endeavours to diſplay the wit and eloquence of youth, betray him into the garrulity of old age. His converſation, filled with repetition and tireſome narrative, creates diſguſt, and only forces the ſmile of pity from the lips of his youthful rivals. To the eye of Wiſdom, however, who obſerved him through all the former periods of his life, ſparkling in the mazes of folly, and rioting in all the noiſy circles of extravagance and vice, his character always appeared the ſame.

" A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
" And ever muſt, o'er thoſe whoſe joys are joys
" Of ſight, ſmell, taſte. The cuckow-ſeaſons ſing
" The ſame dull note to ſuch as nothing prize,
" But what thoſe ſeaſons, from the teeming earth,
" To doating *ſenſe* indulge. But nobler minds,
" Which reliſh fruits unripened by the ſun,
" Make their days various; various as the dyes
" On the dove's neck, which wanton in his rays.

" On

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" On minds of dove-like innocence poſſeſt,
" On lighten'd minds, that baſk in Virtue's beams,
" Nothing hangs tedious——

THE wiſe man, in the midſt of the moſt tumultuous pleaſures, frequently retires within himſelf, and ſilently compares what he might do, with what he is doing. And even when accidentally engaged in the exceſſes of intoxication, he aſſociates only with thoſe warm and generous ſouls, whoſe highly elevated minds are drawn towards each other by the moſt virtuous inclinations, and ſublime ſentiments. The ſilent retreat of the mind within itſelf, has more than once given birth to enterprizes of the greateſt pith and moment. Some of the moſt celebrated actions of mankind were firſt inſpired among the ſounds of muſic, or conceived amidſt the mazes of the dance. Senſible and elevated minds never commune more cloſely with themſelves, than in thoſe places of public reſort in which the low and vulgar, ſurrendering themſelves to illuſion and caprice, become incapable of reflection, and blindly ſuffer themſelves to be overwhelmed by the ſurrounding torrent of folly and diſtraction.

The unceaſing purſuit of ſenſual enjoyment is merely a mean uſed by the votaries of worldly pleaſure

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pleaſure of flying from themſelves: they ſeize with avidity upon any object that promiſes to occupy the preſent hour agreeably, and provide entertainment for the day that is paſſing over their heads. To ſuch characters the man who can invent, hour after hour, new ſchemes of pleaſure, and open, day after day, freſh ſources of amuſement, is a valuable companion indeed: he is their beſt, their only friend. Are then theſe lazy and luxurious votaries of ſenſual pleaſures deſtitute of thoſe abilities which might prevent this ſacrifice of time, and, if properly exerted, afford them relief? Certainly not. But, having been continually led from object to object in the purſuit of pleaſure, the aſſiſtance of others has habitually become the firſt want and greateſt neceſſity of their lives: they have inſenſibly loſt all power of acting for themſelves, and depend, for every object they ſee, for every ſenſation they feel, for every ſentiment they entertain, on thoſe by whom they are attended. This is the reaſon why *the rich*, who are ſeldom acquainted with any other pleaſures than thoſe of ſenſe, are, in general, the moſt miſerable of mankind.

THE Nobility and Courtiers of France think their enjoyments appear vain and ridiculous only to thoſe who have not the opportunity of partaking in them; but I am of a different opinion.

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Returning one Sunday from Trianon to Verſailles, I perceived at a diſtance a number of people aſſembled upon the terrace of the caſtle; and, on a nearer approach, I beheld Louis the Fifteenth ſurrounded by his court at the windows of his palace. A man very richly dreſſed, with a large pair of branching antlers faſtened on his head, whom they called the *ſtag*, was purſued by about a dozen others who compoſed the *pack*. The purſued and the purſuers leaped into the great canal, ſcrambled out again, and ran wildly round and round, amidſt the acclamations of the aſſembly, who loudly clapped their hands to teſtify their delight, and to encourage the diverſion. "What "can all this mean?" ſaid I to a French gentleman who ſtood near me. "Sir," he replied, with a very ſerious countenance, "it is for the "entertainment of *the Court*." The moſt obſcure and indigent individuals may certainly be much happier than theſe maſters of mankind with their melancholy ſlaves and miſerable entertainments.

"But all, alas! would into fame advance,
"From fancied merit in this idle dance:
"The tavern, park, aſſembly, maſk, and play,
"Thoſe dear deſtroyers of the tedious day,
"Are call'd by fops, who ſaunter round the town,
"Splendid diverſions; and the pill goes down;
"Where fools meet fools, and, Stoic like, ſupport,
"Without one ſigh, the pleaſures of a Court.

"But

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" But courts give nothing to the wife and good,
" But ſcorn of pomp, and love of *Solitude.*
" High ſtations *tumult*, but not *bliſs*, create;
" None think *the great* unhappy, but *the great.*
" Fools gaze and envy; envy darts a ſting,
" Which makes a Swain as wretched as a King."

DIREFUL condition! Is there then no occupation whatſoever, no uſeful employment, no rational recreation, ſufficiently high and dignified for ſuch characters? Are they reduced to the melancholy condition of not being able to perform one good and virtuous action during the intervals of ſuſpended pleaſure? Can they render no ſervices to friendſhip, to their country, to themſelves? Are there no poor and miſerable beings, to whoſe boſoms they might afford charitable comfort and relief? Is it, in ſhort, impoſſible for ſuch characters in any way to improve themſelves in wiſdom or in virtue?

THE powers of the human mind are of greater extent than is generally imagined. He who, either from taſte or neceſſity, exerciſes them frequently, ſoon finds that the higheſt felicities of which our nature is capable reſide entirely within ourſelves. The wants of life are, for the greater part, merely artificial; and, although ſenſual objects contribute moſt efficaciouſly to our happineſs and delight, it is

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not becauſe they are indiſpenſably neceſſary for this purpoſe, but becauſe they have been rendered deſirable by habit; and, from the pleaſures they produce, we flatter ourſelves that they are abſolutely neceſſary to our felicity. If, however, we had fortitude to reſiſt their charms, and courage to ſeek our happineſs in ourſelves, we ſhould frequently find in our own boſoms a greater variety of reſources than all the objects of ſenſe are capable of affording.

AMUSEMENT, indeed, may ſometimes be found in thoſe places to which the ſexes reſort merely *to ſee and to be ſeen*. The eye may be occaſionally gratified by the ſight of objects really agreeable; the ear may liſten to obſervations truly flattering. Lively thoughts and ſenſible remarks now and then prevail. Characters equally amiable and intereſting occaſionally mix among the group. We may form acquaintance with men of diſtinguiſhed merit, whom we ſhould not otherwiſe have an opportunity of knowing; and meet with women of amiable qualities, and irreproachable conduct, whoſe refined converſation raviſhes the ear with a delight equal to that with which their exquiſite beauty captivates the heart. But by what a number of painful ſenſations muſt the chance of receiving theſe pleaſures be purchaſed! Thoſe whom reaſon or

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diſguſt reſtrain from mixing in the idle diſſipations of life, cannot ſee without a ſigh, the gay conceit, the airy confidence, the blind arrogance, and the bold loquacity, with which theſe votaries of worldly pleaſure proclaim a felicity which is almoſt invariably deceitful; nor obſerve without a ſigh, the extravagant joy of ſo many great men, the abſurd airs of ſo many old dowagers, and the ridiculous fopperies of ſo many grey-headed children.

" What numbers here through love of pleaſure ſtrive
" To ſeem the moſt tranſported things alive!
" As if by joy deſert was underſtood,
" And all the rich and great were wiſe and good.
" Here aching boſoms wear a viſage gay,
" And ſtifled groans frequent the ball or play.
" Completely-dreſs'd in finery and grimace,
" They ſhew their birth-day ſuits and public face.
" Their ſmiles are only part of what they wear,
" Put off at night, like *Lady Betty's* hair.
" What bodily fatigue is half ſo bad?
" How anxiouſly they labour to be glad!

Honour, Fame, and Pleaſure, are generally conceived to accompany an invitation to the board of Luxury; although Diſeaſe, with leaden ſceptre, is known to preſide; and where reproach and calumny are too often indiſcriminately caſt upon the pureſt characters. But he who feels the leaſt energy of mind, turns with averſion from

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from all ſociety which tends to weaken its effect; and finds the ſimpleſt fare, enjoyed with freedom and content amidſt a happy and affectionate family, ten thouſand times more agreeable than the rareſt dainty, and the richeſt wine, with a ſociety where he muſt ſit ceremoniouſly ſilent in compliment to ſome reputed wit, from whoſe lips nothing but abſurdities and nonſenſe proceed.

THE ſpiritleſs and crowded ſocieties of the world, where a round of low and trifling amuſements fills the hour of entertainment, and where to diſplay a pomp of dreſs, and levity of manner, is the only ambition, may afford ſome pleaſure to thoſe light and empty minds who are impatient of the weight of idleneſs; but the wiſe man, who occaſionally reſorts to them in ſearch of rational converſation, or temporary amuſement, and only finds a dull, unvaried jargon, and a tireſome round of compliments, will turn with averſion from theſe temples of falſe delight, and exclaim, in the language of the poet,

" I envy none their pageantry and ſhew;
" I envy none the gilding of their woe.
" Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind ſerene,
" And guiltleſs heart, to range the ſylvan ſcene.
" No ſplendid poverty, no ſmiling care,
" No well-bred hate or ſervile grandeur there:

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" There pleaſing objects uſeful thoughts ſuggeſt;
" The ſenſe is raviſh'd, and the ſoul is bleſt:
" On every thorn delightful wiſdom grows,
" In every rill a ſweet inſtruction flows."

TRUE ſocial pleaſure is founded on unlimited confidence, on an affectionate and reciprocal interchange of ſentiments and opinions. A tender, faithful, refined, and rational friendſhip, renders the pleaſures of the world ſpiritleſs and diſguſting. How joyfully do we diſencumber ourſelves from the ſhackles of ſociety, for that cloſe and ſublime intercourſe in which our inclinations are free, our feelings generous, our ſentiments unbiaſſed; where a mutuality of thought and action, of pleaſures and of pains, uninterruptedly prevail; where the gentle hand of Love conducts us along the paths of truth and virtue; where every thought is anticipated before it eſcapes from the lips; where advice, conſolation, ſuccour, are reciprocally given and received in all the accidents and in all the misfortunes of life! The ſoul, touched by the charm of friendſhip, ſprings from its apathy and dejection, and views the enlivening beam of hope awakening it to activity. The *happy pair*, caſting a retroſpective glance on the time paſſed, mutually exclaim with the tendereſt emotions, " Oh the " delights that we have already experienced! Oh " the joys that we have already felt!" If the tear of

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of affliction ſteal down the cheek of the one, the other with affection wipes it tenderly away. The ſorrows of one are felt with equal ſenſibility by the other: and what ſorrow will not an intercourſe of hearts, ſo cloſely and affectionately united, entirely ſubdue? Day after day they communicate to each other all that they have ſeen, all that they have heard, all that they feel, and every thing that they know. Time flies before them on his ſwifteſt pinions. They are never tired of each other's company and converſation. The only misfortune they fear, the greateſt indeed they can poſſibly experience, is the misfortune of being ſeparated by occaſional abſence or untimely death.

But human happineſs is continually expoſed to interruption. At the very moment, alas! when we vainly think ourſelves the moſt ſecure, Fate, by a ſudden blow, ſtrikes its unhappy victim even in our arms. All the pleaſures of life then ſeem for ever extinguiſhed, every object alarms our mind, and every place ſeems deſert and forlorn. In vain are our arms extended to embrace our loved though loſt companion; in vain do we invoke her return. Her well-known ſtep ſtill ſeems to beat upon the liſtening ear, and promiſe her approach; but ſuſpended ſenſe returns, and the deluſive ſounds are heard no more. A death-like ſilence reigns around, and involves us in the ſhades of dreary ſo-

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litude, unconſcious of every thing but our bleeding hearts. Wearied and dejected, we imagine ourſelves no longer capable of loving, or of being beloved; and life without love, to the heart that has once felt its pleaſures, is more terrible than death. So ſudden a tranſition from the higheſt happineſs to the deepeſt miſery overpowers the mind. No kind friend appears to aſſuage our ſufferings, or ſeems capable of forming an adequate idea of our diſtreſs. The pangs, indeed, which ſuch a loſs inflicts, cannot be conceived, unleſs they have been felt. The only conſolation of the unhappy ſufferer is to live in Solitude, and his only wiſh to die alone. But it is under circumſtances like theſe that Solitude enjoys its greateſt triumph, and the afflicted ſufferer receives the greateſt benefits; for there is no ſorrow, however great, no pang, however powerful, that it will not, when wiſely indulged, at firſt ſoften, and at length ſubdue. The remedy, however, which Solitude "adminiſters to a mind diſeaſed," is ſlow and gradual; for the art of living alone requires ſo much experience, is ſubject to ſo many caſualties, and depends ſo materially upon the temperament of the patient, that it is neceſſary we ſhould attain a complete maturity before any great advantages can be derived from it. But he who is able to throw off the galling yoke of prejudice, and poſſeſſes a natural eſteem and fondneſs for retirement, will not

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be embarraſſed as to the choice he ought to make under ſuch circumſtances. Indifferent to external objects, and averſe from the diſſipations of the world, he will rely on the powers of his mind, and will never be leſs alone than when he is in the company of himſelf.

MEN of genius are frequently condemned to employments as diſagreeable to the turn and temper of their minds, as the moſt nauſeous medicine muſt be to an empty ſtomach. Confined to toil on a dry and diſguſting ſubject, fixed to a particular ſpot, and harraſſed by ſubordinate duties, they relinquiſh all expectation of tranquillity on this ſide the grave. Deprived of enjoying the common pleaſures of nature, every object increaſes their diſguſt. "It is not for us," they exclaim, "that the youthful zephyrs call forth the budding "foliage with their careſſing breath; that the "feathered choir chant in enlivening ſtrains "their rural ſongs; that the verdant meadows "are decked with fragrant flowers." But ſet theſe complainants free, give them liberty and leiſure to think for themſelves, and the enthuſiaſm of their minds will ſoon regenerate, and ſoar into the higheſt regions of intellect happineſs, with the bold wing and penetrating eye of the bird of *Jove*.

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If Solitude be capable of diſſipating the afflictions of perſons thus circumſtanced, what may not be expected from its influence on thoſe who are enabled to retire, at pleaſure, to its friendly ſhades, and who have no other wiſh than to enjoy pure air and domeſtic felicity! When *Antiſthenes* was aſked what advantages philoſophy had afforded him, he anſwered, "*It has taught me to ſubdue myſelf.*" *Pope* ſays, he never laid his head upon his pillow, without acknowledging that the moſt important leſſon of life is to learn the art of being happy within ourſelves. And it ſeems to me that we ſhall all find what *Pope* looked for, when home is our content, and every thing about us, even to *the dog* and *the cat*, partakes of our affection.

It has, indeed, been truly obſerved by a celebrated philoſopher, that it is equally arrogant and erroneous to imagine, that man is capable, by his own exertions, of reaching real felicity. He may, however, modify the natural diſpoſition of his ſoul, chaſtiſe his taſte, curb his inclinations, ameliorate his ſentiments, and even ſubdue his paſſions; and thereby not only render himſelf leſs ſenſible of the wants of life, but feel even ſatisfaction under the moſt untoward circumſtances.

Health is certainly eſſential to happineſs, and yet there are circumſtances and ſituations under which

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which the privation of it may be attended with tranquillity.

How frequently have I returned thanks to God, when indiſpoſition has prevented me from going abroad, and enabled me to recruit my weakened powers in ſolitude and ſilence! Obliged to drag through the ſtreets of the metropolis day after day during a number of years, feeble in conſtitution, weak in limbs; ſuſceptible, on feeling the ſmalleſt cold, to the ſame ſenſation as if knives were ſeparating the fleſh from the bone; continually ſurrounded, in the courſe of my profeſſion, with the moſt afflicting ſorrows; it is not ſurpriſing that I ſhould thank the Almighty with tears of gratitude, on experiencing even the relief which a confinement by indiſpoſition procured. A phyſician, if he poſſeſs ſenſibility, muſt, in his anxiety to relieve the ſufferings of others, frequently forget his own. But, alas! how frequently muſt he feel all the horrors of his ſituation, when he is ſummoned to attend patients whoſe maladies are beyond the reach of medicine! Under ſuch circumſtances, the indiſpoſition which excuſes my attendance, and leaves me the powers of thought, affords me comparatively a ſweet repoſe; and, provided I am not diſturbed by the polite interruptions of ceremonious viſitors, I enjoy a pleaſing ſolitude. One ſingle day paſſed undiſturbed at home in literary leiſure, af-

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fords to my mind more real pleaſure than all the circles of faſhionable entertainment are able to beſtow.

THE fear of being alone is no longer felt either by the young or old, whenever the mind has acquired the power of employing itſelf in ſome uſeful or agreeable ſtudy. Ill-humour may be baniſhed by adopting a regular courſe of reading. Books, indeed, cannot be inſpected without producing a beneficial effect, provided we always read with a pen or pencil in our hand, and note down the new ideas that may occur, or the obſervations which confirm the knowledge we before poſſeſſed; for reading becomes not only uſeleſs, but fatiguing, unleſs we apply the information it affords either to our own characters, or to thoſe of other men. This habit, however, may be eaſily acquired; and then books become one of the moſt ſafe and certain antidotes to laſſitude and diſcontent. By this means a man becomes his own companion, and finds his beſt and moſt cheerful friend in his own heart.

PLEASURES of this kind certainly ſurpaſs in a great degree all thoſe which reſult merely from the indulgence of the ſenſes. The pleaſures of the mind, generally ſpeaking, ſignify ſublime meditation, the profound deductions of reaſon, and the brilliant effuſions of the imagination; but there are

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are alſo others, for the perfect enjoyment of which neither extenſive knowledge nor extraordinary talents are neceſſary. Such are the pleaſures which reſult from active labour; pleaſures equally within the reach of the ignorant and learned, and not leſs exquiſite than thoſe which reſult ſolely from the mind. Manual exertions, therefore, ought never to be deſpiſed. I am acquainted with gentlemen who underſtand the mechaniſm of their watches, who are able to work as painters, lockſmiths, carpenters; and who are not only poſſeſſed of the tools and implements of every trade, but know how to uſe them. Such men never feel the leaſt diſquietude from the want of ſociety, and are in general the happieſt characters in exiſtence.

MENTAL *pleaſures* are within the reach of all perſons who, free, tranquil, and affectionate, are contented with themſelves, and at peace with their fellow-creatures. The mind contemplates the pranks of ſchool, the ſprightly aberrations of our boyiſh days, the wanton ſtories of early youth, our plays and paſtimes, and all the little hopes and fears of infancy, with fond delight. Oh! with what approving ſmiles, and ſoft regret, the aged caſt their eyes upon thoſe happy times when youthful incarnation prompted all their actions, when every enterprize was undertaken with lively vigour, and executed with undaunted courage; when

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difficulties were ſought merely for the purpoſe of ſurmounting them! Let us compare what we were formerly with what we are at preſent; or rather, by giving our thoughts a freer range, reflect on the various events we have experienced or obſerved; upon the means that the Almighty employs to raiſe or ſink the proſperity of empires; upon the rapid progreſs made, even in our time, in every art and ſcience; upon the diffuſion of uſeful knowledge, and the deſtruction of dangerous prejudices; upon the empire which barbariſm and ſuperſtition have gained, notwithſtanding the exertions of genius and reaſon to prevent them; upon the ſublime power of the human mind, and its inefficient productions; and languor will inſtantly diſappear, and tranquillity, peace, and good-humour, prevail.

THUS advantage may in Solitude be attained and reliſhed at every period of our lives; at the moſt advanced age, as well as during the vigour of youth. He who to an unbroken conſtitution joins a free and contented mind, and aſſiduouſly cultivates the powers of his underſtanding, will, if his heart be innocent, at all times enjoy the pureſt and moſt unalterable pleaſures. Employment animates all the functions of the ſoul, and calls forth their higheſt energies. It is the ſecret conſciouſneſs which every perſon of a lively imagination poſſeſſes, of the powers of the mind, and the dignity

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they are capable of attaining, that creates that noble anxiety and ardour which carries their efforts to the ſublimeſt heights. But if, either by duty or ſituation, we maintain too cloſe an intercourſe with ſociety; if we are obliged, in ſpite of inclination, to ſubmit to frivolous and fatiguing diſſipations; it is only by quitting the tumult, and entering into ſilent meditation, that we feel that effervescence, that deſire to break from bondage, to fly from paſt errors, and avoid in future every noiſy and tumultuous pleaſure.

THE mind never feels with more energy and ſatisfaction that it lives, that it is rational, great, active, free, and immortal, than during thoſe moments in which it excludes idle and impertinent intruders.

OF all the vexations of life, there are none ſo inſupportable as thoſe inſipid viſits, thoſe annoying partialities, which occupy the time of frivolous and faſhionable characters. "My thoughts," ſays *Rouſſeau*, "will only come when *they* pleaſe, "and not when I chooſe;" and therefore the intruſion of ſtrangers, or of mere acquaintances, were always extremely odious to him. It was for this reaſon alone that this extraordinary character, who ſeldom experienced an hour of tranquillity, felt ſuch indignation againſt the importunate civilities

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lities and empty compliments of common converſation, whilſt he enjoyed the rational intercourſe of ſenſible and well-informed minds with the higheſt delight.* How frequently are the brighteſt beams of intellect obſcured by aſſociating with low and

* "I never could endure, " ſays *Rouſſeau*, " the empty and " unmeaning compliments of common converſation: but from " converſation uſeful or ingenious, I have always felt the higheſt " pleaſure, and have never refuſed to partake of it." In one of thoſe very elegant and ſenſible Epiſtles which are publiſhed under the title of " *Fitzoſborne's Letters*," the ideas which *Zimmerman* ſeems to have entertained on this ſubject are very happily expreſſed. " I have had occaſion," ſays the Writer, in a letter to *Palamedes*, " a thouſand times, ſince I ſaw you, to wiſh my- " ſelf *in the land where all things are forgotten;* at leaſt, that I did " not live in the memory of certain reſtleſs mortals of your ac- " quaintance, who are *viſitors by profeſſion*. The misfortune is, " no retirement is ſo remote, nor ſanctuary ſo ſacred, as to af- " ford a protection from their impertinence; and though we were " to fly to the deſert, and take refuge in the cells of ſaints and " hermits, we ſhould be alarmed with their unmeaning *voice*, " *crying* even *in the wilderneſs*. They ſpread themſelves, in truth, " over the whole face of the land, and lay waſte the faireſt hours " of converſation. For my part (to ſpeak of them in a ſtyle " ſuitable to their taſte and talents) I look upon them not as pay- " ing viſits, but *viſitations;* and am never obliged to give audi- " ence to one of this ſpecies, that I do not conſider myſelf as " under a judgment for thoſe numberleſs hours which I have " ſpent in vain. If theſe ſons and daughters of idleneſs and folly " would be perſuaded to enter into an excluſive ſociety among " themſelves, the reſt of the world might poſſeſs their moments " unmoleſted: but nothing leſs will ſatisfy them than opening " a general commerce, and ſailing into every port where choice " or chance may drive them. Were we to live, indeed, to " the

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and little minds; how frequently do the ſoundeſt underſtandings become frivolous, by keeping frivolous company! For, although thoſe bright beams are immediate emanations from the Deity on the mind of man, they muſt be matured by meditation and reflection, before they can give elevation to genius, and conſiſtency to character.

VIRTUES to which the mind cannot riſe even when aſſiſted by the moſt advantageous intercourſe, are frequently the ſilent growth of Solitude. Deprived for ever of the company and converſation of thoſe whom we love and eſteem, we endeavour to charm the uneaſy void by every effort in our power; but while *Love* and *Friendſhip* lead us by the hand, and cheriſh us by their care, we lean inceſſantly on their boſoms, and remain inert. Solitude, were it for this reaſon alone, is indiſpenſably neceſſary to the human character; for when men are enabled to depend on themſelves alone, the ſoul, toſſed about by the tempeſts of life, acquires new vigour; learns

"the years of the Antediluvians, one might afford to reſign ſome "part of one's own time in charitable relief of the inſufferable "weight of theirs; but ſince the days of man are ſhrunk into "a few haſty revolutions of the ſun, whole afternoons are much "too conſiderable a ſacrifice to be offered up to tame civility. "What heightens the contempt of this character is, that they "who have ſo much of the force, have always the leaſt of the "power of friendſhip; and though they will "*craze their chariot wheels*;" as *Milton* expreſſes it, to *deſtroy your repoſe*, they "would not drive half the length of a ſtreet to *aſſiſt your diſtreſs*."

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learns to bear with conſtancy, or avoid with addreſs, thoſe dangerous rocks on which vulgar minds are inevitably wrecked; and diſcovers continually new reſources, by which the mind reſiſts with Stoic courage the rigours of its fate.

WEAK minds always conceive it moſt ſafe to adopt the ſentiments of the multitude. They never venture to expreſs an opinion upon any ſubject until the majority have decided; and blindly follow the ſentiments of the many, whether upon men or things, without troubling themſelves to inquire who are right, or on which ſide *truth* preponderates. A love of equity and truth, indeed, is ſeldom found, except in thoſe who have no dread of Solitude. Men of diſſipation never protect the weak, or avenge the oppreſſed. If the various and powerful hoſts of knaves and fools are your enemies, if you have been injured in your property by injuſtice, or traduced in your fame by calumny, you muſt not fly for protection and redreſs to men of light and diſſipated characters; for they are merely the organs of error, and the conduit-pipes of prejudice.

THE *knowledge of ourſelves* is in Solitude more eaſily and effectually acquired than in any other ſituation; for we there live in habits of the ſtricteſt intimacy with our own boſoms. It is certainly poſſible

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poſſible for men to be deliberate and wiſe even amidſt all the tumultuous folly of the world, eſpecially if their principles be well fixed before they enter on the ſtage of life; but integrity is undoubtedly more eaſily preſerved in the innocent ſimplicity of Solitude, than in the corrupted intercourſes of Society. In the world how many men pleaſe only by their vices! How many profligate villains, and unprincipled adventurers, of inſinuating manners, are well received only becauſe they have learnt the art of adminiſtering to the follies, the weakneſſes, and the vices of others! The mind, intoxicated with the fumes of that incenſe which artful flattery is continually offering to it, is rendered incapable of juſtly appreciating the characters of men. On the contrary, we truly diſcover in the ſilence of Solitude the inward complexion of the heart; and learn not only what the characters of men are, but what in truth and nature they ought to be.

How many new and uſeful diſcoveries may be made by occaſionally forcing ourſelves from the vortex of the world, and retiring to the calm enjoyments of ſtudy and reflection? To accompliſh this end, it is only neceſſary to commune ſeriouſly with our own hearts, and to examine our actions with impartiality. The worldly-minded man, indeed, has reaſon to avoid this ſelf-examination, for the

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the reſult would in all probability be painful to his feelings; as he who only judges of himſelf by the flattering opinions which others may have expreſſed of his character, will, in ſuch a ſcrutiny, behold with ſurpriſe, that he is the miſerable ſlave of habit and public opinion; ſubmitting himſelf with ſcrupulous exactneſs, and the beſt poſſible grace, to the tyranny of faſhion and eſtabliſhed ceremony; never venturing to oppoſe their influence, however ridiculous and abſurd it may be; and obſequiouſly following the example of others, without daring to reſiſt purſuits which every one ſeems ſo highly to approve. He will perceive, that almoſt all his thoughts and actions are engendered by a baſe fear of himſelf, or ariſe from a ſervile complaiſance to others; that he only ſeeks to flatter the vanities, and indulge the caprices, of his ſuperiors, and becomes the contemptible miniſter of theſe men, without daring to offer them the ſmalleſt contradiction, or hazard an opinion that is likely to give them the leaſt diſpleaſure. Whoever with calm conſideration views this terrifying picture, will feel, in the ſilent emotions of his heart, the neceſſity of occaſionally retiring into Solitude, and ſeeking ſociety with men of nobler ſentiments and purer principles.

LET every one, therefore, who wiſhes to think with dignity, or live with eaſe, ſeek the retreats of

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of Solitude, and enter into a friendly intercourſe with his own heart. How ſmall a portion of true philoſophy, with an enlightened underſtanding, will render it humble and compliant! But in the miſts of prejudice, dazzled by the intellectual glimmer of falſe lights, every one miſtakes the true path, and ſeeks for happineſs in the ſhades of darkneſs, and in the labyrinths of obſcurity. The habits of retirement and tranquillity can alone enable us to make a juſt eſtimate of men and things: and it is by renouncing all the prepoſſeſſions which the corruptions of ſociety have implanted in the mind, that we make the firſt advances towards the reſtoration of reaſon, and the attainment of felicity.

We have hitherto only pointed out one claſs of the general advantages which may be derived from rational Solitude, but there are many others which apply ſtill more cloſely to mens' buſineſs and boſoms. Who, alas! is there that has not experienced its comforting influence in the keeneſt adverſities of life? Who is there that does not ſeek relief from its friendly ſhades in the languors of convaleſcence, in the pangs of affliction, and even in that diſtreſsful moment when death deprives us of thoſe whoſe company was the charm and ſolace of our lives? Happy are they who know the advantages of a *religious retirement*, of that *holy reſt* in which the virtues rivet themſelves

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ſelves more cloſely to the ſoul, and in which every man, when he is on the bed of death, devoutly wiſhes he had lived.

BUT theſe advantages become more conſpicuous when we compare the manner of thinking which employs the mind of a ſolitary philoſopher with that of a worldly ſenſualiſt; the tireſome and tumultuous life of the one with the eaſe and tranquillity of the other; the horrors which diſturb the death-bed of vice, with the calm ſigh which accompanies the expiring ſoul of virtue. This is the awful moment in which we feel how important it is to commune morally with ourſelves, and religiouſly with our Creator; to enable us to bear the ſufferings of life with dignity, and the pains of death with eaſe.* THE

* PONTANUS, a man celebrated among the early reſtorers of Literature, thought the ſtudy of our own hearts of ſo much importance, that he has recommended it from his tomb: "*Sum* "JOANNES JOVIANUS PONTANUS, *quem amaverunt bonæ* "*muſæ, ſuſpexerunt viri probi, honeſtaverunt regis domini; jam ſcio* "*qui ſim, veloqui potius fuerim; ego vero te, hoſpes, noſcere in tene-* "*bris nequeo, ſed te ipſum ut noſcas rogo.*"—*Seneca* alſo ſays, "Death falls heavy upon him who is too much known to "others, and too little to himſelf:

"Illi mors gravis incubat
"Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
"Ignotus moritur ſibi."

"To him, alas! to him, I fear,
"The face of death will terrible appear,

"Who

THE ſick, the ſorrowful, and the diſcontented, may find equal relief in Solitude; it adminiſters a balm to their tortured ſouls, heals the deep and painful wounds they have received, and in time reſtores them to their priſtine health and vigour. The deceitful ſhrine in which the intoxication of ſenſuality involved health and happineſs diſappears, and they behold, in the place of imaginary joys, thoſe objects only which afford real pleaſure. Proſperity arrays every object in the moſt glowing and delightful colours; but to adverſity every thing appears black and diſmal. Nor are the errors of theſe contrary extremes diſcovered until the moment when the curtain drops, and diſſipates the illuſion: the deceitful dream continues until the imagination is ſilenced. The unhappy then perceive that the Almighty was watching over them, even when they conceived themſelves entirely abandoned. The happy then diſcover the vanity of thoſe pleaſures and amuſements to which they ſurrendered themſelves ſo implicitly during the intoxication of the world, and reflect ſeriouſly upon their miſconduct; upon their preſent ſtate and future deſtiny; and upon the modes moſt likely to conduct them

"Who, in his life, flatt'ring his ſenſeleſs pride,
"By being known to all the world beſide,
"Does not himſelf, when he is dying, know,
"Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go."

Cowley.

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them to true felicity. How miſerable ſhould we be, were the Divine Providence to grant us every thing we deſire! At the very inſtant when we conceive all the happineſs of our lives annihilated, God, perhaps, is performing ſomething extraordinary in our favour. Certain it is, that patience and perſeverance will, in Solitude, convert the deepeſt ſorrow into tranquillity and joy. Thoſe objects which, at a diſtance, appear menacing, loſe, on a nearer approach, their diſagreeable aſpect, and, in the event, frequently produce the moſt agreeable pleaſures. He who tries every expedient, who boldly oppoſes himſelf to every difficulty, who ſteadily reſiſts every obſtacle, who neglects no exertion within his power, and relies with confidence on the aſſiſtance of God, extracts from affliction both its poiſon and its ſting, and deprives misfortune of its victory.*

SORROW,

* Dr. *Johnſon* obſerves, that "It is one of the chief precepts "of the Stoical Philoſophy, that Man ſhould never ſuffer his "happineſs to depend upon external circumſtances: a precept, "indeed, which that lofty ſect has extended beyond the con-"dition of human life, and in which ſome of them ſeem to "have comprized an utter excluſion of all corporeal pain and "pleaſure from the regard or attention of a wiſe man. Such "*ſapientia inſaniens*, as *Horace* calls the doctrine of another ſect, "ſuch extravagance of philoſophy, can want neither authority "nor argument for its confutation: it is overthrown by the ex-"perience of every hour, and the powers of nature riſe up "againſt it. But," continues he, "we may very properly in-"quire

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Sorrow, misfortune, and ſickneſs, ſoon render Solitude eaſy and familiar to our minds. How willingly do we renounce the world, and become indifferent to all its pleaſures, when the inſidious eloquence of the paſſions is ſilenced, and our powers are debilitated by vexation or ill health! It is then we perceive the weakneſs of thoſe ſuccours which the world affords. How many uſeful truths, alas! has the bed of ſickneſs and ſorrow inſtilled even into the minds of Kings and Princes! truths which, in the hour of health, they would have been unable to learn amidſt the deceitful counſels of their pretended friends. The time, indeed, in which a valetudinary is capable of employing his powers with facility and ſucceſs, in a manner conformable to his deſigns, is ſhort, and runs rapidly away. Thoſe only who enjoy robuſt health can exclaim, "*Time* "*is my own*;" for he who labours under continual ſickneſs and ſuffering, and whoſe avocations depend on the public neceſſity or caprice, can never ſay that he has *one moment to himſelf*. He muſt watch

"quire, how near to this exalted ſtate it is in our power to ap-
"proach, how far we can exempt ourſelves from outward in-
"fluences, and ſecure to our minds a ſtate of tranquillity: for
"though the boaſt of abſolute independence is ridiculous and
"vain, yet a mean flexibility to every impulſe, and a patient
"ſubmiſſion to the tyranny of caſual troubles, is below the
"dignity of that mind, which, however depraved, or weakened,
"boaſts its derivation from a celeſtial original, and hopes for
"an union with infinite goodneſs and invariable felicity."

Rambler, No. 6.

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watch the fleeting hours as they pass, and seize an interval of leisure when and where he can. Necessity as well as reason convinces him that he must, in spite of his daily sufferings, his wearied body, or his harrassed mind, firmly resist his accumulating troubles; and, if he would save himself from becoming the victim of dejection, he must manfully combat the difficulties by which he is attacked. The more we enervate ourselves, the more we become the prey of ill health; but determined courage, and obstinate resistance, frequently renovate our powers; and he who, in the calm of Solitude, vigorously wrestles with misfortune, is, in the event, sure of gaining a victory.

THE influence of the mind upon the body is a consolatory truth to those who are subject to constitutional complaints. Supported by this reflection, the effects of *reason* continue unsubdued; the influence of *religion* maintains its empire; and the lamentable truth, that men of the finest sensibility, and most cultivated understanding, frequently possess less fortitude under afflictions than the most vulgar of mankind, remains unknown.*

CAMPENELLA,

* This weakness of human nature is finely illustrated by Dr. *Johnson* in his celebrated History of *Rasselas*, Prince of Abyssinia. The Prince attends the lectures of a Philosopher, who compared reason to the sun, of which the light is constant, uniform,

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CAMPENELLA, incredible as it may ſeem, ſuffered by the indulgence of melancholy reflections, a ſpecies of mental torture more painful than any bodily torture could have produced. I can, however,

uniform and laſting; communicated various precepts for the conqueſt of paſſion; and diſplayed the happineſs of thoſe who had obtained the important victory, after which *man* is no longer the ſlave of fear, or the fool of hope; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emaſculated by tenderneſs, or depreſſed by grief; and concluded that this ſtate only was happineſs, and that this happineſs was in every one's power. *Raſſelas* liſtened to him with the veneration due to the inſtructions of a ſuperior being, and implored the liberty of viſiting ſo great a maſter of true wiſdom. On the enſuing day the Prince entered the apartment of the Philoſopher, whom he found in a room half darkened, with his eyes miſty, and his face pale. "Sir," ſaid the Philoſopher, "you are come at a time when all human friendſhip is "uſeleſs. What I ſuffer cannot be remedied; what I have loſt "cannot be ſupplied. My daughter, my only daughter, from "whoſe tenderneſs I expected all the comforts of my age, died "laſt night of a fever. My views, my purpoſes, my hopes, are "at an end. I am now a lonely being, diſunited from ſociety." The Prince remonſtrated againſt the exceſs of his affliction. "Young man," replied the Philoſopher, "you ſpeak like one "who has never felt the pangs of ſeparation."—"Have you "then forgot the precepts," ſaid *Raſſelas*, "which you ſo "powerfully enforced? Has wiſdom no ſtrength to arm the "heart againſt calamity? Conſider that external things are naturally variable, but Truth and Reaſon are always the ſame." "What comfort," ſaid the mourner, "can Truth and Reaſon "afford me? Of what effect are they now, but to tell me that "my daughter will not be reſtored?" This illuſtration of the inefficacy of philoſophy, to counteract or ſubdue the ſenſibilities of human nature under deep calamity, brings to mind an

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ever, from my own experience, assert, that, even in the extremity of distress, every object which diverts the attention softens the evils we endure, and frequently drives them entirely away. By diverting the attention, many celebrated philosophers have been able not only to preserve a tranquil mind in the midst of the most poignant sufferings, but have even increased the strength of their intellectual faculties, in spite of their corporeal pains. *Rousseau* composed the greater part of his immortal works under the continual pressure of sickness and sorrow.* *Gellert*, who, by his mild, agreeable, and instructive writings, has become the preceptor of Germany, certainly found, in this interesting occupation, the secret remedy against melancholy. *Mendelsohm*, at an age far advanced in life, and not, in general, subject to dejection, was for a long time oppressed by an almost inconceivable derangement of the nervous system; but, by submitting with patience and docility to his sufferings, he still maintains

observation of *Dr. Goldsmith's*, that "Philosophy may be an "excellent horse in the stable, but is generally an arrant jade "upon the road."

* The author of that stupendous and elaborate work, "The "English Dictionary, thus eloquently and affectingly describes the circumstances under which it was compiled. "It may gra-"tify curiosity to inform it, that THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY "was written with very little assistance of the *learned*, and with-"out any patronage of *the great*: not in the soft obscurities of "retirement, nor under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow."

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maintains all the noble and high advantages of youth. *Garve*, who was for ſeveral years unable to read, to write, or even to think, has ſince produced his Treatiſe upon *Cicero*, in which this profound writer, ſo circumſpect in all his expreſſions, that he appears hurt if any improper word eſcapes his pen, thanks the Almighty, with a ſort of rapture, for the weakneſs of his conſtitution, becauſe it had taught him the extraordinary influence which the powers of the mind have over thoſe of the body.

SOLITUDE is not merely deſirable, but abſolutely neceſſary, to thoſe characters who poſſeſs ſenſibilities too quick, and imaginations too ardent, to live quietly in the world, and who are inceſſantly inveighing againſt men and things. Thoſe who ſuffer their minds to be ſubdued by circumſtances which would ſcarcely produce an emotion in other boſoms; who complain of the ſeverity of their misfortunes on occaſions which others would not feel; who are diſpirited by every occurrence which does not produce immediate ſatisfaction and pleaſure; who are inceſſantly tormented by the illuſions of fancy; who are unhinged and dejected the moment proſperity is out of their view; who repine at what they poſſeſs, from an ignorance of what they really want; whoſe minds are for ever veering from one vain wiſh to another; who are alarmed at every thing,

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and enjoy nothing; are not formed for ſociety, and, if Solitude have no power to heal their wounded ſpirits, are certainly incurable.

MEN who in other reſpects poſſeſs rational minds and pious diſpoſitions, frequently fall into low ſpirits and deſpair; but it is in general almoſt entirely their own fault. If it proceed, as is generally the caſe, from unfounded fears; if they love to torment themſelves and others on every trivial diſappointment or ſlight indiſpoſition; if they conſtantly reſort to *medicine* for that relief which *reaſon* alone can beſtow; if they fondly indulge, inſtead of repreſſing, theſe idle fancies; if, after having endured the moſt excruciating pains with patience, and ſupported the greateſt misfortunes with fortitude, they neither can nor will learn to bear the puncture of the ſmalleſt pin, or thoſe trifling adverſities to which human life is unavoidably ſubject; they can only attribute their unhappy condition to their own miſconduct; and although they might, by no very irkſome effort of their underſtandings, look with an eye of compoſure and tranquillity on the multiplied and fatal fires iſſuing from the dreadful cannon's mouth, will continue ſhamefully ſubdued by the idle apprehenſions of being fired at by pop-guns.

ALL theſe qualities of the ſoul, fortitude, firmneſs, and Stoic inflexibility, are much ſooner acquired

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acquired by silent meditation than amidst the noisy intercourses of mankind, where innumerable difficulties continually oppose us; where ceremony, servility, flattery, and fear, contaminate our dispositions; where every occurrence opposes our endeavours; and where, for this reason, men of the weakest minds, and most contracted notions, become more active and popular, gain more attention, and are better received, than men of feeling hearts and liberal understandings.

THE mind, in short, fortifies itself with impregnable strength in the bowers of solitary retirement against every species of suffering and affliction. The frivolous attachments which, in the world, divert the soul from its proper objects, and drive it wandering, as chance may direct, into an eccentric void, die away. Contented, from experience, with the little which nature requires, rejecting every superflous desire, and having acquired a complete knowledge of ourselves, the visitations of the Almighty, when he chastises us with affliction, humbles our presumptuous pride, disappoints our vain conceits, restrains the violence of our passions, and makes us sensible of our inanity and weakness, are received with composure, and felt without surprise. How many important truths do we here learn, of which the worldly-minded man has no idea! Casting the eye of calm reflec-

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tion on ourſelves, and on the objects around us, how reſigned we become to the lot of humanity! How different every object appears! The heart expands to every noble ſentiment; the bloom of conſcious virtue brightens on the cheek; the mind teems with ſublime conceptions; and boldly taking the right path, we at length reach the bowers of innocence, and the plains of peace.

On the death of a beloved friend, we conſtantly feel a ſtrong deſire to withdraw from ſociety; but our worldly acquaintances unite in general to deſtroy this laudable inclination. Conceiving it improper to mention the ſubject of our grief, our companions, cold and indifferent to the event, ſurround us, and think their duties ſufficiently diſcharged by paying the tributary viſit, and amuſing us with the current topics of the town. Such idle pleaſantries cannot convey a balm of comfort into the wounded heart.

When I, alas! within two years after my arrival in Germany, loſt the lovely idol of my heart, the amiable companion of my former days, I exclaimed a thouſand times to my ſurrounding friends, "*Oh! leave me to myſelf!*" Her departed ſpirit ſtill hovers round me: the tender recollection of her ſociety, the afflicting remembrance of her ſufferings on my account, are always preſent to my

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my mind. What mildneſs and affability! Her death was as calm and reſigned as her life was pure and virtuous. During five long months the lingering pangs of diſſolution hung continually round her. One day, as ſhe reclined upon her pillow, while I read to her "*The Death of Chriſt*," by *Rammler*, ſhe caſt her eyes over the page, and ſilently pointed out to me the following paſſage: "My breath grows weak, my days are ſhortened, "my heart is full of affliction, and my ſoul pre-"pares to take its flight." Alas! when I recall all thoſe circumſtances to my mind, and recollect how impoſſible it was for me to abandon the world at that moment of anguiſh and diſtreſs, when I carried the ſeeds of death within my boſom, when I had neither fortitude to bear my afflictions, nor courage to reſiſt them, while I was yet purſued by malice, and traduced by calumny, I can eaſily conceive, in ſuch a ſituation, that my exclamation might be, "*Leave me to myſelf.*" To a heart thus torn by too rigorous a deſtiny from the boſom that was opened for its reception, from a boſom in which it fondly dwelt, from an object that it dearly loved, detached from every object, at a loſs where to fix its affection, or communicate its feelings, Solitude alone can adminiſter comfort.

THE rich and the poor, the happy and the mi-

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ſerable, the healthy and the ſick, in ſhort, all deſcriptions of perſons, whatever may be their ſtations or their circumſtances in life, will experience infinite advantages in a religious retirement from the world. It is not, alas! in the temples of pleaſure, in thoſe meetings where every one drains the cup of folly to its loweſt dregs, in thoſe coteries where vulgar gaiety reſorts, in brilliant aſſemblies, or at luxurious boards, that the mind acquires thoſe refined and exalted notions which reſtrain the ſenſual appetites, ennoble the pleaſures of life, bring futurity to view, and baniſh, from a ſhort and tranſitory exiſtence, an inordinate fondneſs for the diſſipations of the world. It is in Solitude alone that we are capable of averting our eyes from thoſe dangerous ſcenes, and caſting them towards the celeſtial Providence which protects us. It is only during the ſilent hour of pious meditation that we recur to the conſolatory idea, to the bland and ſatisfactory ſentiment, that the eye of the Almighty is for ever tenderly viewing the actions of his creatures, kindly ſuperintending all our concerns, and, by his power and his goodneſs, directing our ways. The bright image of our Creator appears to us in Solitude on every ſide.* Emancipated from the dangerous

* The following addreſs to the Deity is tranſlated from *Boethius* by a celebrated moral Philoſopher:

"O Thou

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dangerous fermentation of the paſſions, we contemplate with ſerioufneſs and vigour, with freedom and with confidence, the attainment of ſupreme felicity, and enjoy in thought the happineſs we hope ultimately to reach. In this holy meditation, every ignoble ſentiment, every painful anxiety, every low thought and vulgar care, vaniſh from the mind.

SOLITUDE, when it has ripened and preſerved the tender and humane feelings of the heart, and created in the mind a ſalutary diſtruſt of our vain reaſon and boaſted abilities, may be conſidered to have brought us nearer to God. Humility is the firſt leſſon we learn from reflection, and ſelf-diſtruſt the firſt proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourſelves. When, in attending the duties of my profeſſion, I behold, on the bed of ſickneſs, the efforts of the ſoul to oppoſe its impending diſſolution, and diſcover, by the increaſing torments of the patient, the rapid advances of death; when I ſee the unhappy ſufferer extend his cold and tremb-

"O Thou whoſe power o'er moving worlds preſides,
"Whoſe voice created, and whoſe wiſdom guides,
"On darkling man in pure effulgence ſhine,
"And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!
"'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breaſt
"With ſilent confidence and holy reſt:
"From Thee, *Great God*, we ſpring; to thee we tend,
"Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End."

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ling hands to thank the Almighty for the ſmalleſt mitigation of his pains; when I hear his utterance checked by intermingled groans, and view the tender looks, the ſilent anguiſh, of his attending friends; all my fortitude abandons me; my heart bleeds; and I tear myſelf from the ſorrowful ſcene only to pour my tears more freely over the lamentable lot of humanity, to regret the inefficacy of thoſe medical powers which I am ſuppoſed only to have ſought with ſo much anxiety as a means of prolonging my own miſerable exiſtence.

" When in this vale of years I backward look,
" And miſs ſuch numbers, numbers too of ſuch,
" Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
" And ſtricter on their guard, and fitter far
" To play life's ſubtle game, I ſcarce believe
" I ſtill ſurvive; and am I fond of life,
" Who ſcarce can think it poſſible I live?
" Alive by miracle! If I am ſtill alive,
" Who long have buried what gives life to live."

THE wiſdom that teaches us to avoid the ſnares of the world, is not to be acquired by the inceſſant purſuit of entertainments; by flying, without reflection, from one party to another; by continual converſation on low and trifling ſubjects; by undertaking every thing, and doing nothing. "He " who would acquire *true wiſdom*," ſays a celebrated

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brated philoſopher, " muſt learn to live in Solitude." An uninterrupted courſe of diſſipation ſtifles every virtuous ſentiment. The dominion of reaſon is loſt amidſt the intoxications of pleaſure; its voice is no longer heard; its authority no longer obeyed: the mind no longer ſtrives to ſurmount temptations; but, inſtead of ſhunning the perils which the *paſſions* ſcatter in our way, we run eagerly to find them. The idea of *God*, and the precepts of his holy religion, are never ſo little remembered as in the ordinary intercourſes of ſociety. Engaged in a multiplicity of abſurd purſuits, intranced in the delirium of gaiety, inflamed by the continual ebriety which raiſes the paſſions and ſtimulates the deſires, every connection between *God* and man is diſſolved; the bright and noble faculty of reaſon obſcured; and even the great and important duties of *religion*, the only ſource of true felicity, totally obliterated from the mind, or remembered only with levity and indifference. On the contrary, he who, entering into a ſerious ſelf-examination, elevates his thoughts in ſilence towards his God; who conſults the theatre of nature, the ſpangled firmament of heaven, the meadows enamelled with flowers, the ſtupendous mountains, and the ſilent groves, as the temples of the *Divinity*; who directs the emotions of his heart to the great Author and Conductor of every thing; who has his enlight-

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ened providence continually before his eyes; muſt, moſt aſſuredly, have already lived in pious Solitude and religious Retirement.

THE pious diſpoſition which a zealous devotion to God engenders in Solitude, may, it is true, in certain characters, and under particular circumſtances, degenerate into the gloom of *ſuperſtition*, or riſe into the phrenzy of *fanaticiſm*; but theſe exceſſes ſoon abate; and, compared with that fatal ſupineneſs which extinguiſhes every virtue, are really advantageous. The ſophiſtry of the paſſions is ſilent during the ſerious hours of ſelf-examination; and the perturbation we feel on the diſcovery of our errors and defects, is converted, by the light of a pure and rational *faith*, into happy eaſe and perfect tranquillity. The fanatic enthuſiaſt preſents himſelf before the *Almighty* much oftener than the ſupercilious wit, who derides a holy religion, and calls piety a weakneſs. *Philoſophy* and *Morality* become in Solitude the handmaids of *Religion*, and join their powers to conduct us into the bowers of eternal peace. They teach us to examine our hearts, and exhort us to guard againſt the dangers of fanaticiſm. But if virtue cannot be inſtilled into the ſoul without convulſive efforts, they alſo admoniſh us not to be intimidated by the apprehenſion of danger. It is not in the moment of joy, when we turn our eyes

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eyes from God, and our thoughts from eternity, that we experience thoſe ſalutary fervors of the ſoul, which even Religion, with all her powers, cannot produce ſo ſoon as a mental affliction, or a corporeal malady. The celebrated *M. Garve*, one of the greateſt philoſophers of Germany, exclaimed to Dr. *Spalding* and myſelf, "I am indebted to my malady for having led me to "make a cloſer ſcrutiny and more accurate obſervation on my own character."

In the laſt moments of life, it is certain that we all wiſh we had paſſed our days in greater privacy and Solitude, in ſtricter intimacy with ourſelves, and in cloſer communion with God. Oppoſe the ſentiments of a ſolitary man, who has paſſed his life in pious conference with God, to thoſe which occupy a worldly mind, forgetful of its Creator, and ſacrificing its deareſt intereſts to the enjoyment of the moment; compare the character of *a wiſe man*, who reflects in ſilence on the importance of eternity, with that of *a faſhionable being*, who conſumes all his time at ridottos, balls, and aſſemblies; and we ſhall then perceive that ſolitude, dignified retirement, ſelect friendſhips, and rational ſociety, can alone afford true pleaſure, and give us what all the vain enjoyments of the world will never beſtow—conſolation in death, and hope of everlaſting life.

But

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But the bed of death discovers most clearly the difference between *the just man*, who has quietly passed his days in religious contemplation, and the *man of the world*, whose thoughts have only been employed to feed his passions and gratify his desires. A life passed amidst the tumultuous dissipations of the world, even when unsullied by the commission of any positive crime, concludes, alas! very differently from that which has been spent in the bowers of Solitude, adorned by innocence, and rewarded by virtue.

BUT, as example teaches more effectually than precept, and curiosity is more alive to recent facts than remote illustrations, I shall here relate the history of a man of family and fashion, who a few years since shot himself in London; from which it will appear, that men possessed even of the best feelings of the heart, may be rendered extremely miserable, by suffering their principles to be corrupted by the practices of the world.

THE *Honourable Mr. Damer*, the eldest son of *Lord Milton*, was five-and-thirty years of age when he put a period to his existence by means perfectly correspondent to the principles on which he had lived. He was married to a rich heiress, the daughter-in-law of GENERAL CONWAY.

Nature

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Nature had endowed him with extraordinary talents; but a moſt infatuated fondneſs for exceſſive diſſipation obſcured the brighteſt faculties of his mind, and perverted many of the excellent qualities of his heart. His houſes, his carriages, his horſes, and his liveries, ſurpaſſed, in ſplendour and magnificence, every thing ſumptuous and coſtly even in the ſuperb and extravagant metropolis of Great Britain. The fortune he poſſeſſed was great, but the variety of laviſh expenditures in which he engaged exceeded his income, and at length involved him in pecuniary diſtreſs. To reſcue himſelf from the torments of his ſituation, he raiſed, in different ways, nearly forty thouſand pounds; but, inſtead of removing his own embarraſſments, he employed the greater part of it, with improvident generoſity, in relieving the diſtreſſes of his leſs opulent companions; for his heart overflowed with tenderneſs and compaſſion: but this exquiſite ſenſibility, which was ever alive to the misfortunes of others, was at length awakened to his own embarraſſed ſituation, and his mind driven, by the ſeemingly irretrievable condition of his affairs, to the utmoſt verge of deſpair. Retiring to a common brothel, he ſent for four women of the town, and paſſed ſeveral hours in their company with apparent good ſpirits and unincumbered gaiety; but when the dead of night arrived, he requeſted of them, with

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with visible dejection, to retire, and immediately afterwards, drawing from his pocket a pistol, which he had carried about him the whole afternoon, blew out his brains. It appeared that he had passed the evening with these women in the same manner as he had been used to pass many others with different women of the same description, without demanding favours which they would most willingly have granted, and only desiring, in return for the money he lavished on them, the dissipation of their discourse, or, at most, the ceremony of a salute, to divert the sorrow that preyed upon his tortured mind. But the gratitude he felt for the temporary oblivion which these intercourses afforded, sometimes ripened into feelings of the warmest friendship. A celebrated actress on the London Theatre, whose *conversations* had already drained him of considerable sums of money, requested of him, only three days before his death, to send her five-and-twenty guineas: at that moment he had only ten guineas about him; but he sent her, with an apology for his inability to comply immediately with her request, all he had, and soon after borrowed the remainder of the money, and sent it to her without delay. This unhappy young man, shortly before the fatal catastrophe, had written to his father, and disclosed to him the distressed situation he was in; and the night, the very night on which he terminated
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minated his exiſtence, his affectionate parent, the good *Lord Milton*, arrived in London, for the purpoſe of diſcharging all the debts, and arranging the affairs of his unhappy ſon. Thus lived and died this deſtitute and diſſipated man! How different from that life which the innocent live, or that death which the virtuous die!

I HOPE I may be permitted in this place to relate the ſtory of a young lady whoſe memory I am extremely anxious to preſerve; for I can with great truth ſay of her, as *Petrarch* ſaid of his beloved *Laura*, "The world was unacquainted with the "excellence of her character; for ſhe was only "known to thoſe whom ſhe has left behind to "bewail her loſs."—Solitude was all the world ſhe knew; for her only pleaſures were thoſe which a retired and virtuous life affords. Submitting with pious reſignation to the diſpenſations of Heaven, her weak frame ſuſtained, with ſteady fortitude, every affliction of mortality. Mild, good, and tender, ſhe endured her ſufferings without a murmur or a ſigh; and, although naturally timid and reſerved, diſcloſed the feelings of her ſoul with all the warmth of filial enthuſiaſm. Of this deſcription was the ſuperior character of whom I now write; a character who convinced me, by her fortitude under the ſevereſt misfortunes, how much ſtrength Solitude is capable

of

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of conveying to the mind even of the feebleſt being. Diffident of her own powers, ſhe liſtened to the precepts of a fond parent, and relied with perfect confidence on the goodneſs of God. Taught by my experience, ſubmitting to my judgment, ſhe entertained for me the moſt ardent affection; and convinced me not by *profeſſions*, but by *actions*, of her ſincerity. Willingly would I have ſacrificed my life to have ſaved her; and I am ſatisfied that ſhe would as willingly have given up her own for me. I had no pleaſure but in pleaſing her, and my endeavours for that purpoſe were moſt gratefully returned. A roſe was my favourite flower, and ſhe preſented one to me almoſt daily during the ſeaſon. I received it from her hand with the higheſt delight, and cheriſhed it as the richeſt treaſure. A malady of almoſt a ſingular kind, a hæmorrhage in the lungs, ſuddenly deprived me of the comfort of this beloved child, and tore her from my protecting arms. From the knowledge I had of her conſtitution, I immediately perceived that the diſorder was mortal. How frequently during that fatal day did my wounded, bleeding heart bend me on my knees before God to ſupplicate for her recovery! But I concealed my feelings from her obſervation. Although ſenſible of her danger, ſhe never diſcovered the leaſt apprehenſion of its approach. Smiles played around her pallid cheeks whenever I entered or quitted the room; and when worn

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worn down by the fatal diſtemper, a prey to the moſt corroding grief, a victim to the ſharpeſt and moſt intolerable pains, ſhe made no complaint; but mildly anſwered all my queſtions by ſome ſhort ſentence, without entering into any detail. Her decay and impending diſſolution became obvious to the eye; but to the laſt moment of her life, her countenance preſerved a ſerenity correſpondent to the purity of her mind, and the affectionate tenderneſs of her heart. Thus I beheld my dear, my only daughter, at the age of five-and-twenty, after a lingering ſuffering of nine long, long months, expire in my arms. So long and ſo ſevere an attack was not neceſſary to the conqueſt: ſhe had been the ſubmiſſive victim of ill health from her earlieſt infancy: her appetite was almoſt gone when we left Swiſſerland; a reſidence which ſhe quitted with her uſual ſweetneſs of temper, and without diſcovering the ſmalleſt regret; although a young man, as handſome in his perſon as he was amiable in the qualities of his mind, the object of her firſt, her only affection, a few weeks afterwards put a period to his exiſtence. During the few happy days we paſſed at Hanover, where ſhe rendered herſelf univerſally reſpected and beloved, ſhe amuſed herſelf by compoſing religious prayers, which were afterwards found among her papers, and in which ſhe implores death to afford her a ſpeedy relief from her pains. During the ſame period

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period ſhe wrote alſo many letters, always affecting, and frequently ſublime. They were couched in expreſſions of the ſame deſire ſpeedily to reunite her ſoul with the Author of her days. The laſt words that my dear, my well-beloved child uttered, amidſt the moſt painful agonies, were theſe—"To-day I ſhall taſte the joys of Heaven!"*

How

* The meek, calm, and pious reſignation with which this amiable girl is deſcribed to have endured the afflictions of life, and defied the torments of death, will perhaps bring to mind the ſentiments of that ſublime Ode by Mr. *Pope*, of "A dying Chriſtian to his Soul.

"Vital ſpark of heavenly flame!
"Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
"Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
"Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
"Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
"And let me languiſh into life!

"Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
"Siſter Spirit, come away!
"What is this abſorbs me quite,
"Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
"Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
"Tell me, my ſoul, can this be Death?

"The world recedes! it diſappears!
"Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears
"With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
"Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O, Grave! where is thy Victory?
"O, Death! where is thy Sting?

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How unworthy of this bright example ſhould we be, if, after having ſeen the ſevereſt ſufferings ſuſtained by a female in the earlieſt period of life, and of the weakeſt conſtitution, we permitted our minds to be dejected by misfortunes which courage might enable us to ſurmount! a female who, under the anguiſh of inexpreſſible torments, never permitted a ſigh or complaint to eſcape from her lips; but ſubmitted with ſilent reſignation to the will of Heaven, in hope of meeting with reward hereafter. She was ever active, invariably mild, and always compaſſionate to the miſeries of others. But *we*, who have before our eyes the ſublime inſtructions which a character thus virtuous and noble has here given us, *we*, who, like her, aſpire to a ſeat in the manſions of the bleſſed, refuſe the ſmalleſt ſacrifice, make no endeavour to ſtem with courage the torrent of adverſity, or to acquire that degree of patience and reſignation, which a ſtrict examination of our own hearts, and a ſilent communion with God, would certainly afford.

SENSIBLE and unfortunate beings! the ſlight misfortunes by which you are now oppreſſed, and driven to deſpair, (for light, indeed, they are, when compared with mine,) will ultimately raiſe your minds above the low conſiderations of the world, and give a ſtrength to your power which you now conceive

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conceive to be impoſſible.* You now think yourſelves ſunk into the deepeſt abyſs of ſuffering and ſorrow; but the time will ſoon arrive, when you will perceive yourſelves in that happy ſtate in which the mind verges from earth, and fixes its attention on heaven. You will then enjoy a calm repoſe, be ſuſceptible of pleaſures equally ſubſtantial and ſublime, and poſſeſs, in lieu of tumultuous anxieties for life, the ſerene and comfortable hope of immortality. Bleſſed, ſupremely bleſſed, is he who knows the value of retirement and tranquillity, who is capable of enjoying the ſilence of the groves, and all the pleaſures of rural Solitude. The ſoul then taſtes celeſtial delight, even under the deepeſt impreſſions of ſorrow and dejection; regains its ſtrength, collects new courage, and acts with perfect freedom. The eye then looks with fortitude on the tranſient ſufferings of diſeaſe; the mind no longer feels a dread of being alone; and we learn to cultivate, during the remainder of our lives, a bed of roſes round even the tomb of death.

THESE

* "*Explorant adverſa viros, perque aſpera duro*
"*Nititur ad laudem virtus interrita clivo.*"

SILIUS ITALICUS.

"But oft Adverſity exalts the mind;
"And fearleſs Virtue may from perils find
"Some means, howe'er depreſs'd, her head to raiſe,
"And reach the heights of never-ending praiſe."

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THESE reflections upon the general Advantages reſulting from *rational Solitude* and *occaſional Retirement*, bring me next to this important queſtion, "*Whether it is eaſier to live virtuouſly in Solitude or in the World?*"

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CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE QUESTION,

WHETHER IT IS EASIER TO LIVE VIRTUOUSLY IN SOLITUDE, OR IN THE WORLD,

CONSIDERED.

THE virtues when they are practiſed in ſociety, are not practiſed merely from a ſenſe of duty. The Clergy afford inſtruction to the ignorant, and conſolation to the afflicted. The Lawyers protect the innocent, and vindicate the injured. The Phyſicians viſit the ſick, and adminiſter relief to their complaints, whether real or imaginary. But not, as they would inſinuate, from charitable feelings, and for the ſake of humanity. Inſtruction, conſolation, protection, and health, are in ſuch caſes afforded not from any particular bias of the heart towards their reſpective objects, but from a ſenſe of duty which the profeſſors of Law, Divinity, and Phyſic, reſpectively entertain; a duty impoſed upon them by their peculiar ſtations in ſociety; and which it would be diſgraceful in them not to perform. The words, "*your known humanity*," words

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which always hurt my feelings, when they introduce the subjects of the letters I daily receive, are nothing but words of ceremony, a common falsehood, introduced by flattery, and supported only by custom. Humanity is a high and important virtue, founded on a nobleness of soul of the first species; and how is it to be known whether a man performs certain actions from this warm and generous motive, or from a cold sense of duty? Good works certainly do not always proceed from motives completely virtuous. The bosom of a man whose mind is constantly immersed in the corrupted currents of the world, is generally shut against every thing that is truly good: he may, however, sometimes do good without being virtuous; for he may be great in his actions, though little in his heart.* Virtue is a quality much more rare than is generally imagined; and therefore the words *humanity*, *virtue*, *patriotism*, and many others of similar kinds, should be used with greater caution than they usually are in the intercourses of mankind. It is only upon particular occasions that they ought to be called forth; for by making them too familiar, their real import is weakened, and the sense of those excellent qualities they express in a great degree destroyed.

* "*Viri potestatibus sublimes*," says Lord Chancellor BACON, "*ipsi tibi ignoti sunt. Et dum negotiis distrahuntur, tempore carent, quo, sanitati aut corporis, aut animæ suæ consulant.*"

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Who would not bluſh to be called *learned* or *humane*, when he hears the moſt ignorant complimented on their knowledge, and "*the well-known humanity*" of the moſt atrocious villain laviſhly praiſed?

MEN are, without doubt, more likely to become really virtuous in the boſom of rational Retirement, than amidſt the corruptions of the world.

VIRTUE, for ever frail as fair below,
Her tender nature ſuffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on THE WORLD without a ſtain.
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we thought is blotted; we reſolv'd,
Is ſhaken; we renounc'd, returns again.
Each ſalutation may let in a ſin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it ſtrange: light, motion, concourſe, noiſe,
All ſcatter us abroad: Thought, outward bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and diſſipation; quits her charge;
And leaves the breaſt unguarded to the foe.

VIRTUE, indeed, of whatever deſcription it may be, cannot be the produce of good example, for virtuous examples are very rarely ſeen in the world; but ariſes from a conviction, which ſilent reflection inſpires, that goodneſs is ſuperior to every

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every other poſſeſſion, and alone conſtitutes the true happineſs of life. The greater variety, therefore, of virtuous actions are generally performed in the ſilence of Solitude, and in the obſcurity of Retreat.

THE opportunity of doing public good, of performing actions of extenſive utility, or univerſal benevolence, is confined to a few characters. But how many private virtues are there which every man has it in his power to perform without quitting his chamber! He who can contentedly employ himſelf at home, may continue there the whole year, and yet, in every day of that year, may contribute to the felicity of other men: he may liſten to their complaints, relieve their diſtreſs, render ſervices to thoſe about him, and extend his benevolence in various ways, without being ſeen by the world, or known by thoſe on whom his favours are conferred.

VIRTUOUS actions are certainly more eaſily and more freely performed in Solitude than in the world. In Solitude no man bluſhes at the ſight of Virtue, nor fears to make her the beloved companion of his thoughts, and the ſacred motive of his actions: but in the world ſhe drags on an obſcure exiſtence, and, every where neglected, ſeems afraid to ſhew her face. The world is a

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ſchool of vice, and its intercourſe the moſt baneful ſpecies of education. Men poſſeſſed of the beſt inclinations are there ſurrounded by ſuch a multitude of ſnares, and beſet with ſuch a variety of dangers, that error is daily unavoidable. Many men, who play high and conſpicuous characters on the theatre of the world, are totally devoid of virtuous inclinations; others, with excellently good diſpoſitions, are totally incapable of performing any thing great or praiſe-worthy. Before we engage in the hurrying buſineſs of the day, we are perhaps kind, impartial, candid and virtuous; for then the current of our tempers has not been diſturbed or contaminated; but it is impoſſible, even with the greateſt vigilance, to continue through the day perfect maſters of ourſelves, oppreſſed as we are with incumbent cares and vexations, tortured by a variety of unavoidable diſtractions, and obliged to conform to a thouſand diſagreeable and diſguſting circumſtances. The folly therefore of myſtic minds was in forgetting that their ſouls were ſubjected to a body, and aiming, in conſequence of that error, at the higheſt point of ſpeculative virtue. The nature of the human character cannot be changed by living in a hermitage; but the exerciſe of virtue is certainly eaſier in thoſe ſituations where it is expoſed to the leaſt danger, and then it loſes all its merit. God created many hermits

too

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too weak to save themselves when plunged into the abyss, because he rendered them strong enough not to fall into it.

I SHALL here subjoin an excellent observation by a celebrated Scotch Philosopher: "It is the "peculiar effect of virtue to make a man's chief "happiness arise from himself and his own con- "duct. A bad man is wholly the creature of the "world: he hangs upon its favours; lives by "its smiles; and is happy or miserable in pro- "portion to his success. But to a virtuous man, "success in worldly matters is but a secondary "object. To discharge his own part with in- "tegrity and honour is his chief aim: having "done properly what was incumbent on him to "do, his mind is at rest, and he leaves the event "to Providence. *His Witness is in heaven, and "his record is on high.* Satisfied with the ap- "probation of God, and the testimony of a good "conscience, he enjoys himself, and despises the "triumphs of guilt. In proportion as such manly "principles rule your heart, you will become "independent of the world, and will forbear "complaining of its discouragements."

THE first aim and only end of the Philosophy which may be found in this Treatise upon SOLITUDE, is to recommend this noble independence

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to the attention of mankind. It is not my doctrine that men ſhould reſide in deſerts, or ſleep like owls in the hollow trunks of trees; but I am anxious to expel from their minds the exceſſive fear which they too frequently entertain of the opinion of the world. I would, as far as it is conſiſtent with their reſpective ſtations in life, render them independent: I wiſh them to break through the fetters of prejudice, to imbibe a juſt contempt for the vices of ſociety, and to ſeek occaſionally a rational Solitude, where they may ſo far enlarge their ſphere of thought and action, as to be able to ſay, at leaſt during a few hours in every day, "*We are free.*" The true apoſtles of Solitude have ſaid, "It is "only by employing with propriety the hours of "a happy leiſure, that we acquire a ſufficient "degree of firmneſs to direct our thoughts and "guide our actions to their proper objects. It "is then only that we can quietly reflect on "the tranſactions of life, upon the temptations "to which we are moſt expoſed, upon thoſe "weaker ſides of the heart which we ought to "guard with the moſt unceaſing care, and pre-"viouſly arm ourſelves againſt whatever is dan-"gerous in our commerce with mankind. Per-"haps, though virtue may appear, at firſt ſight, to "contract the bounds of enjoyment, you will find, "upon reflection, that, in truth, it enlarges them: "if it reſtrain the exceſs of ſome pleaſures, it fa-

"vours

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"vours and increaſes others; it precludes you "from none but ſuch as are fantaſtic and imagi- "nary, or pernicious and deſtructive. The rich "proprietary loves to amuſe himſelf in a contem- "plation of his wealth, the voluptuary in his "entertainments, the man of the world with his "friends and his aſſemblies; but the truly good "man finds his pleaſures in the ſcrupulous diſ- "charge of the auguſt duties of life. He ſees a "new ſun ſhining before him; thinks himſelf "ſurrounded by a more pure and lively ſplendour; "every object is embelliſhed; and he gaily pur- "ſues his career. He who penetrates into the "ſecret cauſes of things, who reads in the re- "ſpectable obſcurity of a wiſe Solitude, will re- "turn us public thanks. We immediately ac- "quit ourſelves more perfectly in buſineſs; we "reſiſt with greater eaſe the temptation of vice; "and we owe all theſe advantages to the pious "recollection which Solitude inſpires, to our "ſeparation from mankind, and to an *indepen-* "*dence* of the world."

LIBERTY, leiſure, a quiet conſcience, and a retirement from the world, are therefore the ſureſt and moſt infallible means of acquiring a virtuous mind. The paſſions then need no longer be reſtrained, nor the fervor of the imagination damped; the evils of public example loſe their

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effect, and we ſmile at the dangers by which we were before ſo juſtly alarmed. Domeſtic life is then no longer, as in the gay world, a ſcene of languor and diſguſt, the field of battle to every baſe and brutal paſſion, the dwelling-place of envy, vexation, and ill-humour. Peace and happineſs inhabit the boſoms of thoſe who avoid the ſources of impure delight, and ſhed their benign and exhilirating influence on all around. He who ſhuns the contaminated circles of vice, who flies from the inſolent behaviour of proud ſtupidity, or proſperous villainy, who has diſcovered the vanity of worldly purſuits, and the emptineſs of mundane pleaſures, retires into private life with permanent content and joyful ſatisfaction.

THE pleaſures of the world, when ſacrificed in Solitude on the bright altar of untainted Virtue, loſe their ſeeming ſplendour, and their fancied charms.*

"I WOULD

* The change of appearances which a fall from the bright throne of Virtue into the dark and diſmal abyſs of Vice occaſions, is finely pictured by MILTON, in his deſcription of the diminiſhed luſtre of SATAN.

"——— As when the Sun new riſen
"Looks through the horizontal miſty air
"Shorn of his beams; or from behind the Moon
"In dim eclipſe diſaſtrous twilight ſheds

"On

"I WOULD rather ſhed tears myſelf than make "others ſhed them," ſaid a German lady to me one day, without appearing conſcious that it was almoſt impoſſible to do or ſay any thing more generous. Virtue like this affords more real content

"On half the Nations, and with fear of change
"Perplexes Monarchs; darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
"Above them all th' ARCH ANGEL; but his face
"Deep ſcars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
"Sat on his faded cheek."

So alſo when SATAN ſays to ITHURIEL and ZEPHON,

"Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate
"For you, there ſitting where ye durſt not ſoar:
"Not to know me argues yourſelves unknown,
"The loweſt of your throng; or if you know,
"Why aſk ye?"

ZEPHON replies,

"Think not, revolted ſpirit, thy ſhape the ſame;
"Or undiminiſh'd brightneſs to be known,
"As when thou ſtoodſt in heaven upright and pure;
"That glory then, when thou no more waſt GOOD,
"Departed from thee; and thou reſembleſt now
"Thy ſin and place of doom, obſcure and foul."
"——————— abaſh'd the Devil ſtood,
"And felt how awful *Goodneſs* is; and ſaw
"*Virtue* in her ſhape how lovely: ſaw, and pin'd
"His loſs; but chiefly to find here obſcur'd
"His luſtre viſibly impair'd ———————"

So the Angel GABRIEL diſcerns him paſſing through the ſhade

"In faded ſplendour wan ———————"

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to the heart than all the enjoyments of the world, which are only ſought to conſume the tedious irkſome hours, and to drown the anxious cares which moleſt the boſoms of its votaries. Although Vice is conſtantly caſting her ſilken nets, and involving within her glittering lines ſuch multitudes of every rank and ſtation, there is not a villain in exiſtence, whoſe mind does not ſilently acknowledge that virtue is the corner-ſtone of the Temple of Felicity, as well in the habitations of the world as in the bowers of Solitude; and that to watch over every ſeductive deſire, whether preſent or approaching, and to conquer vice by the purſuit of uſeful pleaſure, is a victory of the nobleſt kind, followed by virtue, and rewarded with happineſs. Happy is the man who carries with him into Solitude the peace of mind which ſuch a victory procures, for he will then be able to preſerve it in its genuine purity. Of what ſervice would it be to leave the world, and ſeek the tranquillity of retirement, while miſanthropy ſtill lurks within the heart? It is the moſt important, and ought to be the firſt and laſt endeavour of our lives, to purify and tranquillize our boſoms; for when this taſk is once performed, the happineſs of Solitude is then ſecured. But while any portion of the perturbed ſpirit of miſanthropy ſours our minds, and checks the benevolent effuſions of our hearts, we cannot acquire,

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acquire, either on lofty mountains, or in flowery plains, in dreary Solitude, or in gay Society, that divine content ſo eſſential to true felicity. Our retreat from the world muſt not be prompted by a hatred and malevolence againſt mankind: we muſt learn to ſhun the ſociety of the wicked, without relinquiſhing our wiſhes for their felicity.

An eſſential part of the virtue we acquire in Solitude, ariſes from the ability it affords to appreciate things according to their real value. When *Lucullus*, after the conqueſt of the Pirates, removed from the head of the army, in order to give the command of it to *Pompey*, and the Empire, by this act of the government, was committed to the diſcretion of a ſingle man, that artful citizen beat his breaſt, as a token of grief at being inveſted with the honour, and exclaimed, "Alas! am I continually to be involved in end-"leſs troubles? How much happier ſhould I "have been had my name been unknown, or my "merits concealed! Muſt I be eternally in the "field of battle? Muſt my limbs never be re-"lieved from this weight of armour? Shall I "never eſcape from the envy that purſues me, "and be able to retire with content and tranquil-"lity, to the enjoyment of rural Solitude with "my wife and children?" *Pompey* ſpoke the language of truth in the voice of diſſimulation;

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for he had not yet learned really to eſteem that which all men poſſeſſed of ambition, and the luſt of power, deſpiſe; nor did he yet contemn that which, at this period of the Republic, every Roman, who was eager to command, eſteemed more than all other things. But *Manlius Curius*, the nobleſt Roman of the age, really poſſeſſed the ſentiments which *Pompey* expreſſed. Having vanquiſhed ſeveral warlike nations, driven *Pyrrhus* out of Italy, and enjoyed three times the honour of a triumph, he retired to his cottage in the country, and there cultivated, with his own victorious hands, his little farm, where, when the Ambaſſadors from the Samnites arrived to offer him a large preſent of gold, he was found, ſeated in his chimney corner, dreſſing turnips. The noble recluſe refuſed the preſent, and gave the ambaſſadors this anſwer: "A man "that can be ſatisfied with ſuch a ſupper has no "need of gold; and I think it more glorious "to conquer the owners of it, than to poſſeſs it "myſelf."

THE perfect happineſs which *Curius* enjoyed in dreſſing this humble meal, may be truly envied by the greateſt Monarchs and moſt luxurious Princes. It is a melancholy truth, but too well known to Kings and Princes, that under many circumſtances they are deprived of real friends;

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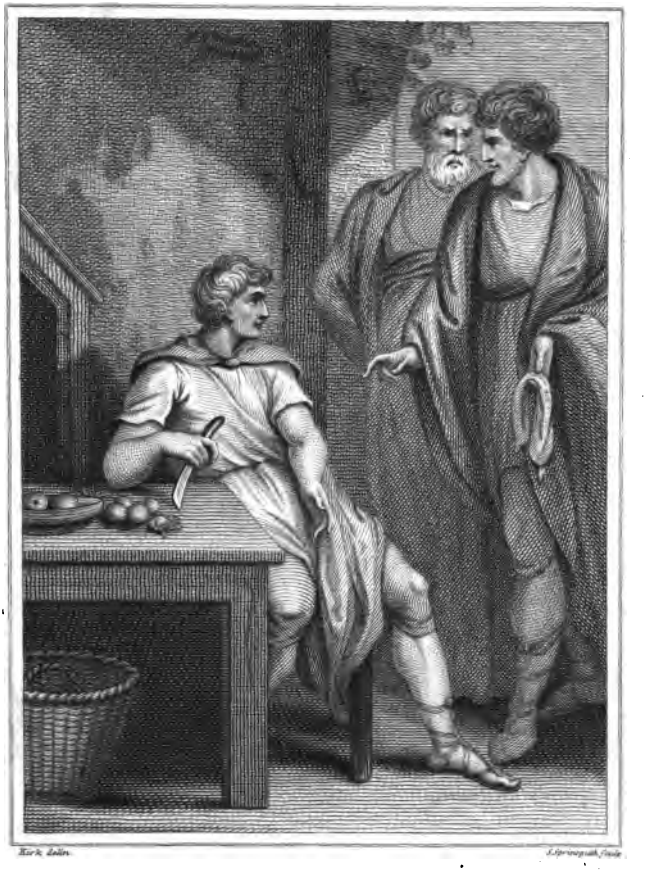

Curius refusing the Samnites Gold.

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and this is the reaſon why they aſk the advice of many, and confide in none. Every man of candour, reflection, and good ſenſe, pities the condition of virtuous Sovereigns; for even the beſt of Sovereigns are not totally exempt from fears and jealouſies. Their felicity never equals that of a laborious and contented huſbandman; their pleaſures are neither ſo pure nor ſo permanent, nor can they even experience the ſame tranquillity and unalloyed content. The proviſions, indeed, of a peaſant are coarſe, but to his appetite they are delicious: his bread his hard, but he goes to it fatigued by the honeſt labours of the day, and ſleeps ſounder on his mat of ſtraw than monarchs on their beds of down. *

Somnus egreſtium
Lenis virorum non humiles dormus
Faſtidit, umbroſamque riſſam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.
HOR. Lib. 3. Can. 1.

* The reſtleſſneſs which hangs round the thorny pillow of Royalty, and prevents the wearied eye of greatneſs from taſting that ſweet and comfortable repoſe which relieves the unambitious toil of humble induſtry, is finely deſcribed by our immortal Poet SHAKESPEARE, in the Soliloquy of HENRY THE FOURTH.

"How many thouſands of my pooreſt ſubjects
"Are at this hour aſleep!—O, Sleep, O, gentle Sleep!
"Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
"That thou no more wilt weigh my eylids down,
"And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?

Why

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" Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou on ſmoaky cribs,
" Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
" And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber,
" Than in the perfum'd chambers of *the great*,
" Under high canopies of coſtly ſtate,
" And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
" O, thou dull God, why ly'ſt thou with *the vile*
" In loathſome beds, and leav'ſt the *kingly* couch
" A watch-caſe, or a common larum-bell?
" Wilt thou upon the high and giddy maſt
" Seal up the *ſhip-boy's* eyes, and rock his brain
" In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge,
" And in the viſitation of the winds,
" Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
" Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
" With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlippery ſhrouds,
" That, with the hurly, Death itſelf awakes?
" Canſt thou, O, partial Sleep! give thy repoſe
" To the wet *ſea-boy* in an hour ſo rude,
" And in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
" With all appliances and means to boot,
" Deny it to a *king!* Then, happy, lowly *clown*,
" Uneaſy lies the head that wears a *crown*."

HENRY IV. *Part* 2, *Act* 3, *Scene* 2.

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CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SOLITUDE IN EXILE.

THE advantages of Solitude are not confined to rank, to fortune, or to circumſtances. Fragrant breezes, magnificent foreſts, richly tinted meadows, and that endleſs variety of beautiful objects which the birth of ſpring ſpreads over the face of nature, enchant not only Philoſophers, Kings, and Heroes, but raviſh the mind of the meaneſt ſpectator with exquiſite delight. An Engliſh author has very juſtly obſerved, that "it is not neceſſary that he who looks with "pleaſure on the colour of a flower, ſhould ſtudy "the principles of vegetation; or that the *Ptolemaick* and *Copernican* ſyſtems ſhould be compared, before the light of the Sun can gladden, "or its warmth invigorate. Novelty in itſelf "is a ſource of gratification; and *Milton* juſtly "obſerves, that to him who has been long pent "up in cities, no rural object can be preſented, "which will not delight or refreſh ſome of his "ſenſes."*

EXILES

* The lines of *Milton* upon this ſubject are ſo extremely beautiful, that we ſhall make no apology for tranſcribing them. On *Satan's* entrance into Paradiſe,

"EVE

EXILES themſelves frequently experience the advantages and enjoyments of Solitude. Inſtead of the world from which they are baniſhed, they form in the tranquillity of retirement, a new world for themſelves; forget the falſe joys and fictitious pleaſures which they followed in the zenith of greatneſs, habituate their minds to others of a nobler kind, more worthy the attention of rational beings;* and to paſs their days with

" ——————— EVE ſeparate he ſpies,
" Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where ſhe ſtood,
" Half ſpied, ſo thick the roſes bluſhing round
" About her glowed ——————————"

" Nearer he drew, and many a walk traverſed
" Of ſtateſieſt covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palm;
" Then voluble and bold, now hid, now ſeen,
" Among thick woven arborets and flowers,
" Imbordered on each bank ——————"

" Much he the place admir'd, the perſon more.
" As one who long in populous cities pent,
" Where houſes thick and ſewers annoy the air,
" Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn to breathe
" Among the pleaſant villages and farms
" Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight,
" The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
" Or dairy; each rural ſight, each rural ſound,
" If chance with nymph-like-ſtep, fair virgin paſs,
" What pleaſing ſeemed, for her now pleaſes more,
" She moſt, and in her looks ſeems all delight."

PARADISE LOST, Book 9, line 438.

* CICERO ſays, " *Multa præclare* DIONYSIUS PHALEREUS " *in illo exilio ſcripſit; non in uſum aliquem ſuum, quo erat orbatus;* " *ſed animi, cullus ille, erat ei quaſi quidam humanitatis cibus.*"

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with tranquillity, invent a variety of innocent felicities, which are only thought of at a distance from ſociety, far removed from all conſolation, far from their country, their families, and their friends.

BUT *exiles*, if they wiſh to inſure happineſs in retirement, muſt, like other men, fix their minds upon ſome one object, and adopt the purſuit of it in ſuch a way as to revive their buried hopes, or to excite the proſpect of approaching pleaſure.

MAURICE, Prince of Iſenbourg, diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his courage during a ſervice of twenty years under *Ferdinand*, Duke of Brunſwick, and Marſhal *Broglio*, and in the war between the Ruſſians and the Turks. Health and repoſe were ſacrificed to the gratification of his ambition and love of glory. During his ſervice in the Ruſſian army, he fell under the diſpleaſure of the Empreſs, and was ſent into exile. The calamitous condition to which perſons exiled by this government are reduced is well known; but this philoſophic Prince contrived to render even a Ruſſian baniſhment agreeable. While oppreſſed both in body and mind, by the painful reflection which his ſituation at firſt created, and reduced by his anxieties to a mere ſkeleton, he accidentally met with the little Eſſay written by *Lord Bolingbroke*

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broke on the ſubject of Exile. He read it ſeveral times, and "in proportion to the number of times "I read," ſaid the Prince, in the preface to the elegant and nervous tranſlation he made of this work, "I felt all my ſorrows and diſquietudes vaniſh."

THIS Eſſay by *Lord Bolingbroke* upon Exile, is a maſter-piece of Stoic philoſophy and fine writing. He there boldly examines all the adverſities of life. "Let us," ſays he, "ſet all "our paſt and preſent afflictions at once before "our eyes: let us reſolve to overcome them, inſtead of flying from them, or wearing out the "ſenſe of them with long and ignominious patience. Inſtead of palliating remedies, let us "uſe the inciſion knife and the cauſtic, ſearch "the wound to the bottom, and work an immediate and radical cure."

PERPETUAL baniſhment, like uninterrupted Solitude, certainly ſtrengthens the powers of the mind, and enables the ſufferer to collect ſufficient force to ſupport his misfortunes. Solitude, indeed, becomes an eaſy ſituation to thoſe exiles who are inclined to indulge the pleaſing ſympathies of the heart; for they then experience pleaſures that were before unknown, and from that moment forget thoſe they taſted in the more flouriſhing and proſperous conditions of life.

BRUTUS,

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BRUTUS, when he visited the banished *Marcellus* in his retreat at Mytilene, found him enjoying the highest felicities of which human nature is susceptible, and devoting his time, as before his banishment, to the study of every useful science. Deeply impressed by the example this unexpected scene afforded, he felt, on his return, that it was *Brutus* who was exiled, and not *Marcellus* whom he left behind. *Quintus Metellus Numidicus* had experienced the like fate a few years before. While the Roman people, under the guidance of *Marius*, were laying the foundation of that tyranny which *Cæsar* afterwards completed, *Metellus* singly, in the midst of an alarmed Senate, and surrounded by an enraged populace, refused to take the oath imposed by the pernicious laws of the tribune *Saturnius*; and his intrepid conduct was converted, by the voice of faction, into an high crime against the State; for which he was dragged from his senatorial seat by the licentious rabble, exposed to the indignity of a public impeachment, and sentenced to perpetual exile. The more virtuous citizens, however, took arms in his defence, and generously resolved rather to perish, than behold their country unjustly deprived of so much merit: but this magnanimous Roman, whom no persuasion could induce to do wrong, declined to increase the confusion of the Commonwealth by encouraging resistance, conceiving

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ceiving it a duty he owed to the laws, not to ſuffer any ſedition to take place on his account. Contenting himſelf with proteſting his innocence, and ſincerely lamenting the public phrenzy, he exclaimed, as *Plato* had done before during the diſtractions of the Athenian Commonwealth, "If the times "ſhould mend, I ſhall recover my ſtation; if not, "it is a happineſs to be abſent from Rome;" and departed without regret into exile, fully convinced of its advantages to a mind incapable of finding repoſe except on foreign ſhores, and which at Rome muſt have been inceſſantly tortured by the hourly ſight of a ſickly State and an expiring Republic.

RUTILIUS alſo, feeling the ſame contempt for the ſentiments and manners of the age, voluntarily withdrew himſelf from the corrupted metropolis of the Republic. Aſia had been defended by his integrity and courage againſt the ruinous and oppreſſive extortion of the Publicans. Theſe noble and ſpirited exertions, which he was prompted to make not only from his high ſenſe of juſtice, but in the honourable diſcharge of the particular duties of his office, drew on him the indignation of the Equeſtrian Order, and excited the animoſity of the faction which ſupported the intereſts of *Marius*. They induced the vile and infamous *Apicius* to become the inſtrument of his deſtruction. He was accuſed of corruption! and, as the authors and abet-

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tors of this falſe accuſation ſat as judges on his trial, *Rutilius*, the moſt innocent and virtuous citizen of the Republic, was of courſe condemned; for, indeed, he ſcarcely condeſcended to defend the cauſe. Seeking an aſylum in the Eaſt, this truly reſpectable Roman, whoſe merits were not only overlooked, but traduced, by his ungrateful country, was every where received with profound veneration and unqualified applauſe. He had, however, before the term of his exile expired, an opportunity of exhibiting the juſt contempt he felt for the treatment he had received; for when *Sylla* earneſtly ſolicited him to return to Rome, he not only refuſed to comply with his requeſt, but removed his reſidence to a greater diſtance from his infatuated country.

CICERO, however, who poſſeſſed in an eminent degree all the reſources and ſentiments which are neceſſary to render Solitude pleaſant and advantageous, is a memorable exception to theſe inſtances of happy and contended exiles. This eloquent patriot, who had been publicly proclaimed "*The* "*Saviour of his Country*," who had purſued his meaſures with undaunted perſeverance, in defiance of the open menaces of a deſperate faction, and the concealed daggers of hired aſſaſſins, ſunk into dejection and diſmay under a ſentence of exile. The ſtrength of his conſtitution had long been impaired by

by his inceſſant anxiety and fatigue; and the terrors of baniſhment ſo oppreſſed his mind, that he loſt all his powers, and became, from the deep melancholy into which it plunged him, totally incapable of adopting juſt ſentiments, or purſuing ſpirited meaſures. By this weak and unmanly conduct he diſgraced an event by which Providence intended to render his glory complete. Undetermined where to go, or what to do, he lamented, with effeminate ſighs and childiſh tears, that he could now no longer enjoy the luxuries of his fortune, the ſplendor of his rank, or the charms of his popularity. Weeping over the ruins of his magnificent manſion, which *Clodius* levelled with the ground, and groaning for the abſence of his wife *Terentia*, whom he ſoon afterwards repudiated, he ſuffered the deepeſt melancholy to ſeize upon his mind; became a prey to the moſt inveterate grief; complained with bitter anguiſh of wants, which, if ſupplied, would have afforded him no enjoyment; and acted, in ſhort, ſo ridiculouſly, that both his friends and his enemies concluded that adverſity had deranged his mind. *Cæſar* beheld with ſecret and malignant pleaſure, the man who had refuſed to act as his Lieutenant ſuffering under the ſcourge of *Clodius*. *Pompey* hoped that all ſenſe of his ingratitude would be effaced by the contempt and deriſion to which a benefactor, whom he had ſhamefully abandoned, thus meanly expoſed

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expoſed his character. *Atticus* himſelf, whoſe mind was bent on magnificence and money, and who, by his temporizing talents, endeavoured to preſerve the friendſhip of all parties without enliſting in any, bluſhed for the unmanly conduct of *Cicero*, and, in the cenſorial ſtyle of *Cato*, inſtead of his own plauſible dialect, ſeverely reproached him for continuing ſo meanly attached to his former fortunes. Solitude had no influence over a mind ſo weak and depreſſed as to turn the worſt ſide of every object to its view. He died, however, with greater heroiſm than he lived. "Approach, old ſoldier!" cried he, from his litter, to *Pompilius Lænas*, his former client and preſent murderer, "and if you have the courage, "take my life."

"THESE inſtances," ſays *Lord Bolingbroke*, "ſhew, that as a change of place, ſimply conſidered, can render no man unhappy, ſo the "other evils which are objected to exile, either "cannot happen to wiſe and virtuous men, or, if "they do happen to them, cannot render them "miſerable. Stones are hard, and cakes of ice are "cold, and all who feel them feel alike: but the "good or the bad events which fortune brings "upon us, are felt according to the qualities that "*we*, not *they*, poſſeſs. They are in themſelves in"different and common accidents, and they ac-

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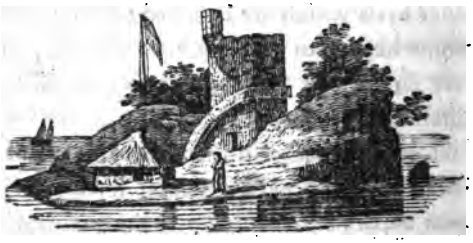
"quire ſtrength by nothing but our vice or our "weakneſs. Fortune can diſpenſe neither feli- "city nor infelicity, unleſs we co-operate with "her. Few men who are unhappy under the loſs "of an eſtate, would be happy in the poſſeſſion of "it; and thoſe who deſerve to enjoy the advan- "tages which *exile* takes away, will not be un- "happy when they are deprived of them."

AN *exile*, however, cannot hope to ſee his days glide quietly away in rural delights and philoſophic repoſe, except he has conſcientiouſly diſcharged thoſe duties which he owed to the world, and given that example of rectitude to future ages, which every character exhibits who is as great after his fall, as he was at the moſt brilliant period of his proſperity.



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CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SOLITUDE IN OLD AGE; AND ON THE BED OF DEATH.

THE decline of life, and particularly the condition of *old age*, derive from Solitude the pureſt ſources of uninterrupted enjoyment. Old age, when conſidered as a period of comparative quietude and repoſe, as a ſerious and contemplative interval between a tranſitory exiſtence and an approaching immortality, is, perhaps, the moſt agreeable condition of human life: a condition to which Solitude affords a ſecure harbour againſt thoſe ſhattering tempeſts to which the frail bark of man is continually expoſed in the ſhort, but dangerous, voyage of the world; a harbour from whence he may ſecurely view the rocks and quickſands which threatened his deſtruction, and which he has ſo happily eſcaped.

MEN are by nature diſpoſed to inveſtigate the various properties of diſtant objects before they think of contemplating their own characters: like modern travellers, who viſit foreign coun-

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tries before they are acquainted with their own. But prudence will exhort the young, and experience teach the aged, to conduct themſelves on very different principles; and both the one and the other, will find that *Solitude and ſelf-examination* are the beginning and the end of true wiſdom.

O! loſt to virtue, loſt to manly thought,
Loſt to the noble ſallies of the ſoul!
Who think it Solitude to be alone.
Communion ſweet! communion large and high!
Our Reaſon, guardian angel, and our GOD,
Then neareſt theſe when others moſt remote;
And *all*, ere long, ſhall be remote but theſe.

The levity of youth, by this *communion large and high*, will be repreſſed, and the depreſſion which ſometimes accompanies old age entirely removed. An unceaſing ſucceſſion of gay hopes, fond deſires, ardent wiſhes, high delights, and unfounded fancies, form the character of our early years; but thoſe which follow are marked with melancholy and increaſing ſorrows. A mind, however, that is invigorated by obſervation and experience, remains dauntleſs and unmoved amidſt both the proſperities and adverſities of life. He who is no longer forced to exert his powers, and who, at an early period of his life, has well ſtudied the manners of men, will complain

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plain very little of the ingratitude with which his favours and anxieties have been requited. All he asks is, that the world will let him alone; and having a thorough knowledge, not only of his own character, but of mankind, he is enabled to enjoy the comforts of repose.*

It is finely remarked by a celebrated German, that there are political as well as religious Carthusians, and that both orders are sometimes

* Worldly hopes expire in old age; and if he who has attained that period has not provided himself with another hope, a *man of years* and a *man of misery* mean the same thing. Therefore the same steps are to be taken, whether we would sweeten the remaining dregs of life, or provide a triumph for eternity. There is a noble absence from earth while we are yet on it. There is a noble intimacy with heaven while we are yet beneath it. And can it be hard for us to lay aside this world, since they that have fared best in it have only the fewest objections against it? The worldly wishes which an old man sends out are like *Noah's* doves; they cannot find whereon to light, and must return to his own heart again for rest. Out of pure decency to the dignity of human nature, of which the decays and imperfections should not be exposed, men in years should, by Retirement, fling a veil over them, and be, with respect to the world, at least a little *buried* before they are *interred*. An old man's too great familiarity with the public, is an indignity to the *human* and a neglect of the *divine nature*. His fancying himself to be still properly one of this world, and on a common footing with the rest of mankind, is as if a man getting drunk in the morning, after a long nap, lifting his drowsy eylids at sun-set, should take it for break of day.

Dr. Young's Letters.

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compoſed of moſt excellent and pious characters. "It is," ſays this admirable writer, "in the "deepeſt and moſt ſequeſtered receſſes of forefts "that we meet with the peaceful ſage, the calm "obſerver, the friend of truth, and the lover of "his country, who renders himſelf beloved by his "wiſdom, revered for his knowledge, reſpected "for his veracity, and adored for his benevolence; "whoſe confidence and friendſhip every one is "anxious to gain; and who excites admiration by "the eloquence of his converſation, and eſteem "by the virtue of his actions; while he raiſes "wonder by the obſcurity of his name, and the "mode of his exiſtence. The giddy multitude "ſolicit him to relinquiſh his ſolitude, and ſeat "himſelf on the throne; but they perceive in-"ſcribed on his forehead, beaming with ſacred fire, "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*; and inſtead of be-"ing his ſeducers, become his diſciples." But, alas! this extraordinary character, whom I ſaw ſome years ago in Weteravia, who inſpired me with filial reverence and affection, and whoſe animated countenance announced the ſuperior wiſdom and happy tranquillity of his mind, is now no more. There did not perhaps at that time exiſt in any court a more profound ſtateſman: he was intimately acquainted with all, and correſponded perſonally with ſome of the moſt celebrated Sovereigns of Europe. I never met with an obſerver

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who penetrated with ſuch quick and accurate ſagacity into the minds and characters of men, who formed ſuch true opinions of the world, or criticiſed with ſuch diſcerning accuracy the actions of thoſe who were playing important parts on its various theatres. There never was a mind more free, more enlarged, more powerful, or more engaging; or an eye more lively and inquiſitive. He was the man, of all others, in whoſe company I could have lived with the higheſt pleaſure, and died with the greateſt comfort. The rural habitation in which he lived was ſimple in its ſtructure, and modeſt in its attire; the ſurrounding grounds and gardens laid out in the happy ſimplicity of nature; and his fare healthy and frugal. I never felt a charm more powerful than that which filled my boſom while I contemplated the happy Solitude of the venerable *Baron de Schautenbach* at Wetaravia.

ROUSSEAU, feeling his end approach, alſo paſſed the few remaining years of an uneaſy life in Solitude. It was during old age that he compoſed the beſt and greater part of his admirable works; but, although he employed his time with judicious activity, his feelings had been too deeply wounded by the perſecutions of the world, to enable him to find complete tranquillity in the bowers of retirement. Unhappily he continued ignorant of the danger of his ſituation, until the

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vexations of his mind, the diſorders of his body, and his unpardonable neglect of health, had rendered his recovery impoſſible. It was not until he had been many years tormented by phyſicians, and racked by a painful malady, that he took up his pen; and his years increaſed only to increaſe the viſible effect of his mental and corporeal afflictions, which at length became ſo acute, that he frequently raved wildly, or fainted away under the exceſs of his pains.

It is obſerved by one of our refined critics, that "all *Rouſſeau* wrote during his old age is "the effect of madneſs." "Yes," replied his fair friend, with greater truth, "but he raved "ſo pleaſantly, that we are delighted to run mad "with him."

The mind becomes more diſpoſed to ſeek its "*Guardian Angel and its God*," the nearer it approaches the confines of mortality. When the ardent fire of youth is extinguiſhed, and the meridian heat of life's ſhort day ſubſides into the ſoft tranquillity and refreſhing quietude of its evening, we feel the important neceſſity of devoting ſome few hours to pious meditation before we cloſe our eyes in endleſs night; and the very idea of being able to poſſeſs this interval of holy leiſure, and to hold this ſacred communion with God, recreates the

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the mind, like the approach of ſpring after a dull, a dreary, and a diſtreſſing winter.

PETRARCH ſcarcely perceived the approaches of old age. By conſtant activity he contrived to render retirement always happy, and year after year rolled unperceived away in pleaſures and tranquillity. Seated in a verdant arbour in the vicinity of a Carthuſian Monaſtery, about three miles from Milan, he wrote to his friend *Settimo* with a ſimplicity of heart unknown in modern times. "Like a wearied traveller, I increaſe "my pace in proportion as I approach the end of "my journey. I paſs my days and nights in read- "ing and writing: theſe agreeable occupations "alternately relieve each other, and are the only "ſource from whence I derive my pleaſures. I "lie awake and think, and divert my mind by "every means in my power, and my ardour in- "creaſes as new difficulties ariſe. Novelties incite, "and obſtacles ſharpen, my reſiſtance. The la- "bours I endure are certain, for my hand is tired "of holding my pen: but whether I ſhall reap "the harveſt of my toils I cannot tell. I am "anxious to tranſmit my name to poſterity: but "if I am diſappointed in this wiſh, I am ſatisfied "the age in which I live, or at leaſt my friends, "will know me, and this fame ſhall ſatisfy me. "My health is ſo good, my conſtitution ſo robuſt,

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" and my temperament so warm, that neither the
" advance of years, nor the most serious occupa-
" tion, have power to conquer the rebellious
" enemy by which I am incessantly attacked. I
" should certainly become its victim, as I have
" frequently been, if Providence did not protect
" me. On the approach of spring, I take up arms
" against the flesh, and am even at this moment
" struggling for my liberty against this dangerous
" enemy."

A RURAL retreat, however lonely or obscure, contributes to increase the fame of those great and noble characters who relinquish the world at an advanced period of their lives, and pass the remainder of their days in rational Solitude: their lustre beams from their retirement with brighter rays than those which shone around them in their earliest days, and on the theatre of their glory. " It is in solitude, in exile, and on the bed of " death," says *Pope*, " that the noblest charac-
" ters of antiquity shone with the greatest splen-
" dor; it was then they performed the greatest
" services; for it was during those periods that
" they became useful examples to the rest of
" mankind." And *Rousseau* appears to have entertained the same opinion. " It is noble," says he, " to exhibit to the eyes of men an
" example of the life they ought to lead.
" The

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" The man who, when age or ill health has de-
" prived him of activity, dares to reſound from
" his retreat the voice of truth, and to announce
" to mankind the folly of thoſe opinions which
" render them miſerable, is a public benefactor.
" I ſhould be of much leſs uſe to my countrymen,
" were I to live among them, than I can poſſibly
" be in my retreat. Of what importance can it
" be, whether I live in one place or another,
" provided I diſcharge my duties properly?"

A CERTAIN young lady of Germany, how-
ever, was of opinion that *Roſſeau* was not enti-
tled to praiſe. She maintained that he was a
dangerous corrupter of the youthful mind, and
that he had very improperly diſcharged his duties,
by diſcovering in his *Confeſſions* the moral defects
and vicious inclinations of his heart. " Such a
" work written by a man of virtue," ſaid ſhe,
" would render him an object of abhorrence:
" but *Rouſſeau*, whoſe writings are calculated
" to captivate the wicked, proves, by his ſtory
" of the *Ruban volé*, that he poſſeſſes a heart of
" the blackeſt dye. It is evident, from many
" paſſages in that publication, that it was vanity
" alone which guided his pen; and from many
" others, that he felt himſelf conſcious he
" was diſcloſing falſehoods. There is nothing,
" in ſhort, throughout the work, that bears the

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" ſtamp of truth ;* and all it informs us of is, " that *Madame de Warens* was the original " from which he drew the character of *Julia*. " Theſe unjuſtly celebrated *Confeſſions* contain, " generally ſpeaking, a great many fine words, " and but very few good thoughts. If, inſtead " of rejecting every opportunity of advancing " himſelf in life, he had engaged in ſome in- " duſtrious profeſſion, he might have been more " uſeful to the world than he has been by the " publication of his writings."

THIS incomparable criticiſm upon *Rouſſeau* merits preſervation; for, in my opinion, it is the only one of its kind. The *Confeſſions* of *Rouſſeau* are a work certainly not proper for the eye

* Mr. Burke, in his very inſtructive and profound Reflections on the French Revolution, ſays, page 253,—" Mr. Hume " told me, that he had from Rouſſeau himſelf, the ſecret of his " principles of compoſition. That acute, though eccentric, " obſerver had perceived, that, to ſtrike and intereſt the public, " the marvellous muſt be produced; that the marvellous of the " heathen mythology had long ſince loſt its effect; that giants, " magicians, fairies, and heroes of romance, which ſucceeded, " had exhauſted the portion of credulity which belonged to " their age; that now nothing was left to a writer but that ſpe- " cies of the marvellous which might ſtill be produced, and " with as great an effect as ever, though in another way; that " is, the marvellous in life, in manners, in characters, and in " extraordinary ſituations, giving riſe to new and unlooked-for " ſtrokes in politics and morals."

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eye of youth; but to me it appears one of the moſt remarkable philoſophic publications that the preſent age has produced. The fine ſtyle and enchanting colours in which it is written are its leaſt merits. The moſt diſtant poſterity will read it with rapture, without enquiring what age the venerable author had attained when he gave to the world this laſt proof of his ſincerity.

AGE, however advanced, is capable of enjoying real pleaſure. A virtuous old man paſſes his days with ſerene gaiety, and receives, in the happineſs he feels from the benedictions of all around him, a rich reward for the rectitude and integrity of his paſt life; for the mind reviews, with joyful ſatisfaction, its honourable and ſelf-approving tranſactions: nor does the near proſpect of the tomb give fearful emotion to his undiſmayed and ſteady ſoul.

THE Empreſs MARIA THERESA has cauſed her own Mauſoleum to be erected, and frequently, accompanied by her family, viſits, with ſerenity and compoſure, a monumental depoſitory, the idea of which conveys ſuch painful apprehenſion to almoſt every mind. Pointing it out to the obſervation of her children, "Ought we "to be proud or arrogant," ſays ſhe, "when

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" we here behold the tomb in which, after a " few years, the poor remains of Royalty muſt " quietly repoſe?"*

THERE are few men capable of thinking with ſo much ſublimity. Every one, however, is capable of retiring, at leaſt occaſionally, from the corruptions of the world; and if, during this calm retreat, they ſhall happily learn to eſtimate their paſt days with propriety, and to live the remainder in private virtue and public utility, the TOMB will loſe its menacing aſpect, and DEATH appear like the calm evening of a fine and well-ſpent day.

The man how bleſt who, ſick of gaudy ſcenes,
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk
Beneath DEATH's gloomy, ſilent, cypreſs ſhades,
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantaſtic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his duſt,
Viſit his vaults, and dwell among the TOMBS!
Forth from THE TOMB, as from an humble ſhrine,
TRUTH, radiant Goddeſs! ſallies on the ſoul,
And puts Deluſion's duſky train to flight;
Diſpels the miſts our ſultry paſſions raiſe,
From objects low, terreſtrial, and obſcure,
And ſhews the real eſtimate of things.†

A RELIGIOUS

* Pallida mors æquopulſat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. HOR. Lib. 1. Can. 4.

† CHARLES THE FIFTH reſolved to celebrate his own obſequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel

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A RELIGIOUS diſpoſition frequently mixes itſelf in retirement with the innocent and moral enjoyments of the heart, and promotes, by reciprocal effects, the higheſt pleaſures of Solitude. A ſimple, virtuous, and tranquil life, prepares and prompts the mind to raiſe itſelf towards its God; the contemplation of the Divine Nature fills the heart with religious devotion; and the ſublime effect of Religion is tranquillity. When the mind is once touched with the true precepts of our holy Religion, the vanities of the world loſe their charms, and the boſom feels the miſeries and torments of humanity with diminiſhed anguiſh. All around is calm and quiet. The tumultuous din of ſociety appears like thunder rolling at a diſtance: and the pious recluſe joyfully exclaims, in the words of the Poet,

"Bleſt be that hand divine, which gently laid
"My heart at reſt beneath this humble ſhed.
"The world's a ſtately bark on dang'rous ſeas,
"With pleaſure ſeen, but boarded at our peril:
"Here,

chapel of the Monaſtery. His domeſtics marched thither in funeral proceſſion with black tapers in their hands. He himſelf followed in his ſhroud. He was laid in his coffin with much ſolemnity. The ſervice of the dead was chaunted, and CHARLES joined in the prayers which were offered up for the reſt of his ſoul, mingling his tears with thoſe which his attendants ſhed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony cloſed with ſprinkling holy water on the coffin in the uſual form, and all the aſſiſtants retiring, the doors of the chapel were ſhut. Then CHARLES roſe out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of thoſe awful ſentiments which ſuch a ſingular ſolemnity was calculated to inſpire.

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" Here, on a ſingle plank, thrown ſafe aſhore,
" I hear the tumult of the diſtant throng,
" As that of ſeas remote or dying ſtorms;
" And meditate on ſcenes more ſilent ſtill;
" Purſue my theme, and fight the fear of Death.
" Here, like a ſhepherd gazing from his hut,
" Touching his reed, or leaning on his ſtaff,
" Eager Ambition's fiery chaſe I ſee;
" I ſee the circling hunt of noiſy men
" Burſt Law's incloſure, leap the mounds of right,
" Purſuing and purſu'd, each other's prey,
" As wolves for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
" Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all."

WHEN *Addiſon* perceived that he was given over by his phyſicians, and felt his end approaching, he ſent for *Lord Warwick*, a young man of very irregular life and looſe opinions, whom he had diligently, but vainly, endeavoured to reclaim, but who by no means wanted reſpect for the perſon of his preceptor, and was ſenſible of the loſs he was about to ſuſtain. When he entered the chamber of his dying friend, *Addiſon*, who was extremely feeble, and whoſe life at that moment hung quivering on his lips, obſerved a profound ſilence. The youth, after a long and awful pauſe, at length ſaid, in low and trembling accents, " Sir, you " deſired to ſee me: ſignify your commands, and " be aſſured I will execute them with religious " fidelity." *Addiſon* took him by the hand, and with his expiring breath replied, " Obſerve with

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Kirk delin. Ramsay sculp.

Death of Addison

Published by Vernor and Hood March 20.1[illegible]

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"what tranquillity a Chriſtian can die." Such is the conſolation which ſprings from a due ſenſe of the principles and a proper practice of the precepts of our holy Religion: ſuch the high reward a life of ſimplicity and innocence beſtows.

RELIGION's force divine is but diſplay'd
In deep deſertion of all human aid;
To ſuccour in extremes is her delight,
And cheer the heart when terror ſtrikes the ſight.
We, diſbelieving our own ſenſes, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raiſe,
To triumph at misfortunes, ſmile in grief,
And comfort thoſe who came to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.

HE who during the retirement of the day ſeriouſly ſtudies, and during the ſilence of the night piouſly contemplates the auguſt doctrines of the *Revelation*, * will be convinced of their power by

* An author of great piety and good ſenſe, after deſcribing, in a letter on the Dignity of Man, the extraordinary benefits conferred by Revelation, burſts out into the following ſpirited apoſtrophe: "O, bleſſed Revelation! that opens ſuch wonders! O, "dreadful Revelation! if it open them in vain. And are there "thoſe with whom they go for nought? Strange men! in poſ- "ſeſſion of a bleſſing, the bare hopes of which ſupported the ſpi- "rits of the wiſe for four thouſand years under all the calami- "ties of life and terrors of death; and know they not that it is "in their hands? or, knowing, caſt it away as of no value? A "bleſſing, the very ſhadow of which made the body of the Pa- "triarchal and Jewiſh Religion! A bleſſing, after which the "whole

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by experiencing their effect. He will review with compoſure his paſt errors in ſociety, perceive with ſatisfaction his preſent comfort in Solitude, and aſpire with hope to future happineſs in heaven. He will think with the freedom of a philoſopher, live with the piety of a Chriſtian, and renounce with eaſe the poiſonous pleaſures of ſociety, from a conviction that they weaken the energies of his mind, and prevent his heart from raiſing itſelf towards his God. Diſguſted with the vanities and follies of public life, he will retire into privacy, and contemplate the importance of eternity. Even if he be ſtill obliged occaſionally to venture on the ſtormy ſea of buſy life, he will avoid with greater ſkill and prudence the rocks and ſands by which he is ſurrounded, and ſteer with greater certainty and effect from the tempeſts which moſt threaten his deſtruction; rejoicing leſs at the pleaſant courſe which a favourable wind and clear ſky may afford him, than at his having happily eluded ſuch a multitude of dangers.

THE hours conſecrated to God in Solitude, are not only the moſt important, but, when we are habituated

" whole earth panted as the hart for the water-brooks! A bleſ-
" ſing on which the heavenly hoſt were ſent to congratulate man-
" kind; and ſing the glad tidings into their tranſported hearts! A
" bleſſing which was more than an equivalent for Paradiſe loſt!
" And is this bleſſing declined, rejected, exploded, deſpiſed,
" ridiculed? O, unhappy men! The frailty of *man* is almoſt as
" incomprehenſible as the mercies of GOD."

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habituated to this holy communion, the happieſt of our lives. Every time we ſilently elevate our thoughts towards the great Author of our Being, we recur to a contemplation of ourſelves; and being rendered ſenſible of our nearer approach, not only in idea, but in reality, to the ſeat of eternal felicity, we retire, without regret, from the noiſy multitude of the world. A philoſophic view and complete knowledge of the nature of the ſpecies creep by degrees upon the mind; we ſcrutinize our characters with greater ſeverity; feel with redoubled force the neceſſity of a reformation; and reflect with ſubſtantial effect on the glorious end for which we were created. Conſcious that human actions are acceptable to the Almighty mind only in proportion as they are prompted by motives of the pureſt virtue, men ought benevolently to ſuppoſe that every good work ſprings from an untainted ſource, and is performed merely for the benefit of mankind; but human actions are expoſed to the influence of a variety of ſecondary cauſes, and cannot always be the pure production of an unbiaſſed heart. Good works, however, from whatever motive they ariſe, always convey a certain ſatisfaction and complacency to the mind. But when the real merit of the performer is to be actually inveſtigated, the inquiry muſt always be whether the mind was not actuated by ſiniſter views, by the hope of gratifying a momentary

paſſion,

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paſſion, by the feelings of ſelf-love, rather than by the ſympathies of brotherly affection? And theſe ſubtle and important queſtions are certainly diſcuſſed with cloſer ſcrutiny, and the motives of the heart explored and developed with greater ſincerity, during thoſe hours when we are alone before GOD than in any other ſituation.

——————————— Safety dwells
Remote from multitude. The World's a ſchool
Of wrong; and what proficients ſwarm around!
We muſt or imitate or diſapprove;
Muſt liſt as their accomplices or foes.
That ſtains our innocence, *this* wounds our peace.
From Nature's birth hence Wiſdom has been ſmit
With ſweet receſs, and languiſh'd for the ſhade,
The ſacred ſhade of *Solitude*, which inſpires
The awful preſence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone:
Vice ſinks in her allurements; is ungilt;
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend;
By night the Atheiſt half believes a GOD.

FIRM and untainted virtue, indeed, cannot be ſo eaſily and efficaciouſly acquired, as by practiſing the precepts of Chriſtianity in the bowers of Solitude. Religion refines our moral ſentiments, diſengages the heart from every vain deſire, renders it tranquil under misfortunes, humble in the preſence of God, and ſteady in the ſociety of men. A life paſſed in the practice of every virtue,

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virtue, affords us a rich reward for all the hours we have conſecrated to its duties, and enables us in the ſilence of Solitude, to raiſe our pure hands and chaſte hearts in pious adorations to our Almighty Father.

How "low, flat, ſtale, and unprofitable, ſeem all the uſes of this world," when the mind, boldly ſoaring beyond this lower ſphere, indulges the idea, that the pleaſures which reſult from a life of innocence and virtue may be faintly analogous to the felicities of Heaven! At leaſt, I truſt we may be permitted unoffendingly to conceive, according to our worldly apprehenſion, that a free and unbounded liberty of thought and action, a high admiration of the univerſal ſyſtem of Nature, a participation of the Divine Eſſence, a perfect communion of friendſhip, and a pure interchange of love, may be a portion of the enjoyments we hope to experience in thoſe regions of eternal peace and happineſs where no impure or improper ſentiment can taint the mind. But notions like theſe, although they agreeably flatter our imaginations, *

ſhed

* *Men* in general fondly hope to find in the next world, all that is flattering to their taſtes, inclinations, deſires, and paſſions, in the preſent. I therefore entirely concur in opinion with *M. Garve*, a celebrated German philoſopher, that thoſe perſons who hope that God will hereafter reward them with riches and honours, cannot poſſeſs true humility of heart. It was ſentiments like theſe which occaſioned an extremely beautiful young lady to wiſh

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ſhed at preſent but a glimmering light upon this awful ſubject, and muſt continue, like dreams and viſions of the mind, until the clouds and thick darkneſs which ſurround the tomb of mortality no longer obſcure the bright glories of everlaſting life; until the veil ſhall be rent aſunder, and the *Eternal* ſhall reveal thoſe things which no eye hath ſeen, no ear has heard, and which paſſeth all underſtanding. For I acknowledge, with awful reverence, and ſilent ſubmiſſion, that the knowledge of eternity is to the human intellect like that which the colour of crimſon appeared to be in the mind of a blind man, who compared it to the *ſound of a trumpet.* * I cannot, however, conceive, that a notion more comfortable can be entertained, than that eternity promiſes a conſtant and uninterrupted tranquillity; although I am perfectly conſcious that it is impoſſible to form an adequate idea of the nature of that enjoyment which is produced by a happineſs without end. An everlaſting tranquillity is in my imagination the

wiſh ſhe might be permitted to carry with her, when ſhe died, a fine garment of ſilver tiſſue, richly zoned with feathers, and to walk in Heaven on carpets of roſe-leaves, ſpread upon the firmament. It was alſo from ſimilar ſentiments, that, in a full aſſembly of women of faſhion, where the queſtion was agitated, *Whether marriages were good to all eternity?* that they unanimouſly exclaimed, "*God forbid it!*"

* See LOCKE's Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding.

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the higheſt poſſible felicity, becauſe I know of no felicity upon earth higher than that which a peaceful mind and contented heart afford.

SINCE, therefore, internal and external tranquillity is, upon earth, an inconteſtible commencement of *beatitude*, it may be extremely uſeful to believe, that a rational and qualified ſeclusion from the tumults of the world may ſo highly rectify the faculties of the human ſoul, as to enable us to acquire in "bliſsful Solitude" the elements of that happineſs we expect to enjoy in the world to come.

He is the happy man whoſe life e'en now
Shows ſomewhat of that happier life to come,
Who, doom'd to an obſcure but tranquil ſtate,
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to chooſe,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of Virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happineſs; beſpeak him one
Content, indeed, to ſojourn while he muſt
Below the ſkies, but having there his home,
The world o'erlooks him in her buſy ſearch
Of objects more illuſtrious in her view;
And, occupy'd as earneſtly as ſhe,
Though more ſublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She ſcorns his pleaſures, for ſhe knows them not;
He ſeeks not hers, for he has prov'd them vain.
He cannot ſkim the ground like ſuch rare birds
Purſuing gilded flies, and ſuch he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.

Therefore

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Therefore in Contemplation is his bliſs,
Whoſe power is ſuch, that whom ſhe lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a Heav'n unſeen,
And ſhows him glories yet to be reveal'd.

FINIS.

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